THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

COMPRISED HIS

PLAYS AND POEMS,

WITH

A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF THE POET, AND AN
INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY:

THE TEXT OF THE PLAYS

CORRECTED BY THE MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS CONTAINED IN THE RECENTLY
DISCOVERED FOLIO OF 1632.

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

GLOSSARIAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND

NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS, CONTAINING THE READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS,

BY JOHN L. JEWETT.

WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY T. M. MATTESON, ENGRAVED BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

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PREFACE.

It is known to all who have bestowed attention upon the early history of Shakespeare's writings, that his dramas came originally from the press in a most imperfect state: so inaccurate, indeed, so defective and mutilated were the first editions of some of these admirable productions, that, were they reproduced at the present day with all the faults of their primitive typography, it is doubtful whether their transcendent merits would be discovered, even by many who are now their sincerest admirers. They were often without stage directions, and deficient in all the divisions of act and scene; halting rhymes and intolerable rhythm disfigured every speech; prose was solemnly measured off into verse, and verse unmercifully degraded into prose; omissions and redundances rapidly succeeded each other; they abounded with blunders in grammar and in sense, in orthography and punctuation, and with incoherences and inconsistencies of every imaginable description.

For so much of this gross carelessness as may fairly be attributed to the printers, it may be remarked in extenuation, that in the age of Shakespeare the art of printing was comparatively in its infancy. The correction of the press, as it is called, or the business of securing the most perfect accuracy in printed works, was not then, generally, as it has since become, a distinct department, intrusted to an experienced person specially trained for the purpose; but was often exercised at haphazard, either by the proprietor of a printing-office, who was sometimes incompetent, or by one of his deputies no better qualified than himself. It is true that among the old printers there was not wanting here and there one, who justly prided himself upon the superior accuracy with which he executed the works intrusted to his care; but it was not the good fortune of Shakespeare's plays, on their first publication, to fall into any such competent hands.

The carelessness or ignorance of printers was not, however, the only source of inaccuracy. The unwillingness of the old stage-managers to have their popular acting dramas printed, and thus made accessible to the public—probably through fear that such publicity would tend to diminish the desire to witness their performance at the theatre—often rendered the publication of a play a surreptitious work. Publishers being thus driven to indirect means to obtain possession of a manuscript copy, the author of a play, by his joint interest with the manager, was necessarily excluded from furnishing it, as well as from any supervision of his own production while passing through the press. That such was the case with the first impression of Shakespeare's plays there can be no doubt. The manuscript from which they were printed was evidently an imperfect copy, obtained from the memory of subordinate
many of the most valuable of these emendations the reader will desire no authority; they carry conviction on their face, and that they are the genuine language of the poet becomes at once self-evident. If, however, there are a few which seem to deserve only a qualified approbation, we hazard nothing in saying, that from the large majority it will be found utterly impossible to dissent.

The text of Collier being without notes, or any means of distinguishing the new readings, for the present work we have collated it with the best modern editions, principally with those of Verplanck and Singer, and denoted its variations from them by figures, which are placed before the word or passage referred to. The reading of former editions is inserted, under corresponding figures, in the "NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS" at the close of the volume. The means are thus furnished not only of comparing this edition with previous ones, but of restoring the former reading whenever desirable. As the drama of "Pericles" is not contained in the folio of 1632, none of the proposed emendations can of course be applicable to it: the text, in this instance, is that of the most authentic impressions.

Our text of the Poems is from Collier's edition of 1844.

Collier's "History of the English Stage to the Time of Shakespeare," affording, as it does, a view of the poet's stand-point at the outset of his career, is of great value in forming an estimate of the creative and reformatory power of his genius. It contains, however, much irrelevant matter of inferior interest, and has accordingly been abridged for the present work. The Life of Shakespeare and the Introductions to the Plays inserted in this edition have also been abridged from the same source.

As something of interest to the reader, the preliminary matter belonging to the folio of 1632—consisting of "The Dedication," "Commendatory Verses," &c.—has been reproduced in the form and order there observed.

More than ordinary pains have been bestowed upon the foot-notes of this edition, in order to obviate the necessity of looking beyond the volume itself for any thing needful to its proper elucidation. While many difficult words and passages hitherto neglected have been explained, many lengthy interpretations of commentators have also been condensed; and it is believed these notes, as now arranged, will afford all the essential aid that can be derived both from a glossary of antiquated words, and a commentary upon obscure or involved passages, obsolete customs, &c. The foot-notes are referred to by letters of the alphabet, which, in the text, are placed before the word or passage to be explained.

J. L. J.

New York, June, 1855.
Mr. Collier says of the "recently-discovered Folio": "The singularity and interest of the volume arises out of the fact that from the first page to the last it contains notes and emendations in a handwriting not much later than when it came from the press. . . . . As there is no page without from ten to thirty of these minor emendations they do not in the whole fall short of 20,000. . . . . Corrections only have been hitherto spoken of, but there are at least two other peculiar features in the volume. Many passages in nearly all the plays are struck out with a pen as if for the purpose of shortening the performance. [See Fac-simile.]. . . . . To this fact we may add that hundreds of stage-directions have been inscribed in manuscript as if for the guidance and instruction of actors in order that no mistake might be made in what is denominated stage-business."

For a full account of the history and value of this volume, see "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from the early M.S. Corrections, contained in a copy of the Folio of 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq." London. One vol. 12mo, reprinted by J. S. Redfield, New York, and to be had of the booksellers generally throughout the United States.
Enter Charles, Alansin, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in, We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the yong whelpe of Talbot, raging wood,
Did sfe his puny sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I laid: Thou Maiden youth, be vanquishd by a Maide.
But with a proud Majestical high scorn
He answer'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
To be the pillowage of a Giglot Wench,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight.
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the blood-nurser of his harming.

Bast. Hiew them to peecees, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder:

Char. Oh no for bare: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive missage art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a mere French word:
We English Warrior's wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners aslitt thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Luc. But wheres the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare success in Armes,
Great Earle of Wastford, Waterford, and Valentia,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Vrchifield,
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Winglefield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice Victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. George,
Worthy S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshall to our King Henry the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
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.

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 scriptural, 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 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 we now understand the terms, upon the boards of our 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, after Elizabeth came to the throne. The purpose of the author was to promote the Reformation, by applying to the circumstances of his own times the events of the reign of King John, when the kingdom was placed by the Pope under an interdict, and when, according to popular belief, the sovereign was poisoned by a draught administered to him by a monk. This drama resembles a moral play in the introduction of abstract impersonations, and an historical play in the adaptation 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.

The object of Bale's play was, as we have stated, to advance the Reformation under Edward VI; but in the reign of his successor a drama of a similar description, and of a directly opposite tendency, was written and acted. The anonymous author calls his drama "República," and he adds that it was "made in the year of our Lord 1553, and the first year of the most prosperous reign 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 "Respublica," and its inhabitants represented by "People:." The Reformation in the Church is distinguished as "Oppression;" and Policy, Authority, and Honesty, are designated "Avarice," "Ino-

All this is distinctly stated by the author on his title-page, while he also employs the impersonations of Misericordia, Veritas, Justitia, and Fas, (agents not unfrequently 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.

The production was evidently written by a man of education; but, although there are many attempts at humor, and some at variety, both in character and situation, the whole must have been a very weari-
some performance, adapted to please the court by its general tendency, but little calculated to accomplish any other purpose entertained by the writer.

In the midst of the performance of dramatic productions of a religious or political character, each party supporting the views which most accorded with the author’s individual opinions, John Heywood, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, and one 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 un instructive 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 an actor in his language. 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 1550, but Romor, Gorboduc, had been composed on the throne. His “John Th and Sir John,” his “Four P’s,” his “Pardoner and Friar,” and pieces of that description, presented both matter of variety and novelty of construction, as well as considerable wit and drollery in the language. He was a very original writer, and certainly merits more admiration than any of his cotemporaries.

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 Tiler and his Wife” is a comedy in its incidents; but the allegorical personages, Desire, Destiny, Strife, and Peace, and his son’s voluntary quitting, the marriage of the principal character to the wife of a called 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, Avarice, Horror, &c., are called in aid of the purpose of the writer. “Appius and Virginia” is in most respects a history, founded upon facts; but Roman, Coriolanus, and the like, are unimportantly concerned in the representation. These, and other productions of the same class, which it is not necessary to particularize, show the gradual advances made towards a better, because a more natural, species of theatrical composition.

What is justly to be considered the oldest known comedy in our language is of a character not much posterior to the reign of Henry VIII., if, indeed, it were not composed while he was on the throne. It has the title of “Ralph Roister Doister,” and it was written by Nicholas Udall, who was master of Eton school in 1540, and who died in 1557. It is on every account a very remarkable performance; and as the scene is laid in London, it affords a curious picture of the manners and customs of its construction, even at that early date, may be gathered from the fact, that in the single copy which has descended to us it 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 mightily enamored of himself, and who is encouraged in the good opinion he entertains of his own person and accomplishments by Matthew Merrigreek, 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 Custance, 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 treacherous help of his associate, endeavors to gain the affections of Custance. He writes her a letter, which Merrygreek reads, and is so far from the occurrence 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 maps 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 cajoled and laughed at, makes up his mind to be merry at the wedding of Goodluck and Custance. Were the dialogue modernized, the comedy was not half performed, even in the common day, to the satisfaction of many of the usual attendants at our theatres.

The drama which we have been accustomed to regard as our oldest tragedy, and which probably has a just claim to the distinction, was acted on 18th January, 1562, and printed in 1565. It was originally by John Lyly, but was afterwards appropriated by Richard Grafton, in 1571 under the title of “Ferrex and Porrex,” 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.” Although the form of the Greek drama is observed in “Gorboduc,” and each act concludes why 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 cajoled and laughed at, makes up his mind to be merry at the wedding of Goodluck and Custance. Were the dialogue modernized, the comedy was not half performed, even in the common day, to the satisfaction of many of the usual attendants at our theatres.

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contain the names of various plays represented at court; and it is to be noted, that it was certainly the practice at a later date, and it was probably the practice at the time to which we are now advertsing, 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 Green- 
wich, Whitehall, Richmond, or Naples, will show the character of the popular performances of the day. We derive the following names from Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," printed for the Shakespeare Society:—
Lady Barbara. 
Iphigenia. 
Ajax and Ulysses. 
Narcissus. 
Paris and Vienna. 
The Play of Fortune. 
Alcestis. 
The Four Sons of Japhias. 
The Son of the Muses. 
The History of the Collier. 
The History of Error. 

These are only a few out of many dramas, establishing the multiplicity of sources to which the poets of the time resorted.

Upon the manner in which the materials thus procured, and handled, we have several contemporaneous authorities. George Whetstone, (an author who has principally acquired celebrity by writing an earlier drama upon the incidents employed by Shakespeare in his "Measure for Measure") in the dedication of his "Promos and Cassandria," gives a compendious description of the nature of "pantomimes," and of "Miracle-plays," in 1572, "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 he through the world, marries, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, and bringeth 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 counsels they allow the advice of fools; yea, they use one order of speech for a holy and religious person: or, if anything of the be perceived, is an accurate account of the ordinary license taken in our dramatic drama, and of the reliance of poets, long before the time of Shake- 
speare, upon the imaginations of their auditors.

Sir Philip Sidney is believed to have written his "Apology of Poetry" in 1583, and we have already referred to it in connection with "Gorboduc." His observations, upon the general character of dramatic representations in his time, throw much light on the state of the stage a very few years before Shakespeare is supposed to have quitted Stratford-upon-Avon, and attached himself to a theatrical company. "Our tragedies and comedies," says Sidney, "are not without cause cried out against, observing neither rules of honesty civility, nor skilful performance. But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kings, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. For you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must have the stage to be a garden: by and by we hear news of a ship-
wreck 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, two armies fly in, represented with four 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, fallen in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours' space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified."

Having thus briefly adverted to the nature and character of dramatic representations from the earliest times to the year 1583, and having established that our romantic drama was of ancient 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 per-
manently constructed for the purposes of the drama, 
until after 1575. Miracle-plays were sometimes 
exhibited in churches and in the halls of corpora-
tions, but more frequently upon moveable stages, or 
scaffolds, erected in the open air. Moral plays were 
subsequently given in various other manner and at 
circumstances, excepting that a practice had grown up 
among the nobility and wealthier gentry, of having 
dramatic exhibitions at particular seasons in their 
own residences. These were sometimes per-
formed by a company of actors retained in the fam-
ily, and sometimes by itinerant players, who be-
thought to have "the body of the people, the 
crowd of the town, and a number of the ser-
vant's of members of the aristocracy. In 1588, 
an act was passed allowing strolling actors to per-
form, if licensed by some baron or nobleman of 
higher degree, but subjecting all others to the pen-
alties 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, travelling under the name and patronage 
of one of the nobility, was that of the Duke of 
Gloucester, afterward Richard III. Henry VII, 
had two distinct bodies of "actors of interludes" 
in his pay, and perforce the profession of a play-
ner became well understood and came to prevail. In 
the latter part of the reign of Henry VII, the 
players of the Duke of Norfolk and Buckingham, 
and of the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, and Northumber-
land, performed at court. About this period, and 
somewhat earlier, we also hear of companies at-
tached to particular places; and in several records 
we read of the players of York, Coventry, Laven-
ham, Wycombe, 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 the 'premister, St. Paul's, and Windsor, 
under their several masters, are not infrequently 
mentioned in the household books of the palace, 
and in the accounts of the department of the 
revels. In 1541 the king added a new company to 
the dramatic retinue of the court, besides the two 
companies which had been paid by his father, and 
the associations above mentioned. At this 
period dramatic entertainments, masques disguisings,
and revels of every description, were carried to a
and a costly excess. Henry VIII. raised the sum, until
then paid for a play, from £6 13s. 4d. to £10.
William Cornyns, the master of the children of the
chapel, on one occasion was paid no less a sum
than £200, in the money of that time, by way of
reward; and John Heywood, the author of inter-
ludes before mentioned, who was also a player upon
the virginals, had a salary of £20 per annum, in ad-
tion to his other emoluments. During seasons of
favour 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 com-
panies of theatrical celebrities in the 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 1543 was passed a statute, rendered necessary
by the polemical character of some of the dramas
publicly represented, although not many years be-
fore, the king had himself encouraged such perform-
ances at court, by being present at a play in which
Luther and his wife were ridiculed. The act pro-
hibits "bollicas, plays, rhymes, songs, and other fun-
stances" of a religious or licentious character, but at
the same time carefully provides, that the clauses
shall not extend to "songs, plays, and interludes"
which had for object "the rebuking and reproach-
ing of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so al-
ways the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not
with the interpretations of Scripture."
The permanent office of Master of the Revels, for
the regulation of all dramatic performances, was
created in 1546, and Sir Thomas Cawarden
was appointed to it with an annual salary of
£10. A person of the name of John Bernard was made
Clerk of the Revels, with an allowance of 8d. per
day and livery.
It is a remarkable point, established by Mr. Tyt-
er, 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 a play in
Southwark. This was long before the construction
of any regular theatre on the Banksie; but it shows at how early a date that part of the town
was selected for such exhibitions.
Very soon after Edward VI. came to the throne,
severe measures were taken to restrain not only
dramatic performances, but the publication of
drama. Playing and printing plays were first
entirely suspended; then, the companies of noble-
men were allowed to perform, but not without
special authority; and, finally, the sign manual,
or warrant of the Privy Council, was required to their licences. The objection stated
was, that the plays had a political, not a polemical,
purpose. One of the first acts of Mary's govern-
ment, 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 au-
thoritatively revived.
It is not necessary to detail the proceedings in
connection with theatrical representations at the
opening of the reign of Elizabeth. At first plays
were disconntenanced, 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 West-
minster, St. Paul's, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal.
In 1572 the act was passed (which was renewed
with additional force in 1597) to restrain the num-er of itinerant performers. Two years afterward,
the Earl of Leicester obtained from Elizabeth a
patent under the great seal, to enable his players,
James Burbage, John Perkin, John Lawn, Wi-
lliam Heywood, 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 ex-
cluding the players from the strict boundaries of the
city, but they were not able to shut them out of the
districts, and it is not to be forgotten that James
Burbage and his associates were supported by court
favor 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
Therapeutick Hall, and occupied it as a theatre. This
was accomplished in 1576, and it is the first
time we hear of any building set apart for theatric-
al representations. Until then the various com-
panies of actors had been obliged to content them-
seves with churches, halls, with temporary erec-
tions in the streets, or with lane yards, in which they
raised a stage, the spectators standing below, or occupying the galleries; or in the gardens of the
inns of the taverns, in which they were permitted
about the same period two other edifices were built
for the exhibition of plays in Shoreditch, one of
which was called "The Curtain," and the other
"The Theatre." Both these are mentioned as in
existence and operation in 1577. Thus we see that
two buildings close to the walls of the city, and a
third within a privileged district in the city, were
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 in Southwark;
and we know that the Rose theatre was standing
there not many years afterward. John Stockwood,
a puritanical preacher, published a sermon in 1578,
in which he asserted that there were "eight ordi-
nary places" in and near London for dramatic ex-
hibitions, and that the united profits were not less
than £2000 a year, equal to £12,000 of money
now. Another divine, of the name of White, in a
sermon equally polemical, in 1576, called the play-houses at that time erected, "sumptuous the-
ers." 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 the patent, were acted before 1578,
were most likely a play-house at Newington-burns,
or inn-yards, converted occasionally into theatres.
We have thus brought our sketch of dramatic per-
formances and performers down to about the same
period, the year 1583. We propose to continue it
to 1590, and 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 in 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 seven 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 indeed 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 we are without

done. The accounts of 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 Game of the Cards, comedy of Beauty and History of Felix and Philosophers.
Love and Fortune,
History of Telomoe.

This list of dramas (the accounts mention that others were acted without supplying their titles) establishes that moral plays had not yet been excluded. The "Game of the Cards" is expressed as "a moral play" or moral; in the account for 1582; and we may not unreasonably suppose that "Delight," and "Beauty and Housewifery," were of the same class. "The Story of Pompey," and "Ariodante and Genevora," were evidently performances founded upon ancient history, and such may have been the case with "The History of Telomoe," "Love and Fortune" has been called "the play of Fortune" in the account of 1573; and we may feel assured that "Ariodante and Genevora," was the story told by Ariosto, which also forms part of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing." "The History of Form" was doubtless "The History of Error" of the account of 1577, the clerk having written the title by his ear; and we may reasonably suppose that "Felix and Felisemien," the tale of Felix and Felisemien, narrated in the "Diana" of Montemeyer. 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 ("Gorboduc" excepted) of any play at court, the materials for which were obtained from the English Chronicles. It is very certain, however, that anterior to 1588 such pieces had been written, and acted before public audiences; but those who catered 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 person.

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, 1586, 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, the Earl of Oxford, and the Lord Admiral, he goes on to state that not fewer than two hundred persons, thus retained and employed, strutted in their silks about the streets. It may be doubted whether this statement is much exaggerated, recollecting the many noblemen who had players acting under their names at this date, and that each company consisted probably of eight 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 seaports of London; and it was not until after a fatal exhibition of bear-baiting at Paris Garden, upon Sunday, June 13, 1583, 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, this order which had been issued in this respect was pretty strictly enforced. At this period, and afterwards, plays were not unfrequently 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 ''Revels account'' of the Juvenile Revels merely lists the names of the plays which were produced in general terms, that between Christmas, 1586, and Shrovetide, 1587, "seven plays, besides feats of activity, and other shows by the children of Paul's, her Majesty's servants, and the gentlemen of Gray's Inn," were prepared and represented before the Queen at Greenwich. No names of plays are given, but it is clear that 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 Feb. 28, 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, but because, in point of date, it is 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 conditions of the plays exhibited at court were in blank-verse, but it 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 Velverton and John Lancaster in the preparation of the dumm shows. 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 the unities of time and place. The author possesses a very bold and firm touch, and 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 Gesson published his "Plays confuted in Five Actions," dramatic performances in public stages of London were sometimes in prose, but more constantly in rhyme. In his "School of Abuse," 1579, Gesson speaks of "two prose books played at the Bell Savage"; but in his "Plays confuted" he tells us, that "poets send their verses to the stage upon such feet as continually are rolled up
in rhyme." With one or two exceptions, all the plays publicly acted, of a date anterior to 1590, 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 advertizing to the pieces represented at such places as the theatre, the Curtain, Blackfriars, and in innyards adapted posteriorly to dramatic amusements, to which the public was indistinguishably 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 Nash introducing to the world his friend Robert Greene's "Menaphon," in 1587; there, in reference to "rain-glorious tragedians," he says, that they play "on the stage of arrogance," and that they "think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombard of bragging blankverse." He afterwards talks of the "drumming decasyllabion" they employed, and ridicules them for "reposing eternity in the mouth of a player." This question is further illustrated by a production by Greene, published in the next year, "Perimedes, the Blacksmith," from which it is evident that Nash had an individual allusion in what he had said in 1587. Greene fixes on the author 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 blank verse.

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 1590, and affording the first known instance of the use of blank verse in a public theatre: the title-page of the edition, 1596, states, that it had been "sundry times shown upon stage in the city of London." In the prologue the author claims to have introduced a new form of composition:

"From juggling veins of rhyming mother-wits, And such conceits as clownage keps in pay, We'll lead you to the stately tent of war," etc.

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, that Shakespeare was the first who, without the gods of continual rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank verse." The distinction belongs to Marlowe, the greatest 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 the 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 Nash and Greene. It is most likely that Greene, who was other than Nash, 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 attacked Marlowe in 1597, before 1593 (when Marlowe was killed in an affair arising out of an amorous intrigue) 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 endeavoring to wean audiences from the "juggling veins of rhyming mother-wits," and that, in order to satisfy the ear for the loss of the jingle, he was obliged to give what Nash calls "the swelling bombard of bragging blank verse." This consideration will of itself account for breaches of a more correct taste to be found in this Tragedy. It becomes, besides what we have already quoted, Marlowe tells the audience to expect "high astounding terms," and he did not disappoint expectation. Perhaps the better to reconcile the ordinary frequenters of public theatres to the change, he inserted various scenes of low comedy, which the printer of the edition in 1597, the Mit fit to exclude, as "meaningless, and far unmeet for the matter." Marlowe likewise sprinkled couplets 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 blank verse as in the first, of which there is ground for believing to be the first works of Shakespeare, couplets, and even stanzas, are more frequent than in any of the surviving productions of Marlowe. This circumstance is, perhaps, 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 auditor than Marlowe held it when he wrote his "Tamburlaine the Great."

As the first employment of blank verse upon the public stage, the Marlowe is a matter of 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 saves to her:

"Disdain Zenocrate to live with me, Or you, my lord, to be my followers! Think not thou hast such a treasure more than thou? Not all the gold in Indus's wealthy arms Shall buy the meaneast soldier in my train, Zenocrate, lower than the love of men, Brighter than is the silver Rhodope, Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills, Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine, Than the possession of the Persian crown, Which glorious stars have promised at my birth. A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee, Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus: Thy garnish shall be made of M'dian silk, Enrich'd with precious jewels of mine own, Much richer and valourous than Zenocrate's. With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled They shall be drawn amidst the stately plains, And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops. Which with thy beauty will be soon dissolv'd."
TO THE TIME OF

regarded; time, place, and action, are equally set at defiance, and the scene shifts 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 "Cambelaine" in 1588, but no such piece is now known: he, however, wrote "The Tragical History 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 Reign and lamentable Death of Edward the Second," besides adding Nash in "Dido Queen of Carthage," as already mentioned. If they were not all of them 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 features and characteristics. He "beares the Avow'd Name and Title of both these points: the veneration 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 the great dramatist. It is impossible to read the one without the remembrance of the other, and we cannot have any difficulty in ascribing "Edward the Second" to an anterior period.

The same remark as to date may be made upon the plays which came from the pen of Robert Greene, who died in September, 1592, when Shakespeare was rising into notice, and exciting the jealous envy and bitter hatred of the older and wiser writers of public stages. This jealousy broke out in the part of Greene in, if not before, 1592, (in which year his "Greatsworth of Wit," a posthumous work, was published by his contemporary, Henry Chettle,) when he complained that Shakespeare had "beautified himself" with the feathers of others: he alleged, as we apprehend, to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of the two points of the "Contention between the Houses, York and Lancaster," in the authorship of which there is much reason to suppose Greene had been concerned. 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 of which was probably lost. It was first printed in 1594, and Shakespeare, finding it 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." Another of the dramatists who is entitled to be considered a predecessor of Shakespeare was Thomas Lodge. Only one play in which he was unassisted has descended to us, and it bears the title of "The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Scylla." It was not printed until 1594, but the author began to write as early as 1580, and it was very natural to consider his tragedy anterior to the original works 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.

The same remarks may be made when his pieces came from the pen of 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 "Woman in the Moon" (printed in 1597) is in blank-verse, and the "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, (if indeed it be by him,) is in rhyme. As none of these dramas, generally composed in a refined, affected, and artificial style, can be said to have had any material influence upon stage-entertainments before miscellaneous audiences in 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 Arrangement of Paris," printed in 1584, and written for a courtly play; and the "Arraignment of Henry VIII."") is nearly all of the incidents, 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 it was impossible to have had any material influence upon the presentation of the state in which it came from the author's pen. The most 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 talent as a writer of blank-verse. "Battle of Alcazar" may also be termed an historical drama, in which he allowed himself the most extravagant license as to time, incidents, and characters. 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 Clymon and Clamydes" is merely a romance, the old form of a country play; and "It Was and Was Not," a spiritual 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, we believe only dated 1596, and it 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 "Jeronymo" of Thomas Kyd is to be looked upon as a species of transition play: the date of its composition, on the testimony of Ben Jonson, may be stated to be prior to 1588, just after Marlowe had produced his "Tamblurlaine," and when Kyd hesitated to follow his bold step to the full extent of his progress. "Jeronymo" 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 "Jeronymo," the story being continued from the play to the end, in 1595, and with considerable dexterity. The interest in the latter is great, and generally well sustained, and some of the characters are drawn with little art and force. The success of "Jeronymo," doubtless, induced Kyd to write the second part of it immediately; and we need 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 our great poet. Among these, Thomas 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 objurgatory character. Henry Chettle, who was also senior to Shakespeare, has left behind him a tragedy called "Hofman," which was not printed until 1630; and he was engaged with Anthony Munday in producing "The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," printed 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. 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 Prophecy," and it was printed in 1594. He seems to have been a low comedian, and his "Cobbler's Prophecy" is a piece, the 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 moveable 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 tapestry; and as there was no other mode of conveying the necessary information, the author often provided 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, and to these deficiencies, 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 want of such stored 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."

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 refined period. It is indubitable, that often in this department no outline 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, an enormous piece, 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 required 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: it is not necessary to the just admiration of that 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 the 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 any country, has even approached his excellence. Shakespeare is greatest by a comparison with greatness, or he is nothing.
CHAPTER I.

No Shakespeare advanced or rewarded by Henry VII.—Antiquity of the Shakespeare family in Warwickshire, &c.—Earliest occurrence of the name of Stratford-upon-Avon. —The Trade of John Shakespeare—Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield, probably father to John Shakespeare, and certainly tenant to Robert Arden, father of John Shakespeare's wife.—Marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, their circumstances—Purchase of two houses in Stratford 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 1533, 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 Balsall, or Balsal, Thomas Chaspe and John Shakpeyre of Rowington, Richard Shakspere of Wolfretho, together with Joan, Jane, and William Shakespeare, of places not mentioned: an Isabella Shakespeare is also there stated to have been priora de Wrazalez in the 19th Henry VII. The Shakespeares of Wroxal, of Rowington, and of Balsal, 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 1578, and a Thomas Shakespeare in the same place in 1585.

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakespeare in the borough of Stratford-on-Avon is 17th June, 1555, when Thomas Siche instituted a proceeding in the court of the bailiff, for the recovery of the sum of £8 from John Shakespeare, who has always been taken to be the father of our great dramatist. Thomas Siche was of Arlescote, or Arscote, in Worcestershire, and in the Latin 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.

It deserves remark, 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 1556, he was established in his business, because on the 30th April of that year he was one of twelve jurors of a court-leet. His name in the list was at first struck through with a pen, but underneath it the word stet was written, probably by the town-clerk. Thus we find him in 1556 acting as a regular trading inhabitant of the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Little doubt can be entertained that he came from Snitterfield, three miles from Stratford; and upon this point we have several new documents before us. It appears from them, that a person of the name of Richard Shakespeare (nowhere before mentioned) was resident at Snitterfield in 1550: he was tenant of a house and land belonging to 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 Cantlow. By a conveyance, dated 21st December, 1551, Henry VIII., we find that Robert Arden then became possessed of houses and land in Snitterfield, from Richard Rusby and his wife: from Robert Arden the property descended to his son, and it was part of this 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 of seven daughters of Robert Arden, it will easily and naturally explain the manner in which John Shakespeare became introduced to the family of the Ardens, inasmuch as Richard Shakespeare, the father of John, and the grandfather of William Shakespeare, was one of the tenants of Robert Arden.

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 Alicia were certainly unmarried, when they were appointed "executrices" under their father's will, dated 24th November, 1556, 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 September, 1558, so that we may fix their union towards the close of 1557, about a year after the death of Robert Arden.

What were the circumstances of John Shakespeare at the time of his marriage, we can only conjecture. It has been shown that two years before that event, a claim of £8 was made upon him in the borough court of Stratford, and we must conclude, either that the money was not due and the demand unjust,
or that he was unable to pay the debt, and was therefore proceeded against. The issue of the suit is not known; but in the next year he seems to have been established in business as a grocer, for on the 31st of May, 1556, John Shakespeare was admitted a freeman of the glove, a branch of the craft carried on in that part of the kingdom, and, as already mentioned, he certainly served upon the jury of a court-leet in 1556. Therefore, we are, perhaps, justified in thinking that his affairs were sufficiently prosperous to warrant his union with the youngest of seven co-heiresses, who brought him some independent property.

His fortune will be inferred from the weekly allowance of £6 13s. 4d. in money, and a small estate in fee, in the parish of Aston Cantlow, called Asbyes, consisting of a messuage, fifty acres of arable land, six acres of meadow and pasture, and a right of common for all kinds of cattle. Malone knew nothing of Mary Arden's property in Snetterton, to which we have already referred, and, again sworn as a juror upon the court-leet, his fortune was equal to £110 13s. 4d., which seems to us rather an under calculation of its actual value. He also speculated, that at the time of their marriage, that wine, on the 24th October, 1556, John Shakespeare became the owner of the house 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 1557 he was again sworn as a juror 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. It is a point of little importance, but it is highly probable that John Shakespeare was first admitted a member of the corporation of Stratford in 1557, when he was about one of the assessors of the town; and in September, 1558, he was appointed one of the four constables, his name following those of Humphrey Plymley, Roger Sadler, and John Taylor. He continued constable in 1559, his associates then being John Taylor, William Tyler, and William Smith, and he was besides one of four persons, called affecors, whose duty it was to impose fines upon their fellow-townsmen (such as he had himself paid in 1557) for offences against the byelaws of the borough.

Chapter II.

Death of John Shakespeare's eldest child, Joan.—Two John Shakespeares in Stratford.—Birth and death of John Shakespeare's second child, Margaret.—Birth of William Shakespeare; his birth-day, and the house in which he was born.—The plague in Stratford.—Contributions to the sick and poor by John Shakespeare and others.—John Shakespeare elected alderman, and subsequently bailiff.——Gilbert Shakespeare born.—Another daughter, baptized Joan, born.——Proofs that John Shakespeare could not write.

It was while John Shakespeare executed the duties of constable in 1558, that his eldest child, Joan, was born, having been baptized, as already stated, on the 15th September, of that year; she died in her second year, and as her burial does not appear in the register of Stratford, she was, perhaps, interred at Snetterfield, where Richard Shakespeare, probably the father of John Shakespeare, still resided. In respect to the registers of marriages, baptisms, and deaths, at Stratford, some confusion has been produced by the indisputable fact, that two persons of the name of John Shakespeare, who was also an officer of the other a shoemaker, were living in the town at the same time, and it is not always easy to distinguish between the entries which relate to the one, or to the other.

John Shakespeare was again chosen one of the four affecors of Stratford in 1561, and the Shakespeare Society 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 Blyddil, Lewis up William, and William Mynske. 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.

His second child, Margaret, or Margareta (as the name stands in the register), was baptized on the 2nd December, 1563, while he continued chamberlain. She was buried on 30th April, 1563.

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 only three days before he was baptized, as it was then the custom to carry infants very early to the font. A house is still pointed out by tradition, in Henley-street, as that in which William Shakespeare first saw the light. It is stated, however, 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 his parents. A malignant fever, denominated the plague, broke out at Stratford while William Shakespeare was in extreme infancy: he was not two months old when it made its appearance, having been brought from London, where, according to Stow, (Annales, p. 1119, edit. 1615,) it raged with great violence throughout the year 1563, and did not so far abate that term which could be kept, as usual at Westminster, until March 1564. It was most fatal at Stratford between June 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 1,400 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 Snetterfield, where he owned some property in right of his wife, and where perhaps his father was still living as tenant to Alexander Webbe, who,
in 1569, he obtained a lease for forty years from his relative, the widow Agnes Arden, of the message in which Richard Shakespeare resided.

In order to show that John Shakespeare was at this date in moderate, and probably comfortable, thought in affluent circumstances, Malone adduced a piece of evidence derived from the records of Stratford: it consists of the names of persons in the borough who, in this commemoration of the plague, contributed various sums to the relief of the poor. The donations varied between 7s. 4d. (given by only one individual of the name of Richard Symmes) and 6d.; and the sum against the name of John Shakespeare is 1s. It is to be recollected that at this date he was not an alderman; and of twenty-four persons enumerated, there is no name, while six gave less: the bailiff contributed 3s. 4d., and the head alderman 2s. 8d., while ten more put down either 2s. 6d. or 2s. each, and a person of the name of Botto 4s. These subscriptions were raised on the 30th of August, but on the 6th of September a further sum seems to have been required, and the bailiff and six aldermen gave 1s. each. The bailiff, the head alderman, and four others 6d. each: only one member of the corporation, Robert Bratt, 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 influence 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 oaths until the 12th of September following. The bailiff of the year was Richard Hill, a woollen-draper; and the father of our presentee was the occupant of that situation rather more than three years afterwards, when his son William was about fourteen years of age. In the middle of July, John Shakespeare was bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon from Michaelmas 1568, to Michaelmas of 1569, the autumn being the customary period of election. In the mean time his wife had brought him another son, who was christened Gilbert, on 13th October, 1566.

Joan seems to have been a favorite name with the Shakespeare family. Joan Shakespeare is mentioned in the records of the guild of Knovle, 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 15th April, 1569.

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 bestowed: 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 was not rich, he was as a 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 1565, when John Wheler was called upon by nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake the duties of bailiff, John Shakespeare was among twelve other markmen, including George Whately, the then bailiff, and Roger Sadler, the "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 Dyuxum, or of John Shakespeare,) it can never be entertained hereafter, because the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of two warrants, granted by John Shakespeare as bailiff of Stratford, the one dated the 3d, and the other the 9th December, 11. Elizabeth, for the capture of John Bail and Richard Waller, on account of debts severally due from them, to both of which his mark only is appended.

CHAPTER III.

The grant of arms to John Shakespeare considered.—Sir W. D. Sick's conduct.—Ingenious methods of impressing a man.—The death of John Wheler, Ann. Rich.—Richard Shakespeare born in 1574, and named, perhaps, after his grandfather.—John Shakespeare's purchases of two freethold houses in Stratford—Becomes in his pecuniary affairs, etc.—See of John Shakespeare's and his wife's share of property at Snitterfield, to Robert Wobbe.—Birth of Edmund Shakespeare in 1589.

Although John Shakespeare could not write his name, it has generally been stated, and believed, that while his mark filled the office of bailiff he obtained a grant of arms from Clarenceux 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, yet we have not been able to procure it in nos. of any such concession to John Shakespeare. It is true that this book might not contain memoranda of all the arms Cooke had granted, but it is a circumstance deserving notice, that in this case such an entry is wanting. A confirmation of these arms was made in 1596, but we cannot help thinking, with Malone, that this instrument recorded in the personal possession of the owner, 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 with the most prudent princes, 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. In 1599, an exemplification of arms was procured, and in this document it is asserted that the "great grandfather" of John Shakespeare had been "advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements" by Henry VII. Our poet's "great grandfather," by the mother's side, was so "advanced and rewarded," and we know that he did faithfully and approved service to the most prudent princes.

That William Shakespeare could not have procured 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: i.e., therefore, may have very fairly and properly put forward his father's name and claims as having been bailiff of Stratford, and a "justice of peace," and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Ardens under Henry VII., one of whom was his maternal "great grandfather," and all of whom, by reason of the marriage of his father with an Arden, were his "antecessors."
We are persuaded that when William Shakespeare applied to the office in 1596, Garter of that day, or his assistants, made a confusion between the "grandfather" and the "father" of John, the father 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.

It appears that Sir William Dethick, garter-king-at-arms in 1596 and 1599, was subsequently called to account for having granted coats to persons whose stations in society and circumstances did not give them no right to the distinction. The case of John Shakespeare was one of those complained of in this respect; and had Clarenceux Cooke really put his name in 1568-9 to any such patent as it was asserted, had been exhibited to Sir William Dethick, a copy of it, or some record of it, would probably have been sequently wanted in the office of arms in 1596; and the production of that alone, proving that he had merely acted on the precedent of Clarenceux 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 was desired, or otherwise, any 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 warder or constable of Stratford, and was 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 did not, and that the assertion that he did, and that he was worth £500 in 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he subsequendy wanted to make out his own vindication from the charge of having concealed 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 Ingon, or Inington, meadow, within two miles of Stratford, which he held under William Clopton. Whether or not a year later he parted it, because the instrument proving his tenancy is dated 11th June, 1581, and only states the fact, that on 11th December, 1570, it was in his occupation. The annual payment for it was £8, 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 may presume that John Shakespeare employed 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 second daughter, named Anne, was baptized at the parish-church. He had thus four, and possibly five children, but of the girls, William, Gilbert, Joan, and Anne, but the last died at an early age, having been buried on 4th April, 1579. 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 without. 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 Stratfield, who perhaps was sponsor 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 Emma Hall £240 for two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, in Henley-street. It will not be forgotten that he was already owner of a tenure in the same street, which he had bought of Edward West, 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 ought 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 allotted to him eighteen years before. It does not appear that he had ever parted with West's house, so that in 1574 he was the owner of three houses in Henley-street.

It is, we apprehend, indisputable that soon after this date the tide of Shakespeare's affairs began to turn, and that he experienced disappointments which seriously affected his pecuniary circumstances. At a borough hall on the 29th January, 1578, it was ordered that every alderman in Stratford should pay 6s. 8d., and every burgess 3s. 4d. toward "the furniture of three pikemen, two billmen, and one archer." Now, although John Shakespeare was not only an alderman, but had been chosen "head alderman" in 1576, he was not included, as if he had been merely a burgess. 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. Several other facts tend strongly to the conclusion that in 1578 John Shakespeare was distressed for money: he owed a baker of the name of Roger Saddler £60, had Edmund Lambert, and a person of the name of Cornishe, had become security; Saddler died, and in his will, dated 14th November, 1578, he included the following among the debts due to him:— "Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornishe, for the debt of Mr. John Shakesper, £5."

And so severe the pressure of his liabilities about this date seems to have been, that in 1579 he agreed with his wife's interest in two tenements in Snitterfield to Robert Webbe for the small sum of £4.

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 Snitterfield to Webbe, in 1579, he is called "John Shakespere of Stratford-upon-Avon," and in the bond for the performance of covenants, "John Shakespere de Stratford-upon-Avon, in comitatu. Warwick." Another point requiring notice in connexion with these two newly-discovered facts is, that in both John Shakespere is termed "yeoman," and not "gentleman"; 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 unnatural mode of accounting for some of his difficulties. In the midst of them, in the spring of 1580, another son, named Edmund, 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 afterwards in an attorney's office.—His handwriting.—His marriage with Anne Hathaway.—The preliminary bond given by Fulke Sandells and John Richardson.—Birth of Susanna, the first child of William Shakespeare and his wife Anne, in 1583.—Shakespeare's opinion on the marriage of persons of disproportionate age.—His domestic circumstances.

At the period of the sale of their Snitterfield property by his father and mother, William Shakespeare was in his sixteenth year, and was probably at school, but his parents had the opportunity of conveying to him the instruction which they deemed necessary. That his father and mother could give him no instruction is quite certain from the fact 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 five grammar-school of Stratford afforded an opportunity of which, it is not unlikely, the parents of William Shakespeare availed 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 sons shortly after reaching an early age, to withdraw him 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 boy were removed from school at the period of his father's knowedgment, the expense of continuing his studies there could not have entered into the calculation: he must have been taken away, as Rowe states, in order to aid his father in the maintenance of his family.

Aubrey has asserted positively, in his MSS., in the Ashmolean Museum, that "in his younger years Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster in the country. The following characters are aware that the speculation has been hazarded, that being a young man of abilities, and rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, he had been employed by Jenkins (the master of the free grammar-school from 1577 to 1580, if not for a longer period) to aid him in the instruction of the junior boys."

It is not improbable that Shakespeare, in thinking that if he quit the school he would be out of employment, the expense of continuing his studies there could not have entered into the calculation: he must have been taken away, as Rowe states, in order to aid his father in the maintenance of his family.

We may presume that, if so employed, he was paid something for his services; for, if he were to earn nothing, his father could have had no other motive for taking him from school. That he wrote a good hand we are perfectly sure, not only from the extant specimens of his signature, but in "Hamlet," (act v. sc. 2) he throws upon such as affected to write illegibly:

"I once did hold it, as our statutes do,
A business to write fair."

 Excepting by mere tradition, we hear not a syllable regarding William Shakespeare from the time of his birth until he had considerably passed his eighteenth year, and then we suddenly come to one of the most important events of his life, established upon irrefragable testimony: we find that his marriage with Anne Hathaway, which could not have taken place before the 28th of November, 1582, because on that day two persons, named Fulke Sandells and John Richardson, entered into a preliminary bond, in the penalty of £40 to be forfeited to the bishop of the diocese of Worcester, if it were thereafter found that there existed any lawful impediment to the solemnization of marriage between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford. It is not known at what church the ceremony was performed, but certainly not at Stratford-upon-Avon, to which both the parties belonged, where the bondsmen resided, and where it might be expected that it would have been registered. The object of the bond was to confirm such a marriage, as from the bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergymen 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 dam, has been identified with that of R. H., as if it had belonged to R. Hathaway, the father of the bride, and had been used on the occasion with his consent.

Considering all the circumstances, there might be good reasons why the father of Anne Hathaway should concur in the alliance, independently of any personal desire he entertained of a son-in-law. The first child of William and Anne Shakespeare was christened Susanna on 26th of May, 1583. Anne was between seven and eight years older than her young husband, and several passages in Shakespeare's plays have been pointed out by Malone, and repeated by other biographers, which seem to print directly at the evils resulting from unions in which the parties were "aged 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 wins she to him;
So sways she in her husband's respect.
One love, one heart, between two souls united.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unform,
More Jonging, wandering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are."

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 attending his hasty union, and the disparity of years between himself and his wife. The balance of such imperfect information as remains to us, leads us to the opinion that Shake-
spear 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 her husband's heart;" and this difference, for a
certain time at least, became more apparent as they
advanced in years. To this may be added the fact
(by whatever circumstances may have been occasion-
ated which we shall consider presently) that
Shakespeare quitted 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 re-
turned with him to London, or that he ever dined with him
during any of his lengthened sojourns in the me-
ropolits; that she may have done so is very possi-
ble: and in 1609 he certainly paid a weekly poor-
rate to an amount that may indicate that he occu-
pied a house in Southwark capable of receiving his
family, but we are here, as upon many other points,
compelled to deplore the absence of distinct fact
money, of view of the plentiful and am-
biguous indications to be gleaned from Shake-
speare's Sonnets, observing merely, that they con-
tain little to show that he was of a domestic turn,
or that he found any great enjoyment in the society
of his wife. That such may have been the fact we
do not pretend to deny, and we willingly believe
them; but such favorable evidence upon the point has been lost: all we venture to advance on a question of
so much difficulty and delicacy is, that what re-
mains to us is not, as far as it goes, perfectly satis-
factory.

CHAPTER V.

Shakespeare's twins, Hamnet and Judith, born in 1585.—
His departure from Stratford.—The question of deer-
stalking by Sir Thomas Lucy considered.—Authorities
for the story.—Balloed by Shakespeare against Sir Thomas
Lucy.—Other inducements to Shakespeare to quit Strat-
ford.—Companies of players encouraged by the Corpora-
tion.—Several of Shakespeare's fellow-actors from Strat-
ford.—The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

In the beginning of 1585 Shakespeare's wife pro-
duced him twins—a boy and a girl—and they were
baptized at Stratford Church on the 2d of February,
in that year, by the Christian names of Hamnet and
Judith. Shakespeare's wife brought him no more
children, although in 1585 she was only thirty years old.

That Shakespeare quitted his home and his fami-
ily not long afterwards has not been disputed, but
no ground for this step has ever been derived from
domestic disagreements. It has been alleged that
he was obliged to leave Stratford on account of a
scrape in which he had involved himself by stealing,
or assisting in stealing, deer from the grounds of
Charlecot, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, about
five miles from the borough. As Rowe is the old-
est authority in print for this story, we give it in
his own words: "He had, by a misfortune common
e enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company;
and among them some, that made a frequent prac-
tice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once
in robbing the park that belonged to Sir Thomas
Lucy of Charlecot, near Stratford. For this he was
prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, some-
what too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-use, he made a bull-dog upon him. And though
this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost,
yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it re-
dicted the prosecution against him to that degree,
that he was obliged to leave his business and fami-
ly in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter him
self in London."

We have said that Rowe is the oldest printed
source of this anecdote, his "Life of Shakespeare" has
been published in 1709; but Malone pro-
duced a manuscript of uncertain date, anterior, how-
ever, to the publication of Rowe's "Life," which
gives the incident some confirmation.

In reflecting upon the general probability or im-
probability of this important incident in Shake-
speare's life, it is not to be forgotten, as Malone re-
marks, "the peremptory restraining, at the period when
it was in place, to any means an uncommon offence;" that it is
referred to by several authors, and punished by
more than one statute. Neither was it considered
to include any moral stain, but was often committed
by young men, by way of frolic, for the purpose of
furnishing a feast, and not with any view to sate or
enliven. If Shakespeare ever run into such an induc-
tion, (and we own that we cannot entirely discredit the story) he did no more than many of
his contemporaries; and one of the ablest, most
learned, and bitterest enemies of theatrical perfor-
mances, who wrote just before the close of the six-
teenth century, expressly mentions deer-stealing as
a venial crime of which unruly and misguided youth
was in the habit of indulging, and he connected it
very freely with carousing in taverns and robbing orchards.

It is very possible, therefore, that the main offence
against Sir Thomas Lucy was, not stealing his deer,
but writing the ballad, and sticking it on his gate;
and for this Shakespeare may have been so "se-
verely prosecuted" by Sir Thomas Lucy, as to ren-
der it expedient for him to abandon Stratford "for
suns-time."* Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600, and
the mention of deer-stealing, and of the "dozen
white luces" by Slender, and of "the dozen white
lowes" by Sir Hugh Evans, in the opening of
"The Merry Wives of Windsor," seems too obvious
to be mistaken, and leads us to the conviction that
the comedy was written before the demise of Sir
Thomas Lucy, whose indignation Shakespeare had
incurred.

The question whether he did or did not quit Strat-
ford for the metropolis on this account, is one of
much importance in the poet's history, but it is one
also upon which we shall, in all probability, never
arrive at certainty. Our opinion is that the tradi-
tions related by Rowe, and mentioned in Fulman's
and Oldys' MSS. (which do not seem to have
originated in the same source) may be founded
upon an actual occurrence; but, at the same time, it is
very possible that that alone did not determine
Shakespeare's line of conduct. His residence in
Stratford may have been rendered inconvenient by
the near neighborhood of such a hostile and power-
ful neighbor; and the ground of his departure has
not have the quitted the town, had not other circum-
stances combined to produce such a decision.

* Oldys preserved a stanza of this satirical effusion, which
he had received from a person of the name of Wilkes: it runs thus:

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an ass;
If lowes is Lucy, and volk an incalle it,
Then Lucy is lowe, whatever behalfe it.
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state.
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowe, as some volke miscall it,
Sir Thomas Lucy, whatever befall it, we hold it.
What is called a "complete copy of the verses," contained in
"Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell," is evidently not genuine.
What those circumstances might be is our business now to inquire.

Audrey, who was a very curious and minute investigator, although undoubtedly too credulous, says nothing about deer-stalking, but he tells us that Shakespeare was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting," and to this inclination he attributes his journey to London at an early age. That this youthful propensity existed there can be no dispute, and it is easy to trace how it may have been promoted and strengthened. The corporation of Stratford seem to have given great encouragement to companies of players arriving there. We know from various authorities that when itinerant actors came to this considerable town, it was their custom to wait upon the mayor, bailiff, or other head of the corporation, in order to ask permission to perform, either in the town-hall, if that could be granted to them, or elsewhere. It so happens that the earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon, is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff: the precise season is not ascertainable, but it was in 1569, when "the Queen's Players" (meaning probably, at this date, one company of her "Interlude Players," retained under that name by her father and grandfather) received 9s. out of the corporate funds, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 12d. Various companies are also known to have exhibited at Stratford, under the encouragement of the corporation, at intervals from 1573 to 1587.

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. 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, who was indisputably from Stratford, will be familiar to all who are acquainted with the detailed history of our stage at that period. Maury supposed that Shakespeare might have been introduced to Shakespeare to the theatre, and at an early date he was certainly a member of the company called the Lord Chamberlain's servants. If any introduction to the Lord Chamberlain's servants had been necessary for Shakespeare, 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 theatres 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 terrors of Sir Thomas Lucy.

It has been matter of speculation whether Shakespeare visited Kenilworth Castle, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, and whether the pomp and pageantry he then witnessed did not give a color to his mind, and a direction to his pursuits. Considering that he was then only in his eleventh year, we own, that we cannot believe he found his way into that gorgeous and august assembly. Kenilworth was fourteen miles distant: John Shakespeare, although he had been bailiff, and was still head-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. That Shakespeare heard of the existing preparations, and of the magnificent entertainment, there can be no doubt: it was an event calculated to create a strong sensation in the whole of that part of the country; and if the celebrated passage in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" (act ii., scene 1), had any reference to it, it did not require that Shakespeare should have been present in order to have written it, especially when, if not then, he had Gassoebye's "Princeely Pleasures of Kenilworth," and Lanancham's "Letters," to assist his memory.

CHAPTER VI.

John Shakespeare removed from his situation as alderman of Stratford, and his possible connection with William Shakespeare's departure for London in the latter end of 1588.—William Shakespeare, a share in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1588.—Complaint against actors. Companies silenced.—Certificate of the sheriffs in the Blackfriars.—Shakespeare, in all probability, a good actor: our older dramatic actor.—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 attention has not been paid to an important incident in the life of his father. John Shakespeare was superseded as alderman of Stratford in the autumn of 1586. On the 6th September, 1586, the following memorandum was made in the register by the town clerk:

"At this hall William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the place of John Wheler, and John Shakespeare; for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakespeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long tyme."

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 an inspection of the ancient books of the borough proves that he had ceased to attend the halls, when they were "warned" or summoned, from the year 1579 downward. This date of 1579 is the more important, 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 Snitterfield for £4.

We have thus additional reasons for thinking that the unprosperous 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. What connection this last event may have had with William Shakespeare's determination to quit Stratford cannot be known, but in point of date the events seem to have been coincident.

Malone supposed that "our great play's right Stratford" about the year 1586 or 1587," but it seems 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, 1585, and his father did not cease to be an alderman until about a year and seven months.
afterward. 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 afterward, when we find him a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre. It had been constructed upon part of the site of the Lord Admiral's, because it was beyond the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and corporation of London, who had always evinced 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 Truxtun, John Fordyce, Thomas Toole, and Nicholas Toole, 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 been made, that improper matters were introduced into plays; and two years afterward, the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange, had been summoned before the lord mayor, and ordered to desist from all performances. The silencing of other associations would probably have been beneficial to that exhibiting at Blackfriars, and if no proceeding of any kind had been instituted against James Burbage and his partners, we may presume that they would have continued to reap, as the Blackfriars were, if not in the full, yet in the augmented harvest. We are led to infer, however, that they also apprehended, and experienced, some measure of restraint, and feeling conscious that they had given no just ground of offence, they transmitted to the privy council a sort of certificate of their good conduct, asserting that they had never introduced into their representations of state and religion, and that no complaint of that kind had been preferred against them. This certificate passed into the hands of Lord Ellesmere, then attorney-general, and it has been preserved among his papers.

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 Armin. The situation in the list which the name of Shakespeare occupies may seem to show that, even in 1589, he was a person of considerable importance in relation to the success of the stage and to the 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 have no hesitation in believing that he originally came to London, in order to obtain his livelihood by the stage, and with no other view. Aubrey is of the opinion 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, founded chiefly upon a statement by Rowe, that Shakespeare 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 Peioe, who was a very practised and popular playwright, considerably older than Shakespeare, was a member of the company, without saying anything of Wadeson, regarding whom we know nothing but that at a subsequent date he was one of Henslowe's dramatists; or of Armin, then only just coming forward as a comic performer. While Peele remained a member of the company of the Blackfriars, he did not take upon himself service as a dramatist; and, we may have been more frequently called upon to employ his pen, and then his value in that department becoming clearly understood, he was less frequently a performer.

One of the original shareholders of the company to which he belonged consisted in 1589, (besides the usual proportion of "hired men," who only took inferior characters) there would be more than a sufficient number for the representation of most plays, without the assistance of Shakespeare. He was, doubtless, soon basily and profitably engaged as a dramatist; and this remark on the rareness of his original service as a dramatist may materially have interfered with his exertions as an actor; but afterwards, when Peele, about 1590, had joined a rival establishment, he may have been more frequently called upon to produce his pen, and the time that he devoted to 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, as establishing that he was admirably acquainted with the theory of the art, and if, as Rowe asserts, he only took the sort of the Ghost in this tragedy, we are to re-collect 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 upon it, especially when we call to mind that there was a considerable number of actors of whom he had hitherto represented most of the heroes, and whose excellence was as undoubtedly, 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 of a great actor were needed for the full 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, and others: the same practice prevailed with some of their successors, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Webster, Field, &c.; but at a somewhat later date dramatists do not usually appear to have trodden the stage.

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...

* From a Ms. Epitaph upon Burbage, (who died in 1610), we find that he was the original Hamlet, Romeo, Prince Henry, Henry V, Richard III, Macbeth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Cleopatra, Iago, Pericles, and Othello, in Shakespeare's Plays.
he had not ventured upon original composition it would be much too bold to assert. "The Comedy of Errors," and the three parts of "Henry VI." we take to be pieces, which, having been first written by an inferior dramatist, were heightened and amended by Shakespeare, perhaps about the date of which we are now speaking, and "Love's Labor'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 clear indications of powers superior to those of any 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 five or six and twenty before he made considerable and most successful attempts at poetic composition, much more may we safely assume that "Venus and Adonis," was in being anterior to Shakespeare's quitting Stratford. It bears all the marks of youthful vigor, of strong passion, of luxuriant imagination, together with a force and originality of expression which betoken the first efforts of a great mind, not always well regulated in its taste: it seems to have been written in the open air of a fine country like Warwickshire, with all the freshness of the recent impression of natural objects; and we will go so far as to say, that we do not think even Shakespeare himself could have produced it, in the form it bears, after he had reached the age of forty. It was quite new in its class, being founded upon no model either ancient or modern; nothing like it had been attempted before, and nothing comparable to it was produced afterwards. Thus in 1593 he might call it, in the dedication to Lord Southampton, "the first fruit of his invention," not merely because it was the first printed, but because it was the first written of his productions.

The information we now possess enables us at once to correct the idea that Malone elaborately argued, that Shakespeare's earliest employment at a theatre was holding the horses of noblemen and gentlemen who visited it, and that he had under him a number of lads who were known as "Shakespeare's boys." Shiel's, in his "Lives of the Poets," (published in 1753 in the name of Cibber,) was the first to give currency to this idle invention; it was repeated by Dr. Johnson, and has often been reiterated since; and we should hardly have thought it worth notice now, if it had not found a place in many modern accounts of our great dramatist. The company to which he attached himself had not frequently performed in Stratford, and at that date the Queen's Players and the Lord Chamberlain's servants seem sometimes to have been engaged in the provinces, although the difference was well understood in London; some of the chief members of it had come from his own part of the country, and even from the very town in which he was born; and he was not so low in station, nor so destitute of means and friends, as to have been reduced to such an extremity.

Besides having written "Venus and Adonis" before he came to London, Shakespeare may also have composed its counterpart, "Lucrece," which first appeared in print in 1594. It is in a different stanza, and in some respects in a different style; and after he joined the Blackfriars company, the author may possibly have added parts, (such, for instance, as the long and minute description of the siege of Troy in the tapestry) which indicate a closer acquaintance with the modes and habits of society; but even here no knowledge is displayed that might not have been acquired in Warwickshire. As he had exhibited the wantonness of lawless passion in "Venus and Adonis," he followed it by the exaltation of matron-like 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 theatre while he was a resident in his native town, and before he had made up his mind to quit it. If his "inclination for poetry and acting," to repeat Aubrey's words, were so strong, it may have led him to have both 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 acquainted with certain 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 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 theatre in 1592, about three years before we suppose him 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 "Teares of the Muses," 1591. — Proofs of its applicability. — What Shakespeare had probably by this date written.—Edmund Spenser of King's Norton, Worcestershire.—No other doubt of the time the meritied the character given by Spenser.—Crowne, Kyd, Ledge, Peele, Marlowe, and Lyly, and their several claims: that of Lyly supported by Malone.—Temporary cessation of dramatic performances in London. — Probability or improbability that Shakespeare went to Italy.

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 "Teares of the Muses," a poem printed in 1591. The application of the passage to Shakespeare has been much contested, but the 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 in their literal sense, and then 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 solle had made
To mock her soile, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counte under Minilck shade.
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom we were so joyfully concordant.
Is also dead, and in dolor devout."
later in life he may have become acquainted with Shakespeare. An Edmund Spenser unquestionably dvict at Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, in 1569, which was the year when the author of "The Faerie Queene" went to Cambridge, and was admitted a sizer at Pembroke college. 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 connection, 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 the same part of the kingdom may have given rise to an interest in each other. Perhaps we are disposed to lay too much stress upon a mere coincidence of names; but we may be forgiven for clinging to the conjecture that the greatest romantic poet of this country was upon terms of friendship and cordiality with the greatest dramatist of the world.

If the evidence upon this point were even more scanty, we should be convinced that by "our pleasant Willy," Spenser meant William Shakespeare, by the fact that such a character as he gives could belong to no other dramatist of the time. Greene can have no pretensions to it, nor Lodge, nor Kyd, nor Peele; Marlowe had never touched comedy; but if these have no title to the praise that they had mocked tragedy, and if the claim for high merit, the claim for Lyly is little short of absurd. Lyly was, beyond dispute, the most artificial and affected writer of his day: his dramas have nothing like nature or truth in them; and if it could be established that Spenser and Lyly were on the most intimate footing, even the exaggerated admiration of the fondest friendship could hardly have carried Spenser to the extreme to which we have admitted in his "Tears and Laughters." 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

"Both rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockeries 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 unoffending companies; hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars. And although the public companies (after the completion of some inquiries by commissioner 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 afterwards, when he wrote his "Tears and Laughters," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare; and probably continued until after the plague broke out in London, in 1592.

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 into one view all the internal evidence afforded by the productions of our great dramatist. External evidence there is none, since not even a tradition of such a journey 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 tales on which 'The Merchant of Venice' is founded, but that Shakespeare was capable of translating Italian sufficiently for his own purposes, we are morally certain; and 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 denied. In other words, we are so distinctly in more than one of his pieces, and Rich informs us that he became acquainted with the novels he translated on the other side of the Alps. 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 advertsing he might certainly have had a convenient opportunity for doing so, in consequence of the temporary prohibition of dramatic performances in London.

CHAPTER VIII.

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 ominous mention of Shakespeare—Shakespeare's absence at Chettle, and the sparsity of the latter in his "Kinds-and-Hearts of Women."—The character of Shakespeare there given. — Second alliance by Spenser to Shakespeare in "Cin Clout's come hownow."—The "counters of universal"—Change in the character of his compositions between 1591 and 1594: his "Richard II." and "Richard III."

During the prevalence of the infectious malady of 1592, although not in consequence of it, died one of the most notorious and distinguished of the literary men of the time,—Robert Greene. He expired on the 2d September, 1592, and left behind him a work, "The theater of the Great Wits" (1592).—The only Shake-scene in a country. Of that I might entertain your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, andnever more acquaint them with your admired inventions.

The clear and obvious purpose of this address is to induce 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 labors of others, who imagined himself able to write as good blank-verse as any of his contemporaries, who was a "Johannes Fac-totum," and who, in his own opinion, was the equal of any man in the country. All this is clearly levelled at Shakespeare, under the purposely-converted name of Shakes-see, and the words, "Tiger's heart wapp'd in a player's hide," are a parody upon a line in an historical play, (most likely by Greene) "O, tiger's heart wapp'd in a woman's hide," from which Shakespeare had taken his "Henry VI.," part iii.

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 cunning of Greene, even during his last and fatal illness. It also, we think, establishes another point not hitherto adverted to, viz., that great powers were possessed as a 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 Fac-totum" of the association: he was an actor, and he was a writer of original plays, an adapter and improver of those already in existence, (such as Greene, Lodge, Chettle, Clout, or Peele,) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, and inserted scenes, speeches, or passages, on any temporary emergency. Having his ready assistance, the Lord Chamberlain's servants required few other contributions from rival dramatists: Shakespeare was the "Johannes Fac-totum," who, in all probability, had thrown men like Greene, Lodge, and Peele, and even Marlowe himself, into the shade.

It was natural and proper that Shakespeare should take offence at this gross and public attack: and that he did, we are told by Chettle himself, the avowed editor of the "Greatworth of Wit": he does not indeed mention Shakespeare, but he designates him so intelligibly that there is no room for dispute. Marlowe, also, and not 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 amends in his power.

His apology to Shakespeare is contained in a tract called "The Kind-heart's Dream," which came out prior to the death of Greene, and was called 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 booksellers' hands: among others his 'Greatworth of Wit,' in which a letter, written to divers playwrights, offensively by one of two of them taken: and because on the death they cannot be avenged, they wildly forge in their conceits a living author, and after toasting it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my concerning in printing, hindered the 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 core best if I neither knew nor cared. (Shakespeare's) time I did not so much care, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might
have us of my own discretion (especially in such a case, the
author being dead) that I did not so as sorry if the
original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen
his demeanor 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 his
facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. For the
first, [Marlowe's] whose learning I reverence, and at the personal
of Greene's book struck out what then in con-
science thought I had in some disrepository 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 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 tribu-
te he pays to our great dramatist's abilities as an
actor, "his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent
in the quality he professes." The word "quality"
was applied, at that date, to the same facetious and tec-
nically to acting, and the "quality" Shakespeare
"professed" was that of an actor. "His facetious grace in writing" is separately adverted to, and
admitted; while "his uprightness of dealing" is attes-
ted, not only by Chettle's own experience, but by the
evidence of "divers of worship." Thus the
amendment of Greene's book for his previous
assumptions of Shakespeare, shows most decisively the high opinion
entertained of him, towards the close of 1592, as an
actor, an author, 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 Wily, and designates him

"that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of homoe and sweet 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; we allude to a passage in
"The Conclave" London, 1589, which was pub-
lished 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 that poem
(after the author has spoken of many living and
dead poets, some by their names, as Alhambra and
Daniel, and others by fictitious and fanciful appella-
tion), lines 1070:

"And there, though last not least, is Eden;
A gentle shepherd may so where he found,
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doh, like himself, heroically sound."

Malone takes unnecessary pains to prove that
this passage applies to Shakespeare, although he
pertinaciously denied that "our pleasant Wily" of
"The Tears of the Muses" was intended for him.
We have no doubt on either point; the same epitet
is given in both cases to the person addressed, and
original date.

More than ten years afterwards, Chettle paid another
tribute to Shakespeare, under the name of Melicert, in his
"England's Mourning Garment;" the author is reproaching
the living with the dead, and longed to write in honor of
Queen Elizabeth, who was just dead: he thus addresses Shakespeare:

"Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his bounteous Muse one sad tear,
To mourn her death that grace descented;
And to his lays open'd her royal ear.
Sheep's wool, remember, cover our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin death."

This passage is important, with reference to the Royal
encouragement given to Shakespeare, in consequence of the
appointment of his plays at Court.

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 gentler 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
unrivalled 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,

"Doh, 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 especially, though not exclusively, devoted
himself) in his "Colin Clout" spoke of the "high
thought's invention," which then filled Shakespeare's
muse, and made her 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 Labor's Lost" and "Two Gentlemen of
Verona;" but in 1594 he had, no doubt, produced one
or more of his great historical plays, his "Rich-
ard II." and "Richard III.," both of which, together
with "Romeo and Juliet," came from the press in
1597, though the last in a very mangled, and imper-
fect, 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 older play than that of Shakespeare) was
published, that it might be bought under the
notion that it was the new drama by the most pop-
ular poet of the day, then in a course of representa-
tion. It is very 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,
Doh, like himself, heroically sound,"

will abundantly apply. The difference in the char-
acter of Spenser's tributes to Shakespeare in 1591
and 1594 was occasioned by the difference in the
character of his productions.

CHAPTER IX.

The dramas written by Shakespeare up to 1594.—Publication of "Venus and Adonis" during the plague in 1593.—Dedi-
cation of it, and of "Loves Labour's Lost," 1594, to the Earl of South-
ampton.—Bounty of the Earl to Shakespeare, and coinci-
dence between the date of the gift and the building of
the Globe theatre on the Bankside.—Probability of the
story that Lord Southampton presented Shakespeare with
£1000.

Having arrived at the year 1594, we may take
this opportunity of stating which of Shakespeare's extant works, in our opinion, had by that date been
produced. We have already mentioned the three
parts of "Henry VI," "Titus Andronicus," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Love's Labor's Lost," as in being in 1591; and in the interval between 1591 and 1594, we apprehend, he had added to them "Richard II" and "Richard III." Of these, the last four were entirely the work of our great dramatist: in the others he more or less availed himself of previous dramas, or possibly, of the assistance of contemporaries.

We have already stated our distinct and deliberate opinion that "Venus and Adonis" was written by Shakespeare, after its author left his home in Westmoreland; and that he kept it in manuscript, and early in 1593 seems to have put it into the hands of a printer, named Richard Field, who, it has been said, was of Stratford. 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 extent, 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 interval, in order to bring before the world a production 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 appeared among the popular and destroyed literature of the time. We may conclude that this admirable and unequalled production first introduced its author to the notice of Lord Southampton; and it is evident, from the opening of the dedication, that Shakespeare had not taken the precaution of ascertaining, in the first instance, the wishes of the young noblemen on the subject of "Venus and Adonis." He was only nine years younger than Shakespeare, having been born on 6th October, 1573.

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," after the succeeding year. He then "dedicated his love" to his juvenile patron, having "a warrant of his honorable disposition" towards his "pamphet" and himself. "Lucrece" 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 made until after four years, or about 1598; 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 generous bounty, on an occasion of the kind, 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 doubtless 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 them he must have obtained the original information. Rowe gives the statement in these words:—

"There is one instance so singular in the munificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that, if it had not been ascertained that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his [Shakespeare's] affairs, and, if I can judge from the circumstances that my Lord Southampton at one time 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 had heard our great dramatist wished to complete, or, it seems to us, they would not have thought the tradition by any means so improbable as some have held it.

The disposition to make a worthy return for the dedications of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" would of course be produced in the mind of Lord Southampton by the knowledge of the value of such works, and we are to recollect that it was 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 24th December in that year that Richard Burbage, the great actor, and the leader of the company to which Shakespeare was attached, signed a bond to a carpenter of the name of Peter Street for 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 sharers in the Blackfriars theatre, was coincident in point of time with the appearance of the two poems dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. Is it, then, too much to believe that the young and bountiful nobleman, having heard of this enterprise from the peculiar interest: "is known to have taken in all matters relating to the stage, and having been invited 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 £1000, 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 great dramatist stood in need of the money, or that he could not have deposited it as well as the other had 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 excellence, Lord Southampton knew him to be the greatest diviner of the age, who 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 honor and dignity," by bestowing upon him a sum worthy of
his title and character, 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 have intended also to indicate his hearty good will to the new undertaking of the company, and his determination to support it.

CHAPTER X.

The opening of the Globe theatre, on the Bankside, in 1599.— Union of Shakespeare's associates with the Lord Admiral's players.—The theatre at Newington Butts.—Projected repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: opposition by the inhabitants of the precinct.—Shakespeare's rank in the company in 1599.—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 22d Dec., 1593, was continued through the year 1594: we apprehend the building may have finished intended only 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 immediate vicinity. The Blackfriars was a private theatre, 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 Shore-ditch, 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 were busied in business and in the early morning 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 31st June, 1594, to the 15th November, 1596; and during that period various pieces were performed, which in their titles resemble plays which unquestionably came from Shakespeare's pen. That none of these were productions 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. 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.

It is probable 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 relinquish the emolument thus to be obtained. The performances at Newington, we presume, did not however interfere with the representations at the Globe.

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

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 was enclosed, lighted from within, and comparatively warm. This theatre was a temporary building long 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 truth, no doubt, was, that in consequence of their increased popularity, owing, we may readily imagine, in a great degree to the plays which 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. Two documents in the State Paper Office, and a third preserved at Dulwich College, enable us to state distinctly what was the object of the actors at the Blackfriars in the period 1590-1596. The first of these is a report of the estimate of the building, which certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the completion of the work of repair and enlargement, but against any further performances in the theatre.

Of this paper it is not necessary for our purpose to say more; but the answer to it, on the part of the association of actors, is a very valuable relic, as 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 1589 no fewer than sixteen actors 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, properties, or wardrobe: in 1596 it is stated that Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, (properly spelt Heninges,) Augustine Philips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, (who withdrew from the company in 1601,) William Slye, and Nicholas Tooley, were
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"owners" of the theatre as well as sharers in the profits arising out of the performances. The fact, however, seems to be as follows: owners of the edifice in which plays were represented, the proprietor of the freehold, was Richard Burbage, who inherited 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 sent thither) might in a certain sense call themselves owners of, as well as sharers in the Blackfriars theatre. We insert the document in a note, observing merely, that, like many others of a similar kind, it is without signatures.

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 petition were anterior to May in that year. Henslowe (stepfather to Alleyn's wife, and Alleyn's partner) seems always, very prudently, to have kept up a good understanding with the officers of the department of the revels; and on 3d May, 1596, a paper spoken to by Mr. Veale, sheriff of London, to Mr. Tynney, 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 their repairs, but not to enlarge their house 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 enjoin you that my Mr., the Master of the revels, hath read the 6th of the council order that the L. Chamberlaien's servants shall not be disturbed at the Blackfryars, according with their petition in their whole, and they shall be given unto them to make good the decay of the said House, but not to make the same longer then in former tyme hath beene. From the Bohifce of the Revelles, this 3 of May, 1596. "—RICH VEALE."

Thus the whole transaction is made clear: the company, soon after the opening of the Globe, contemplated the repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: the inhabitants of the precincts objected not only to the repair and enlargement, but to any dramatic representations in that part of the town: the petitioners were to be allowed to carry out their design, as regarded the restoration of the edifice, and the increase of its size; but the privy council 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; and from then the house continued long afterwards to be employed for the purpose for which it had been originally constructed.

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 improve 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 know not 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 company appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596." He gives us no farther insight into the contents of the paper; but he probably referred to a small slip, borrowed, with other relics of a like kind, from Dulwich College, many of which were returned after his death. 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:

"Inhabitants of Southwark as have complained, this of July, 1596.
Mr. Markis
Mr. Tuppin
Mr. Langorth
Wiltorne the pyper
Mr. Barret
Mr. Shakespeare
Mr. Philips
Mr. Thomas
Mr. Golden the baude
Nages
Filippott and no more, and soe 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 de-
rogatorily of all the persons he enumerates, but he
designates some as "Mr. Markis, Mr. Tuppin, 
Mr. Langorth, Mr. Barett, and Mr. Shaksper; but
"H. Phillips, Benjamin Nugges, and Mr. Spoff(?),"
he only mentions by their surnames, while he adds the
words "the pypper" and "the baude" after "Wilsone"
and "Mother Golden," probably to indicate that
any complaint from them ought to have but
little weight.

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CHAPTER XI

William Shakespeare's annual visit to Stratford.—Death
of his son Hamnet in 1596.—General scarcity in England.
The quantity of corn in the hands of William Shake-
speare and his neighbors in February, 1598.—Ben Jonson's
"Every Man in His Humor," and probable instrumentality
of Shakespeare in the original production of it on the
stage.—Henslowe's letter respecting the death of Gabriel
Spencer.

AUBREY informs us, (and there is not only no rea-
son for disbelieving his statement, but every ground
for believing it,) that William Shakespeare was,
"wont to go to his native country once a year."
Without seeking for any evidence upon the ques-
tion, nothing is more natural or probable; and
when, therefore, he had acquired sufficient proper-
ty, he might be anxious to settle his family comfort-
ably and independently in Stratford. We must
suppose that his father and mother were mainly
dependent upon him; and he may have employed
his brother Gilbert, who was two years and a half
younger than himself, and perhaps accustomed to
agricultural pursuits, to look after his farming con-
cerns in the country, while he himself was absent
superintending his highly profitable theatrical un-
dertakings in London. In 1595, 1596, and 1597,
our poet must have been in the receipt of a consid-
erable and an increasing income; he was part
propritor of the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres,
both excellent speculations; he was an actor, dou-
tless earning a good salary, independently of the
proceeds of his shares; and he was the most popu-
lar and applauded dramatic poet of the day. In
the summer he might find, or make, leisure to visit
his native town, and we may be tolerably sure that he
was there in August, 1596, when he had the mis-
fortune to lose his only son Hamnet, one of the twins
born early in the spring of 1583: the boy completed
his eleventh year in February, 1596, so that his
death in August following must have been a very
severe trial to his parents.

Now informs us, that in 1596 the price of provi-
sions in England was so high, that the bushel of
wheat was sold for six, seven, and eight shillings:
the dearth continued and increased through 1597,
and in August of that year the price of the bushel
of wheat had risen to thirteen shillings, fell to ten
shillings, and rose again, in the words of the old
faithful chronicler, to "the late greatest price."
Connected with this dearness, the Shakespeare Socie-
ty 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 note of corne and malte, taken the 4th of Febru-
ary, 1597. In the 40th yeare of the raigne of our most
gracious Souveraigne Ladie, Queene Elizabeth," i.e.
and in the margin opposite the title are the words
"Stratford's Burrough, Warwick." It was evi-
dently 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
"Townesmen's corn," and the other the "Strangers'
malt," and references 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 quar-
ters of corn in his possession. As some may be
curious to see who were his immediate neighbors,
and in what order the names are given, we copy the
account, as far as it relates to Chapelstreet Ward,
exactly as it stands:—

CHAPPLE STREET WARD.

3 Francis Smythe, Jonet, 3 quarters.
5 John Cox, 5 quarters.
174 Mr. Thomas Dyxon, 173 quarters.
3 Mr. Thomas Barber, 3 quarters.
5 Mycheall Hare, 5 quarters.
5 Mr. Riffold, 6 quarters.
6 Hugh Aymer, 6 quarters.
6 Thomas Badsey, 6 quarters—balekey 1 quarter.
1, 2 Mr. John Rogers, 10 strikes.
8 Mr. John Aymer, 8 quarters.
11 Mr. Aspinall, about 11 quarters.
10 Wm. Shakespeare, 10 quarters.
7 Jol. Shawe, 7 quarters.

We shall have occasion hereafter again to refer
to this document upon another point, but in the me-
time we may remark that none of the names of
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 Wil-
liam, 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 ex-
plain how it happened that William Shakespeare
was in possession of so large a quantity: in propor-
tion 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 grain, he might keep
some in store for sale to those who were in want of
it. It is impossible to give any proof of his means and sub-
stance 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 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 pas-
sage in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, relating to the
real or supposed commencement of the connexion
between our great dramatist and Ben Jonson. Rowe
tells us that "Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben
Jonson was a remarkable instance 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 carelessly and supercil-
iously over, were just 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 after-
wards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings
to the public." This anecdote is entirely disbel-
ieved by Mr. Gifford, and he rests its incredibility
upon the supposition, that Ben Jonson's earliest
known production, "Every Man in his Humor," 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 "Humors," or "Humories," as he ignorantly spells it. It is a mere speculation that this was Ben Jonson's play, for it may have been any other performance, by any other poet, in the title of which the word "Humors" 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 Humor" 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 then Lord Chamberlain's 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, and we are now 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 "Umber's" not only meant Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor," but could mean nothing else.

Mr. Gifford, passing over without notice Jonson's positive statement, 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 undisputed acuteness and general accuracy, we may doubt how Ben Jonson could be better, or even as 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, twelve dramas, while the former was only twenty-four years old, and had produced no known play but "Every Man in his Humor."

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 favor 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 Humor." Our great dramatist, established in public favor 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 historians 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, on behalf of a young, needy, and meritorious author.

Another circumstance may be noticed as an incidental confirmation of Rowe's statement, with which Mr. Gifford cannot be disputed, because the fact has only 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 Alleyn, the leading member of his company, 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, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer."

Now, had Ben Jonson been at that date the author of the comedy call "Umber's," and had it been his "Every Man in his Humor," which was acted by the Lord Admiral's players eleven times, it is not very likely that Henslowe would have been ignorant who Ben Jonson was, and have spoken of him, not as one of the dramatists in his pay, and the author of a very successful comedy, but merely as "bricklayer."
of Dogs," which was certainly not calculated to lesson the objections entertained by any persons in authority against the Court.

The Blackfriars, not being, according to the terms of the order of the privy council, "a common playhouse," 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 seems probable that the privy council, in their mania 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 "licenses" to the actors of the Lord Chamberlain, and of the Lord Admiral. We know that the Earl of Southampton and Rutland, about this date and shortly afterwards, 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 favor of the companies noticed in the present work; and to the statements 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, in a manner that would render them unfit for any such purpose in future. We have the authority of the privy council, under date of 19th February, 1597-8, for stating that the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral obtained renewal 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 Admiral, seems the more extraordinary, because that was the very company which only in the August preceding had given such offence by the representation of Nash's "Isle of Dogs." 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, before mentioned, he maintains that he was not the least of the great party of all those who were concerned in the transaction.

As far as we can judge, there was good reason for showing favor to the association with which Shake- speare was connected, because nothing has reached us to lead to the belief that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had incurred any displeasure. Accordingly, we hear of no interruption, at this date, of the performances at either of the theatres in the receipts of which Shakespeare participated.

To the year 1598 inclusive, only five of his plays had been printed, although he had then been connected with the stage for about twelve years, viz.: "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II." and "Richard III." in 1597, and "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Henry IV." part I. in 1598. As we learn from indisputable contemporaneous authority, he had written seven others, besides what he had done in the way of alterations, addition, and adaptation. The earliest enumeration of Shakespeare's dramas made its appearance in 1598, in a work by Francis Meres, entitled "Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury." In a division of this small but thick volume (consisting of 666 8vo. pages, besides "The Table,") headed "A comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets," the author inserts the following paragraph, which we extract precisely as it stands in the original, because it has no where, that we recollect, been quoted quite correctly elsewhere.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins: so Shakespeare among English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his "Comedy of Errors," his "Menestheus' lost," his "Love labor's wonne," his "Midsummer night's dream," & his "Merchant of Venice;" for Tragedy his "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Titus Andronicus," and his "Romeo and Juliet.""

Thus we see that twelve comedies, histories, and tragedies (for we have specimens in each department) were known as Shakespeare's in the Autumn of 1598, when the work of Meres came from the press. It is a remarkable circumstance, evincing strikingly the number in which these companies of actors of that period were able to keep popular pieces from the press, that until Shakespeare had been a writer for the Lord Chamberlain's servants ten or eleven years not a single play by him was published; and then four of his first printed plays were without his name, as if the bookseller had been ignorant of the fact, or as if he considered that no one would attempt to attribute to them. As one of them, "Romeo and Juliet," was never printed in any early quarto as the work of Shakespeare, as will be seen from our exact reprint of the title-pages of the editions of 1598, 1599, and 1609, (see Introduct.) The reprints of "Richard II." and "Richard III." in 1598, as before observed, have Shakespeare's name inserted, and they were issued, as we have seen, again, after Meres had distinctly assigned those "histories" to him.

It is our conviction, after the most minute and patient examination of, we believe, every old impression, that Shakespeare in no instance authorized the publication of his plays: we do not consider even "Hamlet" an exception, although the reissue of 1604 was probably intended, by some parties connected with the theatre, to supersede the garbled and fraudulent edition of 1603: Shakespeare, in our opinion, had nothing to do with the one or with the other. He allowed most mangled and deformed copies of several of his greatest works to be circulated for many years, and did not think it worth his while to defend them from fraud, which he could correct in several cases, undetected, as far as the great body of the public was concerned, until the appearance of the folio of 1623. Our great dramatist's indifference upon this point seems to have been shared by many, if not by most, of his contemporaries; and if the quarto impression of any one of his plays be more accurate in typography than another, we feel satisfied that it areas out of the better state of the manuscript, or the greater pains and fidelity of the printer.

Returning to the important list of twelve plays furnished by Meres, we may add, that although he does not mention them, there can be no doubt that the three parts of "Henry VI." had been repeatedly acted before 1598: we may possibly infer, that they were awarded them, because they were then well known not to be the sole work of Shakespeare. By "Henry IV." it is most probable that Meres intended both parts of that "history." "Love's Labor's Won" has been supposed, since the time of Dr. Farmer, to be "All's Well that Ends Well," under a different title; our notion is that the original name given to the play was "Love's Labor's Won;" and that, when it was revised with additions and alterations, in 1605 or 1606, it received also a new appellation.

Yet it is singular, if we rely upon several coeval authorities, how little our great dramatist was about
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this period known and admired for his plays. Richard
Burbage published his ' Recreation of Lady Per
cuina,' in 1598, (the year in which the list of twelve of
Shakespeare's plays was printed by Meres,) and from
a copy of verses entitled "Remembrance of some
English Poets," we quote the following notice of
Shakespeare:—

"And Shakespeare thou, whose honey-flowing vein,
Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain.
Whose verses, and not few, abounded chaste,
Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath placed;-
Live ever, at least in fame live ever:
Well may the body die, but die never!"

Here Shakespeare's popularity, as "pleasing the world," is noticed; but the proofs of it are not de
rived from the stage, where his dramas were in
daily performance before crowded audiences, but
from the success of his "Venus and Adonis" and "
Lucrece," which had gone through various edi-
tions. Precisely to the same effect, but a still
stronger instance, we may refer to a play in which
Burbage and Kempe are introduced as charac-
ters, 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 indisputably acted be
fore the death of Queen Elizabeth. In a scene
where two young students are discussing the merits
of particular poets, one of them speaks thus of
Shakespeare:—

"Who loves Adonis love or Lucrece rape,
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
Costume and the stage, the mimic world;
Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

But the most distant allusion is made to any of
his dramatic productions, although the poet criti-
cised by the young students immediately before
Shakespeare was Ben Jonson, who was declared to be
"the wittiest fellow, of a bricklayer, in Eng-
lund," but "a slow inventor." Hence we might be
led to imagine that, even down to as late a peri-
od as the commencement of the seventeenth cen-
tury, 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 recognised literature of the
country.

CHAPTER XIII.

New Place, or, "the great house," in Stratford, bought by
Shakespeare in 1597.—Removal of the Lord Admiral's
players from the Bankside to the Fortune theatre in
Cripplegate.—Rivalry of the Lord Chamberlain's and
Lord Admiral's company.—Order in 1600 confining
the acting of plays to the Globe and Fortune: the influence
of the two associations occupying those theatres.—Dis-
obedience to the order of 1600.—Plays by Shakespeare
published in 1600.—The "First Part of the Life of Sir
John Oldcastle," printed in 1600, falsely imputed to
Shakespeare, and cancelling of the title-page.

It will have been observed, that, in the document
we have produced, relating to the quantity of corn
and malt in Stratford, it is stated that William
Shakespeare's residence was in that division of the
borough called Chapel-street ward. This is an im-
portant circumstance, because we think it may be
said to settle decisively the disputed question,
whether our great dramatist purchased what was
known as "the great house," or "New Place," be-
fore, in, or after 1597. 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, 1597—98, and that he had ten quarters
of corn there; and we can not doubt that it was the
dwelling which had been built by Sir Hugh
Clpton in the reign of Henry VII.: the Clptons
subsequently sold it to a person of the name of
Botte, and he to Hercules Underhill, who disposed of
it to Shakespeare. We therefore find him, in the
beginning of 1598, occupying one of the best
houses, in one of the best parts of Stratford. He
who had quitted his native town about two years
before, poor and comparatively friendless, was able,
by the profits of his own exertions, and the exercise
of his own talents, to return to it, and to establish
his family in more comfort and opulence than, as far
as is known, they had ever before enjoyed. We
consider the point that Shakespeare had become
owner of New Place in or before 1597 as complete-
ly 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 apprehend likewise, as we have already re-
marked, that the confirmation of arms in 1596, ob-
tained as we believe by William Shakespeare, had
reference to the permanent and substantial settle-
ment of his name, which he had already acquired
in the purchase of a residence there consistent with the altered
and improved circumstances of that family.

The removal of the Lord Admiral's players, under
Henslowe and Alleyn, from the Rose theatre on the
Bankside, to the new house called the Fortune, in
Golding-lane, Cripplegate, soon after the date to
which we are now referring, may lead to the opinion
that that company did not find itself secure against
the rivalry with the Lord Chamberlain's servants,
under Shakespeare and Burbage, at the Globe.
That theatre was opened, as we have adduced rea-
sons to believe, in the spring of 1595: the Rose
was a considerably older building, and the necessity
for repairing it might enter into the calculation,
when Henslowe and Alleyn thought of trying the
experiment in a different part of the town, and on
the Middlesex side of the water. Theatres being
at this date merely wooden structures, and much
frequented, they would soon fall into decay, espe-
cially in a marshy situation like that of the Bank-
side: so damp was the soil in the neighborhood,
that the Globe was surrounded by a moat to keep
it dry; and it is most likely that the Rose was sim-
ilarly drained when it was transferred there. 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 Henslowe and a grocer of the name

"In the garden of this house it is believed that Shakes-
peare planted a mulberry tree, about the year 1599; such
4 is the tradition, and we are disposed to think that it is found-
ed in truth. In 1609, King James was anxious to introduce the
mulberry (which had been imported about half a cen-
tury earlier), and, after careful cultivation, it was planted in
November, 1609, 4023 were paid out of the public purse for the
planting of mulberry trees "near the palace of Westmin-
ster." The plantations, it is said, were intended for Sir John
Clpton, who married as his second wife "the daughter to Sir
Hugh Clpton to a clergyman of the name of Gastrell, who, on
to an offence taken at the authorities of the bor-
ough of Stratford, on the subject of the two
houses, pulled it down, and cut down the mulberry tree. According to a
letter in the Annual Register of 1700, the wood was bought by a
driver, who "made many odd things of it for the
neighbors." It is said to have been seen as many as ten
mulberry trees in this one mulberry tree, as could hardly have been furished by all the mulberry trees in the
county of Warwick.
of Chobham about the year 1584; but it seems to have early required considerable reparations, and they might be again necessary prior to 1599, when Henslowe and Alleyn resolved to abandon South- wark. However, it may be doubted whether they would not have continued where they were, recog- nizing the convenient proximity of Paris Garden, (where bears, bulls, &c., were baited, and in which they were also jointly interested) but for the success of the Lord Chamberlain's plays at the Globe, which had been in use four or five years. Hens- lowe and Alleyn seem to have found, that neither their plays nor their players could stand the competi- tion of their rivals, and they accordingly removed to a vicinity where no play-house had previously existed.

The Fortune theatre was commenced in Golding Lane, Cripplegate, in the year 1599, and finished in 1600, and thither without delay Henslowe and Alleyn transported their whole dramatic establishment, strengthened in the spring of 1602 by the ad- dition of that great and popular comic performer, William Kempe. The association at the Globe was the more in almost undisputed possession of the Bankside. There were, indeed, occasional, and perhaps not unfrequent, performances at the Rose, as well as at the Hope and the Swan, but not by the regular associations which had previously occupied them; and after the Fortune was opened, the spec- tation there was so profitable, that the Lord Ad- minal’s players had no motive for returning to their old quarters.

The members of the two companies belonging to the Lord Chamberlain and to the Lord Admiral appear to have possessed so much influence in the summer of 1600, that (backed perhaps by the puri- tanical zeal of those who were unfriendly to all the- atrical performances) they obtained an order from the privy council, dated 22d 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 10th of that month the Lords wrote to certain magistrates of Middlesex requiring them to put a stop to the performance of a play at the Curtain, in which were introduced “some gentlemen of good desert and quality, that are yet alive,” but saying nothing about the closing of the house, although it was open in defiance of the imperative command of the preceding year. It seems exactly as if re- strictive measures had been adopted in order to satisfy the importance of particular individuals, but that there was no disposition on the part of persons in authority to carry them into execution.

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 had probably been originally published in 1594,) “The Merchant of Venice,” “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “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, if possible, a more imperfect and garbled representa- tion of the play, as it proceeded from the author’s pen, than the “Romeo and Juliet” of 1597. Wheth- er any of the managers of theatres at this date might 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 dis- pelling of their plays to the several companies, and looked for no encomium to be derived from publica- tion. We are not without something like proof that actors now and then sold their parts in plays to book-sellers, and thus, by the combination of them and other assistance, editions of popular plays were unreprintedly printed.

We ought not to pass over without notice a cir- cumstance which happened in 1600, and is con- nected with the question of the authorized or unau- thorized publication of Shakespeare’s plays. In that year a quarto impression of a play, called “The First part of the true and honorable 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. This drama was in fact the authorship of four poets, An- thony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Richard Hathway; and to attribute it to Shakespeare was evidently a mere trick by the bookseller, T[homas] H[unter], in the hope that it would be brought as his work. Malone remarked upon this fraud, but he failed to remark, 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, &c. of Sir John Oldcastle” has come to light, upon the title- page of which no name is to be found, the book- seller apparently having been compelled to cancel the leaf containing it. From the indifference Shakes- peare seems uniformly to have displayed on matters of the kind, we may, possibly, conclude that the cancel was made at the instance of one of the four poets who were the real authors of the play; or, the step may have been in some way connected with the objection taken by living members of the Old- castle family to the name, which had been assigned by Shakespeare in the first instance to Falstaff.

CHAPTER XIV.

Death of John Shakespeare in 1601.—Performance of “Twelfth Night” in February, 1602.—Anecdote of Shake- speare and Burbage: Manningham’s Diary in the British Museum the authority for it.—“Othello,” acted by Bur- bague and others at the Lord Keeper’s in August, 1602. —Death of Elizabeth, and Arrival of James I. at Theo- bead—English actors in Scotland in 1589, and again in 1600 and 1601; large rewards to them—The freedom of Aberdeen conferred in 1601 upon Laurence Fletcher, 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 five following were then alive, and might be present at the funeral:—William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, and Edmund. The latter years of John Shakespeare (who, if born in 1530 as Malone supposed, was in his seventy-first year) were doubt- less easy and comfortable, and the prosperity of his eldest son must have placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary difficulties.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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 Tyrwhitt, in 1790, conjectured that "Twelfth Night" had been written in 1614; in his second edition Malone altered it to 1607, and Chalmers, weighing the evidence in favor of one date and of the other, thought neither correct, and fixed upon 1613, an opinion in which Dr. Drake fully concurred. The truth is, that we have irrefragable evidence, from an eye-witness, of its existence on 2d February, 1602, when it was played at the Globe to James I. in the Middle Temple. This eye-witness was a barrister of the name of Manningham, who left a Diary behind him, which has been preserved in the British Museum; but as we have inserted his account of the plot in our introduction to the comedy, no more is required here, than a mere mention of the circumstance. However, in another part of the same manuscript, he gives an anecdote of Shakespeare and Burbage, which we quote, without farther remark than that it has been supposed to depend upon the authority of Nicholas Tooley, but on looking at the original record again, we doubt whether it came from any such source. It was, very possibly, a mere invention of the "roguish players," originating, as was often the case, in some old story in the records of games and amusements, 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 in which we have any evidence of dramatic entertainments, either at Whitehall, Greenwich, Nonesuch, 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" (on which the Earl of Oxford and the Lord Chamberlain's players brought down to the Lord Keeper's seat in Hertfordshire for the purpose) was represented before her. In this case, as in the preceding one respecting "Twelfth Night," all that we positively learn is that such a 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 written at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601; and that "Othello" (first published in 4to, 1622) came from the same pen, as far as we can conjecture.

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 celebrated actor, and we find from other sources that he was the representative of "the Moor of Venice." Whether Shakespeare had any and what part in the tragedy, either then or upon other occasions, is not known; but there can be little 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, 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 Theobalds, in his journey from Edinburgh to London, on the 7th May, 1603. Before he quitted his own capital he had had various opportunities of witnessing the performances of English actors; and it is an interesting, 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 Scotland? We have certainly no affirmative testimony upon the point, beyond what may be derived from some passages in "Macbeth," descriptive of particular localities: there is, however, ample room for conjecture; and although, on the whole, we are inclined to think that Shakespeare visited the Tweed, it is indisputable that the company to which he belonged, or a part of it, had performed in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and doubtless in some intermediate places. We will briefly state the existing proofs of this fact.

In 1589, Ashby, the ambassador extraordinary from England to James VI. of Scotland, thus wrote to Lord Burghley, under date of the 22d October:

"My Lord Bowes[ill] begins to show himself willing and ready to do her Majesty any service, and desires hereafter to be thought of as he shall deserve; he showeth great kindness to our nation, using her Majesties Players and Comedians with all courtesy."

In 1589, the date of Ashby's dispatch, Shakespeare had quitid 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 Queen Elizabeth selected twelve leading performers from the theatrical servants of some of her nobility, and they were afterwards called "her Majesty's players;" and we also now know, that in 1599 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. We have no means of ascertaining the names of any of the players, or indeed their acting the parts of Richard III., Dutton, can we state who were the members of the Queen's two companies in 1590. Shakespeare might be one of them; but if he were, he might not belong to 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, £43, 6s. 8d. were delivered to "his Highness' self," to be given to "the English comedians:" in the next month they were paid £41, 12s. at various times. In December they
received no less than £393, 6s. 8d.; in April, 1600, £10; and in December, 1601, the royal bounty amounted to £400.

Thus we see that English players were in Scotland from October, 1599, to December, 1601, a period of more than two years; but still we are without a particle of proof that 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 the 22d October the freedom of the city was conferred upon Laurence Fletcher, who is especially styled "John Fletcher and others.

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 "Hamlet," were written respectively in 1599, 1600, and 1601.

Besides, as far as we are 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 think it must have been at an earlier period, and there was undoubtedly ample time between the years 1598 and 1599 for him to have done so. Nevertheless, we have no tidings that any English actors were in any part of Scotland during these ten years.

CHAPTER XV.

Proclamation by James I. against plays on Sunday.—Renewal of theatrical performances in London.—Pardon 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 1601; and a candidate 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 act foot in London, James I. thought it necessary to put a stop to dramatic performances on Sunday. 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 contravened. 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 King, having issued this command, arrived at the Chantry-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 new session of the new sovereign. Fourteen 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 this 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 connection not only at the Globe on the Bankside, but in any part of the kingdom; viz, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Heninge, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Army, and Richard Cowley.

We miss from this list the names of Thomas Pope, William Kempe, and Nicholas Tooley, who had been in the company in 1596; and instead of them we have Laurence Fletcher, Henry Condell, and Robert Army, with the addition of Richard Cowley. Kempe and Tooley, however, subsequently rejoined the association with which they had been so long connected.

We may assume, perhaps, in the absence of any direct evidence, that what Laurence Fletcher did not acquire his prominence in the company by any remarkable excellence as an actor, but rather by the favor of the King, or perhaps from the fact that he was a considerable sharer in the association. 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 connection 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 favor extended to actors by James I. in the very commencement of his reign is remarkable. Not only were the Lord Chamberlain's players into his own service, but the Queen adopted the company which had acted under the name of the Earl of Worcester, and the Prince of Wales 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 of 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 them than their ill opinion of us live." James made himself sure of their good report; and an epigram, attributed to Shakespeare, has descended to us, which doubtless was intended in some sort as a grateful return for the royal countenance bestowed upon the stage, and upon those who were connected with it. The lines are entitled,

"Shakespeare on the King."

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date, Triumphs their tomb, felicity her site: Of snares and snares earth can make us partaker, But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker."
Having established his family in the "great house" called "New Place" in his native town in 1597, by the purchase of it from Hercules Underhill, Shakespeare seems to have contemplated considerable additions to his property there. In May, 1602, he laid out £320 upon 107 acres of land, which he bought of William and John Combe, and attached it to his dwelling. In the autumn of the same year he became the owner of a copyhold tenement (called a cotagium in the instrument) in Walker's Street, alias dead Lane, Stratford, surrendered to him by Walter Gjetley. In November of the next year he gave £60 for a messuage, barn, granary, garden, and orchard, close to or 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 attached to it, a tenement 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 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 26th October, 1603, she tells him 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 provinces, on account of the prevalence of the plague, and the consequent cessation of dramatic performances, had returned to the metropolis.

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 their association of adult performers, Queen Anne took under her immediate patronage, with the style of the Children of her Majesty. wanting that to which he proposed to represent should first be submitted to, and have 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 less desirous than some that availed other of the nobility unto her Majesty for this room;" and, after introducing the name of "his good friend," Drayton, he adds the following, which, we apprehend, refers with sufficient distinctness to Shakespeare: "It seemed to my humble judgement that you who is the proper, next day duly 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 a Master of the Queen's Majesties Revels, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings." This objection would have applied with equal force to Drayton, and we need not believe that before this date he had ceased to be a dramatic author.

It is highly probable that Shakespeare was a servant or for this office, in contemplation of a speedy retirement as an actor. We have already spoken of the presumed excellence of his personations 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 Adam, in "As you like it," and his brother Gilbert, (who in 1602 had received, on behalf of 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 Humor," 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 performed in, the same author's "Scianus," 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: William Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Hensinge, Armys, Silly, Cowley, Ostler, and Day. If Shakespeare had not then actually ceased to perform, we need not hesitate in deciding that the profession very shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER XVI.


No wonder 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 objectionable 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 say, he had, 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 Gowry's conspiracy. This fact we have upon the
evidence of one of Sir R. Winwood's corre-
spendents, John Chambréllain, who, in a letter
dated 18th December, 1604, uses these expres-
sions: "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 judged, or that it be thought unfit that princely
should be played on the stage in their lifetime, I
hear that some great counsellors are much displeased
with it, and so, 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 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 association) Army, and others,
players at the Blackfriars, have again not forborne
to bring upon their stage one or more of the wor-
sipful aldermen of the city of London, to their
great shame, without the least appraisement of his
birth, and the interposition of the privy council to prevent
the abuse was therefore solicited. What was done
in consequence does not appear in any extant docu-
ment.
In the spring of the next year a still graver charge
was brought against the body of actors of whom
Shakespeare was one and who had been enough
and it originated in no less a person than the
French ambassador. George Chapman 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. Beaumont, the representative of the
King of France in London, thought it necessary to
remonstrate against the repetition, and the perform-
ance of it was prohibited: as soon, however, as the
court had quitted London, the King's players per-
mitted 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 1605;
and, if I am not mistaken, their being able to
cover anything, beyond the historical incidents,
which could have given offence; but the truth cer-
tainly is, that all the objectionable portions were
omitted in the press: there can be no doubt, on
the authority of the despatch from the French ambassa-
dor to his court, that one of the dramas originally
contained a scene in which the Queen of France
and Mademoiselle Veneau were introduced, the
former, after having abused her, giving the latter a
box on the ear.
This information was conveyed to Paris under the
date of the 5th April, 1606; and the French am-
bassador, apparently in order to make his court
acquainted with the lawless character of dramatic
performance here, and add more weight to his 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 in-
trude upon the same boards their own reigning
sovereign, "and all his favorites, in a very strange
fashion: they made him curse and swear because he
had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman,
because he had called off the bounds from the scnt.
They represent him as drunk at least once a day,"
&c. This course indicates a most extraordinary degree
of boldness on the part of the players; but, never-
theless, they were not prohibited from acting, until
M. Beaumont had directed the attention of the pub-
lic authorities 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 companies had clapped their
money, and, attacking James I. on his weak side,
had offered the large sum of 100,000 livres to pro-
continue their performances. The French ambas-
dor himself apprehended that the appeal to the King's peculiar wants would be ef-
fectual, and that permission, under certain restric-
tions, would not long be withheld.
Whatever emoluments Shakespeare had derived
from the Blackfriars or the Globe theatre, as an actor
or as a dramatist, he seems to have, for, in 1605, he was
nevertheless, they were not prohibited from acting, until
pliment paid to him in “Macbeth”; the Duke of Buckingham is said to have had Davenant’s evidence for this anecdote, which was first told in print in the advertisement to Linton’s edition of Shakespeare’s Poems in 1710. Rowe says nothing of it in his “Life” and it seems very improbable that James Linton could have possibly concocted, and very probable that the writer of Linton’s advertisement should not have been very scrupulous. We may conjecture, that a privy seal under the sign manual, 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.

The eldest daughter of Mary and Anne Shakespeare, Susanna, has 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, 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 marriage, for we may conjecture that the ceremony was performed in the presence of our great dramatist, during one of his summer excursions to his native town. About six 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 born on the 9th Sept. 1582, and had died at the time of his death, had embraced the profession of an actor, for in the register of his death at St. Saviour’s, Southwark, he is specified, rather unusually, as “a player.” 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; and therefore, that he attained no eminence; perhaps his principal employment might be under his brother in the management of his theatrical concerns, while he only took inferior parts when the assistance 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 next month he sold his godfather there 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 at this period to have been at its height. His “King Lear” was printed three times for the same bookseller in 1603; 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 “Mr. William Shakespeare” was placed very condescendingly, 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 greatly displayed, although in the ordinary place. “Troilus and Cressida,” which was published in the same year, also has the name of the author very nearly 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 Shakespeare, is found on 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 mere fact would be held a sufficient recommendation.

In a former part of our memoir we have alluded to the circumstance, that in 1602 Shakespeare was rated to the value of Liberty of the Clink in a sum which might possibly indicate that he was the occupant of a commodious dwelling-house in Southwark. The fact that our great dramatist paid sixpence 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, preserved by the existing evidence better, 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 he 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 at the same time in the 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 tithes and contributions to the maintenance of the poor; and it is not very unlikely that some arrangement was made under which the sharers in the Globe, and Shakespeare as one of them, would be assessed. It is not unlikely that he was the occupier of a substantial dwelling-house in the immediate neighborhood 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 appurtenances; interest not property of Shakespeare and other sharers.—The income of Richard Burbage at his death.—Duty of the Rev. A. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, and his statement regarding Shakespeare’s expenditure.—Copy of a letter from Lord Southampton on behalf of the Blackfriars.—Probable decision of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere in favor of the company at the Blackfriars theatre.

We have referred to the probable amount of the income of our great dramatist in 1609, and a document has been lately discovered, which enables us to form some judgment of the sum he annually derived from the private theatre in the Blackfriars. From the date published by our bkaking, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London had been hostile to the establishment of players within this precinct, and, as we have already shown, they had made several fruitless efforts to dislodge them. The attempt was renewed in 1608, when Sir Henry Montagu, the Attorney General of the day, gave an opinion in favor of the claim of the citizens to exercise their municipal powers within the precinct of the late
dissolved monsterty of the Blackfriars. The ques-
tion seems in some shape to have been brought be-
fore Baron Ellesmere, then Lord Chancellor
of England, who required from the Lord Mayor
and his brethren proofs that they had exercised any au-
thority in the disputed liberty. As far as we can
judge, no such proofs, applicable to any recent
period, were forthcoming. Lord Ellesmere, there-
fore, we may conclude, was opposed to the claim
of the city.

Failing in this endeavor to expel the King's
players by force of law, the corporation appears to
have taken a milder course, and proceeded with
the purchase of the Blackfriars theatre, with all its
properties and appurtenances. To
this negotiation we are probably indebted for a
paper, which shows with great exactness and particu-
larity the amount of interest then claimed by each
sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbage, Lau-
rence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, John Ham-
ilton, Henry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and John
Lowin, with four other persons not named, each
the owner of half a share.

From this document we learn that Richard Bur-
bage was the owner of the freehold or fee, (which
he no doubt inherited from his father,) as well as
the owner of four shares, the value of all which,
together, is estimated not less than £1,200. Law-
rence Fletcher (if it be he, for the Christian name
is written "Laz.") was proprietor of three shares, for
which he claimed £700. Shakespeare was pro-
prietary of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre,
estimated at £500, as well as four shares, valued,
like those of Burbage and Fletcher, at £250, 6s. 8d.
each, or £250, 6s. 8d., at seven years' purchase:
his entire purchase was £1,450, 6s. 8d., or £1,300,
less than that of Burbage, inasmuch as the fee was
considered worth £1,000, while Shakespeare's
wardrobe and properties were valued at £500.

Heminge and Condell each required £466, 13a. 4d.
for their two shares, and Taylor £500 for his share
and a half, while the four unnamed half-sharers put
in their claim for £250, 6s. 8d., at seven years' com-
pensation at the same rate, inasmuch as their share
of the Blackfriars theatre made up the value of £6,166,
13a. 4d., and to this sum was to be added remuneration
to the hired men of the company, who were not sharers,
all as well to the widows and orphans of deceased
actors: the purchase-money of the whole property
was thus raised to at least £700.

Each share, out of the twenty into which the re-
cipts of the theatre were divided, yielded, as was
alleged, an annual profit of £33, 6s. 8d.; and
Shakespeare owning four of these shares, his annual
income, from them only, was £133, 6s. 8d. : he was
besides proprietor of the wardrobe and properties,
stated to be worth £500: these, we may conclude,
he leased to the company for a certain period, and,
reckoning wear and tear at ten per cent, which
seems a very low rate of payment, would add £50
a year to the £133, 6s. 8d. already mentioned, mak-
ing together £183, 6s. 8d., besides what our great
dramatist must have gained by the profits of his pen,
upon which we have no data for forming an estimate.
With or without anything on this account, and sup-
posing only that the Globe was a percentage of a
summer theatre as the Blackfriars was for a winter
theatre, it is evident that Shakespeare's income
could hardly have been less than £366, 13a. 4d.
Taking every known source of emolument into
view, we consider £400 a year the very lowest
amount at which his income can be reckoned in
1608.
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. It would have stood through the existence 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 made many works of value dedicated to him, we may really imagine, that although he must have heard of Shakespeare and Burbage, he was not specially dependent on them as to the history of individual deserts, which this communication was intended to remove.

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. There can be no doubt that the object the players had in view was attained, because we know that the King's servants continued to occupy the theatre long after the death of Shakespeare.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Warrant to Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, for the Children of the Queen's Revels, in January, 1610.

Proving whereby they admitted some companies of actors—Copy of Daborne's warrant, and the reasons for it.—Shakespeare's draws between 1609 and 1612—His retirement to Stratford, and disposal of his property in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres.—Shakespeare's purchase of a house in Blackfriars from Henry Walker in 1613, and the possible cause of it. Mentioned—Shakespeare described as of Stratford-upon-Avon.

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 Majestv's Children," and "the Children of the Blackfriars;" and it is not to be supposed that they employed to pay for these shares of property with the older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars.

The success of the juvenile companies in the commencement of the reign of James I, and even at the latter end of that of Elizabeth, was great; and we find Shakespeare alluding to it in very pointed terms in a well-known passage in "Hamlet," which we suppose to have been written in the winter of 1601, or in the spring of 1602. They seem to have gone on increasing in popularity, and very soon after James I ascended the throne, Queen Anne took a company, called "the Children of the Queen's Revels," under her honourable patronage. There is no reason to doubt that they continued to perform at Blackfriars, and in the very commencement of the year 1610 we find that Shakespeare either was, or intended to be, connected with them. At this period he probably contemplated an early retirement from the metropolis, and might wish to avail himself, for a short period, of this new opportunity of private employment.

Robert Daborne, the author of two dramas that have been printed, and of several others that have been lost, seems to have been a man of good family, and of some interest at court; and in January 1609-10, he was able to procure a royal grant, authorizing him and others to provide and offer a number of young actors, called "the Children of the Queen's Revels." Daborne was placed at the head of this association; and not, perhaps, having sufficient means or funds of his own, he had, as was not unusual, partners in the undertaking: those partners were William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, (the celebrated actor, and very clever author,) and Edward Kirkham, who had previously enjoyed a privilege of the same kind. In the "Entry Book of Patents and Warrants for Patents" we find a draft of the warrant under which Daborne and his partners, therein named, viz: Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham, were to proceed; and it is a circumstance deserving notice, that "the Children of the Queen's Revels" were thereby licenced not only to act "tragedies, comedies," &c. in the Blackfriars theatre, but to "enjoy all the freedom of the realm of England," so that even places where the city authorities had indisputably a right to exercise jurisdiction were not excepted.

We may be satisfied, however, that the warrant of 1609-10 to Daborne and his partners was not carried into effect: although it may have been decided at this date that the lord mayor and aldermen had no power forcibly to exclude the actors from the Blackfriars, it may have been held inexpedient to go the length of authorizing a young company to act within the very boundaries of the city. So far the corporation may have prevailed, and this may be the cause why we never hear of any steps having been taken under the warrant of 1609-10. The word
"stayed" is added at the conclusion of the draft, as if some good ground had been discovered for delaying, if not for entirely withholding it. Certain it is, that the new scheme seems to have been entirely abandoned; and whatever Shakespeare may have intended when he became connected with it, he continued, as long as he remained in London, and as far as any evidence enables us to judge, to write only for the company of the King's players, who persevered in their performances at the Blackfriars in the winter, and at the Globe in the summer.

"Troilus and Cressida" 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 after it appeared they came from the press. With the single exception of "Cymbeline," 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 plays, first found in that volume, were penned by our great dramatist after 1609, because we have separately assigned them the place 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 may 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 quitied London to take up his permanent residence at Stratford, we are in possession of no materials connected with his personal history. It would seem both natural and prudent that, before he withdrew from the metropolis, he should dispose 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 he says nothing of any such property, and we are left to infer that he 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 perishable: it consisted of the wardrobe and properties, which in 1609, were valued at £500: and we may feel assured that he would sell them to the company which had had the constant use of them, and doubtless had paid an annual consideration to the owner.

Whatever, in fact, became of Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre, both as a sharer and as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, we are not in a position to say. In concluding that, in the then prosperous state of theatrical affairs 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. 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 1619 worth £300 a year in hand, 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. The circumstance of the nature of our great dramatist's property in the two theatres seems to authorize the conclusion, that he sold it before he retired to the place of his birth. It is supposed that many of the plays of his last years were written from his days with his family, in the tranquil enjoyment of the independence he had secured by the exertions of five and twenty years.

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 a condition that he should do so for a time; but we much 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 connection with the stage, even after he quit it as an actor, he seems to have been obliged to reside in London, apart from his family, for the purpose of watching over his interest in the two theatres to which he belonged: had he been merely an author, after he ceased to be an actor, he might have composed his dramas as well at Stratford as in London, visiting the metropolis only while a new play was in rehearsal and preparation; but such was clearly not the case, and we may be confident that when he retired to a place so distant from the scene of his triumphs, he did not allow his mind to be encumbered by the continuance of professional anxieties.

It may seem difficult to reconcile with this consideration the undoubted fact, that in the spring of 1613 Shakespeare purchased a house, and a small piece of ground attached to it, not far from the Blackfriars theatre, in which we believe him to have disposed of his concern in the preceding year. The documents relating to this transaction have come down to us, and the indenture assigning the property from Henry Walker, "citizen of London and minstrel of London," to William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," bears date 10th March, 1612-'13: the consideration was £140; the house was situated "within the precinct, circuit, and command of the late Blackfriars," and we are further informed that it stood "right against his Majesty's Wardrobe." It appears to have been merely a dwelling-house with a small yard, and not in any way connected with the theatre, which was at some distance from the royal wardrobe, although John Heminge, the actor, was, with Shakespeare, a party to the deed, as well as William Johnson, vintner, and John Jackson, gentleman.

Shakespeare may have made this purchase as an accommodation in some way to his "friend and fellow." Heminge, and the two other persons named; and it is to be remarked that, on the day after the date of the conveyance, Shakespeare mortgaged the house to Henry Walker, the vendor, for £60, having paid down only £80, on the 10th March. It is very possible that our poet advanced the £80 to Heminge, Johnson, and Jackson, expecting that they would repay him, and furnish the remaining £80 before the 29th September, 1613, the time stipulated in the mortgage deed; but as they did not do so, but left it to him, the house of course continued the property of Shakespeare, and after his death, in accordance with the provisions of his will, it became the possession of his daughter Susanna.

Shakespeare must have been in London when
he put his signature to the conveyance; but we are to recollect, that the circumstance of his being described in it as "of Stratford-upon-Avon" is by no means decisive of the fact, that his usual place of abode in the spring of 1610 was his native town: he had a similar description in the deeds by which he purchased 107 acres of land from John and William Combe in 1602, and a lease of a moiety of the tithes from Ralph Huband in 1605, although it is indubitable that at those periods he was generally resident in London. We are thoroughly convinced, however, that, anterior to March, 1613, Shakespeare had taken up his permanent residence with his family at Stratford.

CHAPTER XIX.

Members of the Shakespeare family at Stratford in 1612.—Joan Shakespeare and William Hart: their marriage and family.—William Shakespeare's chancy suit respecting the tithes of Stratford, and the income he derived from the lease.—The Globe burnt in 1613: its reconstruction.—Destructive fire at Stratford in 1614.—Shakespeare's visit to London afterwards.—Proposed inclosure of Welcomes.—The Shakespeare Society.—The Shakespearian poems of "The Ghost of Richard the Third," published in 1614.

The immediate members of the Shakespeare family resident at this date (1612) in Stratford were comparatively few. Richard Shakespeare had died at the age of forty, only about 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 neighborhood, and perhaps married, for in the register, under date of 3d February, 1611-12, we read an account of the burial of "Gilbertus Shakspere, 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 twenty to William Hart, a Stratford weaver, and farmer. Their first child, William, was baptized on the 28th August, 1600, and they had afterwards children of 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, gave birth to a daughter who was baptized Elizabeth on the 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, 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 vivacity of the family circle. Shakespeare himself only completed his forty-eighth year in April, 1613, 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 labors and anxieties attendant upon his theatrical concerns, he was not without his annoyances, though of a different kind. We refer here to a suit in which he seems to have been involved by the purchase, in 1605, of the remaining term of a lease of part of the tithes of Stratford. It appears that a rent of £27, 13s. 6d. was reserved, which was to be paid by certain losses under peril of forfeiture, but that some of the parties, disregarding the consequences, had refused to contribute their proportion; and Richard Lane, of Avston, Esquire, Thomas Greene, 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 anywhere stated; and the only important point in the draft of the statement of the case is that the Shakespeare Society, is, that our great dramatist therein stated the value of his "moiety" of the tithes to be £60 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 dispose of all his theatrical property before he finally took up his residence in his birth-place. The Globe, which had been in use for about eighteen years, was burned down on the 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 Hovey, in his continuation of Stowe's Annals, distinctly states that it was "Henry the Eighth." 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. Although Shakespeare might not be in any way considerably 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 1594 and 1595, which had destroyed many of the houses; but that which occurred on the 9th July, 1614, seems to have done damage to those beyond proportion. At the instance of various gentlemen in the neighborhood, including Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Richard Verney, and Sir Thomas Lucy, King James issued a proclamation, or brief, dated 11th May, 1615, in favor of the inhabitants of Stratford, authorizing the collection of donations in the different churches of the kingdom for the restoration of the town; and

* It has been generally stated that Charles Hart, the celebrated actor after the restoration, was the grandson of Shakespeare, son to the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, but we are without positive evidence upon the point. In 1612 a person of the name of Hart kept a house of entertainment close to the Fortune theatre, and he may have been the son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, and the father of Charles Hart the actor, who died about 1679.
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alleging that within two hours the fire had consumed "fifty-four dwelling-houses, many of them being very fine houses, besides barns, stables, and other houses of office, together 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, called New Place, escaped the conflagration, and his property, as far as we can judge, to have been preserved in a part of the

The name of Shakespeare is not found among those of the inhabitants whose certificate was stated to be the immediate ground for issuing the royal brief, but it is not at all unlikely that he was instrumental in obtaining it. We are sure that he was in London, and in November following the fire, and possibly was taking some steps in favor of his fellow-townsmen. However, his principal business seems to have related to the projected inclosure of certain common lands in the neighborhood 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 individuals whose claims are set out are, "Mr. Shakespeare," Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Francis Smith, Mace, Arthur Cawdrey, and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopton." 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 "Ancient Freethinkers in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcome."

"Mr. Shakespeare, 4 yard land; noe common, nor ground beyond Gospel Hill; noe ground in Sandiford, nor none in Slow Hill field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton."

The date of this paper is 5th September, 1614, and as we have said, we may presume that it was chiefly upon this business that Shakespeare came to London on the 16th November. It should appear that Thomas Greene, of Stratford, was officially opposing the inclosure 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, as the majority of the members of the municipal body of the borough were nearly unanimous, and, as far as we can learn from the imperfect particulars 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 expenditures.

It is very likely that Shakespeare saw Mainwaring; and, as it was only five or six years since his name had been especially brought under the notice of the Lord Chancellor, in relation to the claim of the city authorities to jurisdiction in the Blackfriars, it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have had an interview with Lord Ellesmere, who seemed to have been of a very accessible and kindly disposition. A petition was also prepared and presented to the privy council, and we may gather that the opposition was effectual, because nothing was done in the business: the common fields of Welcombe, which it had been intended to inclose, remained open for pasture as before.

How soon after the matter relating to the inclosure had been settled Shakespeare returned to Stratford,—how long he remained there, or whether he ever came to London again,—we are without information. He was probably in the metropolis at the time when a new play, "Richard III.," was published, and which until now has escaped observation, although it contains the clearest allusion, not indeed by name, to our author and to his tragedy. It is called "The Ghost of Richard the Third," and it bears date in 1614; but the writer, C. B., only gives his initials, and we know not to what period of time it can properly be referred, or to whom they would apply, excepting Charles Best, who has several pieces in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602, but he has left nothing behind him to indicate that he would be capable of a work of such power and variety. It is divided into three portions, the "Chanson," the "Legend," and the "Tragedy" of Richard III.; and the second part opens with the following stanzas, which show the high estimate the writer had formed of the genius of Shakespeare: they are extremely interesting as a contemporaneous tribute.

Richard, narrating his own history, thus speaks:

"To him that kept my fame with Clio's quill, Whose magic raised me from oblivion's den, That in my pamphlet their praises sent, And with my actions dignified my pen; He that from Helicon sends many a rill, Whose nectar'd veins are drunk by thirstie men; Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bays, And none detract, but gratefully his praise."
country, or occasionally visiting him from the metropolis. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the society of his friends, and he added that natural powers of conversation could not fail to render his society most agreeable and desirable. We can readily believe that whenever any of his old associates of the 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 career, he had been on terms of familiar intercourse.

One of the very latest acts 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, who died May 31st, 1692, while he was bailiff of Stratford. She must have been four years older than the husband, having, as already stated, been born on 2d February, 1585, while he was not born until 26th February, 1589: he was consequently twenty-seven years old, and she thirty-one, at the time of their marriage in February, 1616. 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 suffer 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 "Vicesimo quinto die Januarii," (not February, as Malone erroneously read it,) but the word Januarii, was subsequently struck through with a pen, and Martij substituted by interpolation. Possibly it was not thought necessary to alter vicesimo quinto, 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 memory," and such was doubtless the case when the instrument was prepared in January, but the execution of it might be deferred until he was attacked by serious indisposition, 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 signed his name with greater readiness and distinctness. All three signatures are more or less informal and illegible, especially the first two, 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 by his physician 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 with the 23d year of the calendar, when it is supposed 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 Beaumont," who suffered under it on July 1st, 1617, Dr. Hall would have referred back to the earlier instance of his father-in-law.

We are left, therefore, in utter uncertainty as to the immediate cause of the death of Shakespeare at an age when he would be in full possession of his faculties, and when in the ordinary course of nature he might have lived many years in the enjoyment of the society of his family and friends, in that grateful and easy retirement, which had been earned by his genius and industry, and to obtain which had apparently been the main object of many years of toil, anxiety, and deprivation.

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, "Obiit Anno Domini 1616. Eiusaetis 53. die 23 Apr." And it is remarkable that he was born and died on the same day of the same month, supposing him, as

That Shakespeare was of sober, though of companionable habits, we are perfectly convinced; he could have written seven and thirty plays (not reckoning alterations and additions now lost) in five and twenty years and he had been five or six years at Stratford when Ben Jonson visited him at Stratford, he would give them a true and hearty welcome. We have no reason to think that Drayton was at all given to intemperance, although it is certain that Ben Jonson was a boisterous liver.

He several times speaks of sicknesses in his own family, and of the manner in which he had removed them. "Mrs. Jonson, of Stratford, very lately deceased; she was in the course of the volume, and in the course of the same, she was buried with her daughter, Elizabeth Hall, her daughter by Dr. Hall, baptized on the 21st February, 1607–8 and granddaughter to our poet, was married on the 23d April, 1638, to Mr. John Bernard, of Abington, who died unmarried on 30th June, 1649, to Mr. John Bernard, of Abington, who was knighted after the Restoration. Lady Bernard died childless in 1579, and was buried, not at Stratford, with her family, but at Abington, with that of her second husband. She was the last of the lineal descendants of William Shakespeare."
we have every reason to believe, to have first seen the light on the 23d April, 1664. It was most usual that period to mention the day of death in inscriptions upon tomb-stones, tablets, and monuments; and such was the case with other members of the Shakespeare family. We are thus informed that his wife, Anne Shakespeare, "departed this life the 6th day of Aug. 1623." Dr. Hall "deceased Nove. 25. A. 1633." Thomas Nash, who married Hall's daughter, "died 1647." Great-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 those we have quoted in English, there is in fact no ground for disputing that he died on 23d April, 1616. It is quite certain from the register at Stratford that he was interred on the 25th April, and the record of that event is placed among the burials in the following manner:

"1616, April 25, 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, has been 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 August, 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, in 1649, it is very possible that her corpse was conveyed from some distance, to be interred among her relations at Stratford. In the case of our poet, concluding that he expired on the 23d 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 at large, because 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 his eldest daughter Susanna is mentioned by his husband's patronymic. It seems evident, from the tenor of the whole instrument, that when it was prepared 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 degrees of consanguinity were not at that time strictly marked and attended to, and in the same way Elizabeth Hall is called the testator's "niece."

The bequest which has attracted most attention is an interlineation in the following words, "I'm I gave unto my wief 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 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 consistent that he should give her that piece 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 of Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakespeare," 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 explanation should never 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.

CHAPTER XXI.

Monument to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon erected before 1623: there exist drawings of the supposed monument of Dr. Hall, and Shakespeare's daughter Susanna. —Difference between the bust on the monument and the portrait on the title-page of the folio of 1623: —In Johnson's testimony in favor of the likeness of the latter. —Shakespeare's personal appearance. —His social and convivial qualities. —"What is this Man?" Expounded by Fuller in his "Worthies." —Epitaph upon Sir Thomas Stanley. —Conclusion. —Hall's character of Shakespeare.

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

"The best stone is rent, And time dissolves 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 menus 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 opinion of the best judges that it was cut by an English sculptor, (perhaps Thomas Ston- tan) 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 not 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 gravity and good humor than of thought and reflection, and the lips are full, and apparently in the act of giving utterance to some amiable pleasantry. The bust was originally, like many other monuments of the time, colored after the life, and so it continued until Malone, forgetting the practice of the period at which the work was produced, had it painted one uniform stone-color. It was afterwards found impossible to restore the original colors.

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

"Illuc Philippus, genio Pecuniae, arti Morum, 
Nec Prudentiae, nec Virtutis merita. 
Stay, Passenger, why goest thou so fast? 
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath past 
Within this monument: Shakespeare; with whose 
Quick nostril side: whose name doth deck y' Tombe 
For more than cost; sigh all ye that writ 
Leaves living art bot pote to serve his wit"—

Quoted in Ms. 1616.

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 1693) informs us, speaking of course from tradition, that they were written by Shakespeare himself:—

"Good friend, for less sake forbear 
To dig the dust encosered here: 
Best be ye men yt sarges the stones, 
And cravt be he yt 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: 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 companion of his neighbors and townsfolk; and the other, which marks the eventful period of his life in London, revolting the great works he had written or projected, and with his mind somewhat burdened by the cares of his professional life.

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. Opposite the engraving are the following lines, subscribed with the initials of Ben Johnson, and doublets from his pen. We give them exactly as they stand in the folio of 1623:—

"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; 
O, could he but have drawn him with As well as brush, as he hath hit 
His face; the Print would then surpass 
All, that was ever writ in Brass. 
But, since he cannot, Reader, look 
Not on his Picture, but his Book."

B. J.

If only half the pictures said, within the last century, to represent Shakespeare, were in fact from the life, the poet must have possessed a vast stock of patience, if not a larger share of vanity, when he devoted so much time to sitting to the artists of the day.

Aubrey is the only authority, beyond the inferences that may be drawn from the portraits, for the personal appearance of Shakespeare; and he sums up our great poet's physical 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 "Somets." Upon this authority it has been supposed by some that he was lame, and certainly the 37th and 89th Somets, without allowing for a figurative mode of expression, might be taken to import so 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 we could easily account for his early retirement from it. We know that such was the case with one of his most famous predecessors, Christopher Marlowe, but we have no sufficient reason for thinking it was the fact as regards Shakespeare: he is evidently speaking metaphorically in both places, where "lame" and "laziness" occur.

His personal qualities, his good temper, hilarity, vivacity, and what Aubrey calls his "very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." (in our author's own words, "piscis without securit, et non odiosa") 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 prefixed 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 kindness: he may have been "sharp and sententious," but never needlessly bitter or ill-natured: his wit had no malice for an ingredient.

Fuller speaks of the "wit-combat" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the convivial meetings at the Mermaid club, established by Sir Walter Raleigh; and he adds, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, 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." Fuller has another simile, on the same page, respecting Shakespeare and his acquirements, which is worth quoting. "He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, Poeta non sit sed visceralis; one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little, so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapislazuli, 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 ancients put together.

Connected with Ben Jonson's solidity and slowness is the following Witticism between him and Shakespeare, said to have passed at a tavern.

"Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare
being merry at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson
Who was once one:
he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writt

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 excuse may be made for two other pieces of unpretending pleasantry between the same parties, which have been handed down to us upon something like authority. "Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy?—'No, faith, Ben, (says 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 resolvd at last.'—'I pr'ythee what?' says he, 'I' faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a douzen of Latten spoones, and thou shalt translate them.'"

Of course the joke depends upon the pun between Latin, and the mixed metal called latten.

The next is from a MS. formerly in the Harleian Collection:

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto 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."

Of a different character is a production preserved by Dugdale, at the end of his Visitation of Salop, in the Heralds' College: it is an epitaph, inscribed upon the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, in Tongue church; and Dugdale, whose testimony is unimpeachable, 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 story register is for his bones:
His name is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when every monument is none.

"Written on the west end thereof.
"Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Not sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
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."

We have thus brought into a consecutive narrative the particulars respecting the life of the "Myriad-minded 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 (Hallam, in his Introduction to the Literature of Europe) of 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 Faust, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Inogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is 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 Shakespeare.
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL:

Vicesimo Quinto Die Martij Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi unius Rex Anglie &c. Declinuo quarto & Secatii xiiij Annoj; Domini 1616.

T. Wm. Shakspere

In the name of god Amen I William Shakspere of Stratford vpon Avon in the countie of warre gent in perfect health & memorie god be praised doe make & Ordayne this my last will & testament in manner & forme following That ye to saie First I Comend my Soule into the handes of god my Creator hoping & assuredlie beleiving through thoselie merites of Jesus Christe, my Saviour to be made partaker of lyte everlastinginge. And my body to the Earth whereof ye ys made Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my Daughter Judith One hundred & Fyftie poundes of lawfull English money to be paied vnto her in manner & forme following That ys to saie One hundred pounds in discharge of her mariage portion within one yeare after my deceas with consideration after the Rate of twoe Shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaied vnto her after my deceas & Fyftie poundes Residente thereof vpon her Surronding of or giving of such sufficient Security as the overseers of this my Will shall like of to Surrond or graunte All her estate & Right that shall descend or come vnto her after my deceas or that shee owe hath of in or to one Cepheid teneement with thappurtinences lyeing & being in Stratford vpon Avon aforesaied in the saide countie of warre being myne part and portion of the manor of Wynterton vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall & her heires for ever Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my saied Daughter Judith One hundred and Fyftie Poundes more if shee or Anie issue of her bodie be Living att tenn of three yeares next ensueng the Daie of the Date of this my Will during which tyme my executors to take her consideration from my decess according to the Rate aforesaied And if she dye within the saied tenn without issue of her bodye then my will ys & I Doe gyve & bequeath One Hundred Poundes thereof to my Neece Elizabeth Hall & the Fyftie Poundes to be sett fourth by my executors during the liffe of my Sister Johanne Harte & the vse and profit thereof Cominge shalbe payed to my saied Sister Ione & after her deceas the saied I shall Remaine Amongst the children of my saied Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them But if my saied Daughter Judith be living att tenn of the saied three Yeares or anie yssue of her bodye then my will ys & soe I Deviae & bequeath the saied Hundred and Fyftie Poundes to be sett out by my executors & overseers for the best benefit of her & her issue & the stock not to be paied vnto her soe loong as shee shalbe married & Covert Baron but my will ys that she shall have the consideration yearde paid vnto her during her liffe & after her deceas the saied stock and consideration to bee payed to her children if she have Anie & if not to her executors or assignes shee lyeing the saied terme after my deceas Provided that if such husband as she shall att tenn of the saied three yeares be married vnto or attaine after doe sufficiently Assure vnto her & thisse of her bodie handes Answerable to the portion by this my will gyven vnto her & to be adlijged soe by my executors & overseers then my will ys that the saied Charles shalbe payed to such husband as shall make such assurance to his owne vse Item I gyve & bequeath vnto my saied sister Ione xxij & all my wearing Apparrell to be paied & delivered within one yeare after my Decess And I doe will & devise vnto her the house with thappurtinences in Stratford wherein she dwelleth for her natural levend yeare & one yeare the yeare of my deceas Item I gyve & bequeath vnto her three soons William Harte Hart & Michael Fyve Poundes A pece to be paied within one Yeare after my deceas her Item I gyve & bequeath unto the saied Elizabeth Hall All my Plaeto (except my brod silver & gift bole) that I now have att the Date of this my will gyve & bequeath vnto the townes of Stratford aforesaied ten poundes to Mr Thomas Combe my Sword to Thomas Russell Esquier Fyve poundes & to Francis Collins of the Borough of warre in the countie of warre gentleman thirtenee poundes Sixe shillinges & Eight pence to be paied within one Yeare after my Decess Item I gyve & bequeath to Hamlett Sadler xxij viij to buy him A Ringe to William Rarells to xxij viij to buy him a Ringe to my gosion William Walker xx in gold to Anthony Nashe gent xxij viij & to Mr John Nashe xxij viij & to my Fellowes John Hemynge Richard Burbage & Henry Cudelle xxij viij A pece to buy them Ringes Item I gyve will & devise vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall for better enabling of her to performe this my will & towards the performa thereof All that Capiotall messuage or tenementes with thappurtinences in Stratford aforesaied Called the new place wherein I nowe Dwelle & two Messugges or tenementes with thappurtinences situate lyeing & being in Henley streete within the borough of Stratford aforesaied And all my barnes stables Orchards gardens landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoever scituate lyeing & being or to be had Receyved perceived or takeu within the townes Hamletes Villages Fieldes & groundes of Stratford vpon Avon Oldstratford Bushpston & Welcombe or in anie of them in the saied countie of warre And alsoe All that messuage or tenement with thappurtinences wherein One John Robinson dwellethe scituate lyeing & being in the Blackfriers in London nowe the Wardrobe & all other my landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoever To have & to hold All & singular the saied premises with their appurtenances vnto the saied Susanna Hall for & during the terme of her natural liffe & after her

*The following is from an exact transcript of the original Will deposited in the Prerogative office, London, the only differences being that we have not thought it necessary to give the legal contractions of the sentences. In all other respects, even to the misemployment of capital letters, and the omission of points our copy is most faithful.
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

By me William Shakspeare.

Witnes to the publishing hereof Fra: Collyns, Jolyus Shave, John Robinson, Hamnet Sadler, Robert Whatcott


 genuinae

wif my second best bed with the furniture Item I gyve & bequetshe to my saied Daughter Judith my broad silver gilt hole All the rest of my goodes Chattel Lenses plate Jewels & household stuffe whatsoener after my Dettes and Legacies paiied & my funerall expenses discharged I gyve devise and bequetshe to my Sonne in Lawe John Hall gent & my Daughter Susanna his wief whom I ordaine & make executours of this my Last will and testament And I doe intrest & Appoint the saied Thomas Russel Esquier & Francis Collins gent to be overseers hereof And doe Rovoke All former wills & publishis this to be my last will and testament In Witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand the Day & Yeare first above written.

"By me William Shakspeare.

Witnes to the publishing hereof Fra: Collyns, Jolyus Shave, John Robinson, Hamnet Sadler, Robert Whatcott


(will ext)
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. 10 inclusive. It fills the same place in the folios of 1632, 1664, 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 November 1, 1611, (the earliest date previously discovered for its performance being 1615,) which is contained in the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society: the memorandum is in the following form:—

"Hollums night was presented at Whithall before the Kings Majesty 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 representation at Court in 1611, on account of its novelty and popularity on the public stage. Eleven other dramas, as appears by the same document, were exhibited between October 31, 1611, and the same day in the next year; and it is remarkable that ten of these (as far as we possess any information respecting them) were composed by new plays, and with regard to the eleventh, it was not more than three years old. We may, perhaps, be warranted in inferring, therefore, that "The Tempest" was 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 Court-play, and represented at 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 theunities 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 infer from thence that they belong to about the same period.

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 appa-
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TO THE PLAYS.

The TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

["The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies nineteen pages, viz., from p. 50 to p. 68 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. It also stands second in the later folios.]

The only ascertained fact with which we are acquainted, in reference to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," is, that it is included in the list of Shakespeare's Plays which Francis Meres published in his Palladis Tamia, 1598. It comes first in that enumeration, and although this is a very slight circumstance, it may afford some confirmation to the opinion, founded upon internal evidence of plot, style, and character, that it was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of Shakespeare's original dramatic compositions.

It would, we think, be idle to attempt to fix upon any particular year: it is unquestionably the work of a young and unpractised dramatist, and the conclusion is especially unnatural and abrupt. It may have been written by our great dramatist very soon after he joined a theatrical company; and at all events we do not think it likely that it was composed subsequently to 1591. We should be inclined to place it, as indeed it stands in the work of Meres, immediately after "Love's Labor's Lost." Meres calls it the "Gentlemen of Verona."

If "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" were not the offspring 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 "Diaries" of Montemayor, which was not translated into English by B. Yonge until 1598; but the incidents, common to the drama and to these two works, are only as much as might be found in other romances, or would present themselves spontaneously to the mind of a young poet. 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 conceited Comedie, of Sir John Falstaff, and the merrie Wives of Windsor, intermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Sr Hugh the Welch knight, Justice Stallow, and his wic. Cousin. M. Bender. With the swaggaring Vaine of Anoncunt Pastoll, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines servants. Both before her Majestie, and elsewhere. Lozouted Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Prouice Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower do Leuue and the Crownes. 1602," 4to. 27 leaves.]


The 4to. of 1602, was "printed by T. H. for R. Mollighen," &c. in the folio, 1623, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" occupies twenty-two pages, viz., from p. 59 to p. 69 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It also stands third in the three later folios.]

This 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 1602, and again in 1619, in both instances for a bookseller of the name of Arthur Johnson: Arthur Johnson acquired the right to publish it from John Busby, and the original entry, and the assignment of the play, run thus in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:


January, 1601, according to our present mode of reckoning the year, was January, 1602, and the "most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedie of Sir John Falstaff, and the merrie Wives of Windsor," (the title-page following the description in the entry) appeared in quarto with the date of 1602. It has been the custom to look upon this edition as the first sketch of the drama, which Shakespeare afterwards enlarged and improved to the form in which it appears in the folio of 1623. After the most minute examination, we are not of that opinion: it has been universally admitted that the 4to. of 1602 was piratical; and our conviction is that, like the first edition of "Henry V." in 1600, it was fraudulently made up, for the purpose of sale, partly from notes taken at the theatre, and partly from memory, without even the assistance of any of the parts as delivered out by the copyist of the theatre to the actors. It is to be observed, that John Busby, who assigned "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to Arthur Johnson in 1602, was the same bookseller who, two years before, had joined in the publication of the undoubtedly surreptitious "Henry V."

The title-page states, that it had been acted "by the Lord Chamberlain's servants" before the Queen "and elsewhere!" elsewhere, was perhaps at the Globe on the Bankside, and we may suppose, that it had been brought out in the commencement of the summer season of 1600, before the death of Sir Thomas Lucy. If the "dooze white laces" in the first scene were meant to ridicule him, Shakespeare would certainly have introduced the allusion after the death of the object of it. That it continued a favorite play 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 1604:

"By his Majestie's pliders. The Sunday following A Play of the Merry Wives of Winser."

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

What has led some to imagine that the surreptitious impression of 1602 was the true and original form of the comedy, and that the folio edition 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 1702: John Dennis in that year printed his "Comical Gallant," founded upon "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the dedication he states, that "the comedy was written at the command of the Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so enger to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days." Dennis 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 communi-
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

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 1632, 1664, and 1685.]

In the "History of English Dramatic Poetry," III., 68, it is remarked, that although it seems incredible to Shakespeare that Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra" in his eye, 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 habit 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 actually converted into a drama, nearly a quarter of a century before the death of Elizabeth. Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," a play in two parts, was printed in 1578, though, as far as we know, never acted, and in 1594 he subsequently introduced a translation of the novel (which he alleged to be its origin), in his "Heptameron of Civil Discourses." 4to. 1582.

The Title of Cinthio's novel, the fifth of the eighth Decade of his Heptameron, gives a sufficient account of the progress of the story as he relates it. Whetstone adopts its incidents pretty exactly in his "Promos and Cassandra," but Shakespeare varies from them chiefly by the introduction of Mariano, and by the final union between the duke and Isabella. Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling, and employment of language.

As to the date when "Measure for Measure" was written, we have no positive information, but we now know that it was acted at Court on St. Stephen's night, (26th December,) 1604. In the column of the account headed "The Poets which mayd the Plea's," we find the name of "Shaxberd," entered, which was the mode in which the ignorant scribe, who prepared the account, spelt the name of our great dramatist. Malone conjectured from certain allusions (such as to "the war") with Spolia, "the sweet," meaning the plague, &c., that "Measure for Measure" was written in 1603, and if we suppose it to have been selected for performance at Court on the 26th December, 1604, on account of its popularity at the theatre after its production, his supposition will receive some confirmation.

Of "Measure for Measure," Coleridge observes in his "Literary Remains," "This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is too much viewed, say rather, the only painful part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the provoking—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 baseness, can not be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of), but it is likewise degrading to the character of woman."
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

early productions:” this is plausible, but we imagine, from their general dissimilarity to the style of our great dramatist, that these “long syllabifying verses” formed a portion of the old court-drama, of which Shakespeare made much use as answered his purpose: they are quite in the style of plays 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 by Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, 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. From an allusion to the civil war in France (in Act iii., sc. 2), which continued from 1589 to 1593, it has been conjectured that the play had its origin either during or shortly after this period.

We are now certain that “The Comedy of Errors” was represented at Whitehall on the 28th December, 1604. In the account of the Master of the Revels of the expenses of his department, from the end of October, 1604, to Shrove Tuesday, 1605, preserved in the Audit Office, we read the subsequent entry:—

“By his Maj. Piaiers. On Inosents Night, the plague of Errors,” the name of Shaxberd, or Shakespeare, being inserted in the margin as the Poet, which mayd the Plea, “The Comedy of Errors” was, therefore, contrary to the opinion of Malone, not only revived, but represented at court very soon after James I. came to the crown.

In Coleridge’s “Literary Remains,” we find “The Comedy of Errors” twice mentioned in much the same terms. Shakespeare, he observes, “has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce, in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, 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 laughable situations. The story need not be probable; it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antiphouses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, casus budeius nature, and the verum will not excuse the inverosimile. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution.”

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

“Much ado about nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servantes. Written by William Shakespeare.

—London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.” 4to. 36 leaves.

It is also printed in the division of “Comedies” in the folio 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages, viz., from p. 101, to p. 121, inclusive. It was reprinted in the other folio.

We have no information respecting “Much ADO about Nothing” and in 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 23d August in that year, in the following manner:—

“23 Aug. 1600.

And, Wise Wm. Aspley] Two books, the one called Much ado about Nothing, and the other The Sec- ond, or the Chronicles of the History of King Henry the VIIth, with the Humors of Sir John Falstaff: written 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 yt, a book. Henry the sifi, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Comedie of Much Ado about Nothinge, a book.” Opposite the titles of these plays are added the words, “to be staled.” This last entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1600, if the date of the immediately preceding it. The object of the “stay” was probably to prevent the publication of “Henry V.,” “Every Man in His Humor,” and “Much Ado about Nothing,” by any other booksellers 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 limit 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, acted, and become popular, before it was published, or entered for publication, for the time of its composition by Shakespeare 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 booksellers should procure it to be printed.

It is not included by Meres in the list he furnishes in his Palladis Tamia, 1598; and “England’s Flor- nasus” and “A Seruants Book” do not mention it. If any conclusion could be drawn from this fact, it might be, that it was written subsequent to the appearance of one work, and prior to the publication of the other. Respecting an early performance of it at Court, Steevens supplies us with the subsequent information: “‘Much Ado about Nothing’ (as I understand from one of Mr. Vere’s MSS.) formed part of the fall of the Duke of Beaufort. Heninge, the player, received on the 20th May, 1613, the sum of £40, and £20 more as his Majesty’s gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy.” The change of title, if, indeed, it were made, could only have been temporary.

The serious portion of the plot of “Much ADO about 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 Peter Beverley, in imitation of Arthur Brooke’s “Romeus and Juliet,” 1562, and of Bernard Garter’s “Two English Lovers,” 1593; and it was published by the printer B. Basire, about date, two or three years after these poems had appeared.

Sir John Harington’s translation of the whole “Orlando Furioso” was originally published in 1591, but there is no special indication in “Much ADO about Nothing” that Shakespeare availed himself of it. Spenser’s version of the same incidents, for they are evidently borrowed from Ariosto, in B. H. c. 4, of his “Faerie Queene,” was printed in 1590; but Shakespeare is not to be traced to this source. Shakespeare’s plot may, therefore, have had an entirely different origin, possibly some translation, not now extant, of Bandello’s second-second novel, in vol. i. of the Lucena edition, 4to. 1554, which is entitled, “Como il S. Timbreo di Cardona, censando col Re
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Piero d'Aragona in Messina, s'inamorò di Fenicia Lionata; e i varii fortunevoli accidenti, che accadde il vero pene maggio la prendere. It is rendered the more likely that Shakespeare employed a lost version of this novel by the circumstance, that in Italian the incident in which she, who may be called the false Hero is concerned, is conducted much in the same way as in Shakespeare. Moreover, Bandello lays his scene in Messina; the father of the lady is named Lionati; and Don Pedro, or Pietro, of Arragon, is the friend of the lover who is duped by his rival.

Nobody has observed upon the important fact, in connection with "Much Ado about Nothing," that a "History of Arodante and Genevora" was played before Queen Elizabeth, "by Malcuster's children," in 1582–3. How far Shakespeare might be indebted to this production we cannot at all determine; but it is certain that the serious incidents he employed in his comedy had at an early date formed the subject of a dramatic representation.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

(“A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loves labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas, newly corrected and augmented by Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby, 1598," 4to, 36 leaves.)

In the folio, 1623, “Love's Labor's Lost” occupies 23 pages, in the division of "Comedies," viz., from p. 132 to p. 144, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, by W. S., for John Southwicke; and the title-page states that it was published “as it was acted by his Majesties Servants at the Bishop-Friers and the Globe.” It is merely a copy of the folio, 1623, with the addition of some errors of the press.

There is a general concurrence of opinion that "Love's Labor's Lost" was one of Shakespeare's earliest productions for the stage. In his course of Lectures delivered in 1818, Coleridge was so convinced upon this point, that he said, “the internal evidence was indisputable!” and in his "Literary Remains," II. 102, we find him using these expressions:—"The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multi-formity, by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a school-boy's observation might supply." The only objection to this theory is, that at the time "Love's Labor's Lost" was composed, the author seems to have been acquainted in some degree with the nature of the Italian comic performances; but this acquaintance he might have acquired comparatively early in life. Steevens, after stating that he had not been able to discover any 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 incidents in an Italian play. However, after a long search, I have not met with any such production. 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 is vain to attempt to fix with any degree of precision the date when "Love's Labor's Lost" came from the author's pen. It was first printed, as far as we now know, in 1598, 4to, and then it professed on the title-page to have been properly corrected and augmented; we are likewise told that it was presented before Queen Elizabeth "this last Christmas." “The last Christmas” probably meant Christmas, 1598; for the year at 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 1598, with certain corrections and augmentations for performance before the Queen; and this circumstance may have led to its publication immediately afterwards.

“Love Labor Lost" is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and in the second year of his poem by R[obert] T[odyl] entitled “Alme,” in the commencement of one of the stanzas of which this comedy is introduced by name:—

"Love's Labor Lost I once did see, a play Ycleped so."

This does not read as if the writer intended to say that he had seen it recently.

It is capable of proof that the play, as it stands in the folio of 1623, was reprinted from the 4to of 1598, as it adopts various errors of the press, which could not have found their way into the folio, had it been taken from a distinct manuscript. The play, however, variations, which might show that the player-editors of the folio resorted occasionally to some authority besides the 4to.

There is no entry of "Love's Labor's Lost" at Stationers' Hall, until 22d January 1600–7, when it was transferred by Burbage (the publisher of it in 1598) to Ling, who perhaps compiled a new edition. Its next appearance was in the folio, 1623; but another 4to, of no authority, was published in 1631, the year before the date of the second folio.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(“A Midsommer nitghts dreame. As it hath bene sundry times publi Scheerly acted, by the Right honouable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespere. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sold at his shope, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetstreet, 1600." 32 leaves.)


In the folio, 1623, it occupies 18 pages, viz., from p. 145 to 162 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies," so, of course, like the other plays, inserted in the later folio.

This drama, which on the title-pages of the earliest impressions 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 Thomas Fisher” and "by James Roberts." Fisher was a bookseller, and employed some unnamed 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:—

"8 Oct. 1600. Tho. Fysher A booke called a Mysdamer nightes Dreame."

There is no memorandum regarding the impress by Roberts, which perhaps was unauthorized, although Heminge and Condell followed his text when they included "Midsummer-Night's Dream" in the folio of 1623. In some instances the folio adopts the evident misprints of Roberts, while such improvements as it makes are not obtained from Fisher's more accurate copy. The chief difference between the Quarto quartos and the folio is, that in the latter, the Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished.

We know from the Palladis Tamia of Meres, that
“Midsummer Night’s Dream” was in existence at least two years before it came from the press. It seems highly probable that it was not written before the autumn of 1594, and if the speech of Titania in A. K. sc. 1, were intended to describe the real state of the enchantments on the season—which in some points tallies with the description of the state of the weather and the condition of the country in 1594, as given in Forman’s Diary and Stowe’s Chronicle for that year,—we may infer that the drama came from the pen of Shakespeare at the close of 1594, or in the beginning of 1595.

The Knight’s Tale of Chaucer, and the same poet’s “Tyske of Babylone,” together with Arthur Golding’s translation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe from Ovid, are the only sources yet pointed out of the plots introduced and employed by Shakespeare. Oxburgh, Titania, and Robin Good-fellow, or Puck, are mentioned, as belonging to the fairy mythology, by many authors of the time. The Percy Society not long since reprinted a tract called “Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests,” from an edition in 1628; but there is little doubt that it originally came out at least forty years earlier: together with a ballad inserted in the Introduction to that reprint, it shows how Shakespeare availed himself of existing popular superstitions.

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Tuesday, 1605: hence we have a right to infer that it gave great satisfaction at court. The fact is thus recorded in the original account of expenses, made out by the Master of the Revels, and still preserved in the Audit Office:—

"By His Maiesties Pipers, On Shrovesunday a play of the Merchant of Venice." "By his Maiest Play-errs. On Shrovesunday a play called the Merchant of Venice againe, commanded by the Kings Maie."

The name of Shaxberd, for Shakespeare, as "the poet which made the play," is added in the margin opposite both these entries.

**AS YOU LIKE IT.**

"As You Like It" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-three pages, viz., from p. 185 to p. 207 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It preserved its place in the three subsequent impressions of that volume in 1632, 1664, 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 originally printed in 4to, 1590, a second time in 1592, and a third edition came out in 1598. This third edition perhaps appeared early in 1598; and we are disposed to think, that the re-publication of so popular a work directed Shakespeare's attention to it. Still, "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 only entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company relating to "As You Like It," is confirmatory of this supposition. It has been already referred to in the "Introduction" to "Much Ado about Nothing."

It is not to be forgotten, in deciding upon the probable date of "As You Like It," that Meres makes no mention of it in his Palladis Tamia, 1598; and as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 4th August [1600], we may conclude that it was written and acted in that interval.

The title of the Lodge, when composing his "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie," had either "The Coke's Tale of Gameyn" strongly in his recollection, or 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 "Pandosto" in the "Winter's Tale." There are one or two coincidences of expression between "As You Like It" and "The Coke's Tale of Gameyn," but not perhaps more than might be accidental, and the opinion of Farmer appears to be sufficiently borne out.

In his Lectures in 1818, Coleridge eloquently and justly praises the pastoral beauty and simplicity of "As You Like It;" but he did not attempt to compare it with Lodge's "Rosalynde," where the descriptions of persons and of scenery are comparatively forced and artificial: "Shakespeare," said Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic 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, leaving the fillings 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 description, and worked it out with all the neatness and importance of detail. In Shakespeare the 'antique root' furnishes the whole picture."

Adam Spencer is a character in "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," and in Lodge's "Rosalynde:" and a great additional interest attaches to it, because it is supposed, with some appearance of truth, that the part was originally sustained by Shakespeare himself. We have this statement on the authority of Oldys' MSS.: "he is said to have derived it, immediately of course, from Gilbert Shakespeare, who survived the Restoration, and who had a faint recollection of having seen his brother 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 of his 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 other work yet discovered, for the characters of Jacques, Touchstone, and Andro. He was able, in a marvellous 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.

**TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

["The Taming of the Shrew" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages, viz., from p. 208 to p. 229, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was reprinted in the three latter folios.]

**Shakespeare** was indebted for nearly the whole plot of his "Taming of the Shrew" to an older play, published in 1594, under the title of "The Taming of a Shrew." The mere circumstance of the adoption of the title is for the only definite for the indefinite article, proves that he had not the slightest intention of concealing his obligation.

A copy of the "Taming of a Shrew," published as early as 1594, and once in the possession of Pope, is now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire: the exact title of it is as follows:—

"A Pleasant Conniv'd Historie, call'd The taming of a Shrew. As it was seuerely times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cubert Burbig, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594." 4to.

There are three entries in the Registers of the Stationers' Company relating to "The Taming of a Shrew," but not one referring to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," which was probably never printed until it was inserted in the folio of 1623. On the question, when it was originally composed, opinions, including my own, have varied considerably; but I now think we can arrive at a tolerably satisfactory decision. Malone first believed that "The Taming of the Shrew" was written in 1606, and subsequently gave 1596 as its probable date. It appears to me, that nobody has sufficiently attended to the apparently unimportant fact that in "Hamlet" Shakespeare mistakenly introduces the name of Baptist as that of a woman, while in "The
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Taming of the Shrew" Baptista is the father of Katharine and Bianca. Had he been aware when he wrote "Hamlet" that Baptista was the name of a man, he would hardly have used it for that of a woman; but before he produced "The Taming of the Shrew" he had detected his own error. The great probability is, that "Hamlet" was written at the earliest in 1601, and "The Taming of the Shrew" perhaps came from the pen of its author not very long afterwards.

The silence of Meres in 1598 regarding any such play by Shakespeare is also important: had it then been written, he could scarcely have failed to mention it; so that we have strong negative evidence of its non-existence before the appearance of Palladis Tamia.

As it is evident that Shakespeare made great use of the old comedy, both in his Induction and in the body of his play, it is not necessary to inquire particularly to what originals the writer of "The Taming of a Shrew" resorted. As regards the Induction, Drace was of opinion that the story of "The Sleepy Awakened," in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," was the source of the naini inventions which have, from time to time, been referred to.

The Suppositi of Ariosto, free translated by Gacwayne, (before 1566, when it was acted at Grey's Inn) under the title of the Supposes, seems to have afforded Shakespear part of his plot: it relates to the manner in which Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant as Vincentio, which is not found in the old "Taming of a Shrew." Other slight links of connexion between "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Supposes" have also been noted. How little Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was known in the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be judged from the fact, that "The Tatler," No. 231, contains the story of it, told as of a gentleman's family then residing in Lincolnshire.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

["All's Well that Ends Well" was first printed in the folio of 1623, and occupies twenty-five pages, viz., from p. 230 to p. 254, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It fills the same space and place in the three later folios.]

The most interesting question in connexion with "All's Well that Ends Well" is, whether it was originally called "Love's Labour's Won!" If it were, we may be sure that it was written before 1598; because in that year, and under the title of "Love Labours Won," it is included by Francis Meres in the list of Shakespeare's plays introduced into his Palladis Tamia.

It was the opinion of Coleridge, that "All's Well that Ends Well," as it has come down to us, was written at two different, and rather distant periods of the poet's life. He pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression; and Professor Tiek, at a later date, adopted and enforced the same belief. So far we are disposed to agree with Tiek; but when he adds, that some passages which it is difficult to understand and explain, are relics of the first draught for the play, we do not concur, because they are chiefly to be discovered in that portion of the drama which affords evidence of ripen thought. There can be little doubt, however, that Coleridge and Tiek are right in their conclusion, that "All's Well that Ends Well" contains indications of the workings of Shakespeare's mind, and specimens of his composition at two separate dates of his career.

It has been a point recently controverted, whether the "Love Labours Won" of Meres were the same piece as "All's Well that Ends Well." My notion is (and the speculation deserves no stronger term) that "All's Well that Ends Well" first appeared in the first instance, and prior to 1598, called "Love's Labour's Won," and that it had a clear reference to "Love's Labor's Lost," of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by his author, with alterations and additions, about 1605 or 1606, when the new title of "All's Well that Ends Well," was given to it. Possibly Shakespeare altered its name, in order to give an appearance of greater novelty to the re-creation on its revival. This surmise, if well founded, would account for the difference in the titles, as we find them in Meres and in the folio of 1623.

Without here entering into the question, whether Shakespeare understood Italian, of which, we think, little doubt can be entertained, we need not suppose that he went to Boccaccio's Decameron for the story of "All's Well that Ends Well," because he found it already translated to his hands, in "The Palace of Pleasure," by William Painter, of which the first volume was published in 1566, and the second in 1567. The version by Painter may be read in "Shakespeare's Library;" and hence it will appear, that the poet was only indebted to Boccaccio for the mere outline of his plot, as regards Helen, Bertram, the Widow, and Diana. All that belongs to the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, and the comic business in which the last is engaged, were, as far as we now know, the invention of Shakespeare; and, but for his own name, the whole of Bertram, towards the end of the drama, by the duplicity, and even falsehood, he makes him display: Coleridge was offended by the fact, that in A. iii., sc. 5, Helena, "Shakespeare's loveliest character," speaks that which is untrue under the appearance of necessity; but Bertram is convicted by the King of telling a deliberate untruth, and of perverting the looks of Diana in the face of France. In Boccaccio the winding up of the story occurs at Rousillon, as in Shakespeare, but the King is no party to the scene. The substitution of Helena for Diana (as in "Measure for Measure") we had that of Marian for Isabella) was a common incident in Italian novels.

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. 256 to p. 276 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies," p. 276 having been left blank, and unengaged. 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 Stationers' Hall until November 8, 1623, when it was registered by Blount and Jaggard, as about to be included in the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." It appeared originally in that volume, under the double title, "Twelfth-Night, Or What You Will," with the Acts and Scenes duly noted.

We cannot determine with precision when it was
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first written, but we know that it was acted on the celebration of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple on February 2, 1602, according to our modern calendarization of the year. This fact we have on the evidence of an eye-witness, a barrister, whose Diary, in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the British Museum. The memorandum runs, literatim, as follows:

"Feb'y 2, 1601[2]. At our feast we had a play called Twelve-Night, or What You Will, much like the comedy of errors performed in Plautus, but more like that in Italian, called Inganni. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfying a letter, and a kind of jest or trick, very common in Italian called Inganni." It was first acted in 1547, and the earliest edition of it, with which I am acquainted, did not appear until 1582, when it bore the title of GL Inganni Comedia del Signor N. S. The other Italian drama, founded upon Bandello's novel, bears a somewhat similar title:—GL Inganni Commedia degl' Accadentis Intemati di Scuro, which was several times printed; last, perhaps, in 1611, 12mo. Whether our great dramatist saw either of these pieces before he wrote his "Twelfth-Night" may admit of doubt; but looking at the terms Manningham employs, it might seem as if it were a matter understood, at the time. "Twelfth-Night" was acted at the Temple on February 2, 1602, that is, twenty days after upon Twelfth-Night, to conclude his ii.,

This remarkable entry was pointed out in the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," 8vo, 1831, and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition On The Tempest," 8vo, 1839, has ascertained that it was made by a person of the name of Manningham. Even if it should be objected that we have no evidence to show that this Comedy was composed shortly prior to its representation at the Middle Temple, it may be answered, that its capability of being written at the time is wholly supported by the publication of the translation of Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages into the East and West Indies." In A. ii., sc. 2, Maria says of Malvolio: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages" was published in folio in English in 1596, and in that volume is inserted "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." Meres takes no notice of "Twelfth-Night," in his list, published in the same year, and we may conclude that the Comedy was not then in existence. The words "new map," employed by Shakespeare, may be thought to show that Linschoten's "Discours" had made its appearance long before "Twelfth-Night" was produced; but on the whole, we are inclined to fix the period of its composition at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601: it might be acted at the Globe in the summer of the same year, and thence transferred to the Middle Temple about six months afterwards, on account of its continued popularity.

"Twelfth-Night," in English, French, and Italian, have been pointed out, nearly all of them discovered within the present century. A voluminous and various author of the name of Barnabe Rich, who had been brought up a soldier, published a volume, which he called "Rich his Farewell to Military Profession," without date, but between the years 1578 and 1581: a re-impression of it appeared in 1606, and it contains a novel entitled "Apolonius and Silla," which has many points of resemblance to Shakespeare's comedy. If our great dramatist at all availed himself of its incidents, he must of course have used an earlier edition than that of 1606. One minute circumstance in relation to it may deserve notice. Manningham in his Diary calls Olivia a "widow," and in Rich's novel the lady, who answers to Olivia, is a widow, but in Shakespeare she never had been married. It is possible that in the form in which the comedy was performed on February 2, 1601-2, she was a widow, and that the author subsequently made the change; but it is more likely, as Olivia must have been in mourning for the loss of her brother, that Manningham mistook her condition, and concluded hastily that she lamented the loss of her husband.

Rich furnishes us with the title of no work to which he was indebted; but we may conclude that, either immediately or intermittently, he derived his chief materials from the Italian of Bandello, or from the French of Belleforest.

Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian plays were composed, which were printed, and have come to our time. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's "Twelfth-Night" is most like that in Italian called Inganni." It was first acted in 1547, and the earliest edition of it, with which I am acquainted, did not appear until 1582, when it bore the title of GL Inganni Comedia del Signor N. S. The other Italian drama, founded upon Bandello's novel, bears a somewhat similar title:—GL Inganni Commedia degl' Accadentis Intemati di Scuro, which was several times printed; last, perhaps, in 1611, 12mo. Whether our great dramatist saw either of these pieces before he wrote his "Twelfth-Night" may admit of doubt; but looking at the terms Manningham employs, it might seem as if it were a matter understood, at the time. "Twelfth-Night" was acted at the Temple on February 2, 1602, that is, twenty days after upon Twelfth-Night, to conclude his ii.,

In the details of the plot, as well as in the conduct and characters of the two plays, there is some resemblance between GL Inganni and "Twelfth-Night"; but 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 has co-opted, it may be, in most respects, be considered a low comedy into a fine romantic drama.

The likeness between GL Inganni and "Twelfth-Night" is certainly, in some points of the story, stronger than that between GL Inganni and Shakespeare's drama; but to neither can we say, with any degree of certainty, that our great dramatist resorted, although he had perhaps read both, when he was composing his best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. There is no hint, in any source yet discovered, for the smallest portion of the comic business of "Twelfth-Night." In both the Italian dramas it is of the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of empes, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes, and are guilty of most base coquetry. 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 erection of his own beautiful edifice; and for the comic scenes, combining so admirably with, and assisting so importantly in the progress of the main plot, he seems, as usual, to have drawn merely upon his own interminable resources.

It was an opinion, confidently stated by Colderidge 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 marriage with Anne Hathaway, who was so much senior to the poet. Some of Shakespeare's biographers had previously enforced this notion, and others have since followed it up; but Colderidge took the opportunity of enlarging eloquently on the manner in which young poets have frequently connected themselves with women of very ordinary personal and mental attractions, the imagination supplying all deficiencies, clothing the object of affection with grace and beauty, and furnishing her with every accomplishment.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

("The Winter's Tale" was first printed in folio in 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages, from p. 372 to 399, and is the last in the division of "Comedies." The book of p. 398 is left blank and unengaged. The later folios adopt the same arrangement.

In the Stationers' Registers there is no earlier entry of "The Winter's Tale" than that of November 8, 1623, when the publication of the first folio was contemplated by Blount and Jaggard.

Three pieces of evidence tend to the conclusion, that "The Winter's Tale" was brought out early in 1611: the first of these has never until now been adduced, 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 winters nigites 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 Night's Tale" was Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale:" and that this play, which is also included in the same account, was probably selected in consequence of its novelty and popularity.

The second piece of evidence on this point has also recently come to light. It is contained in a MS. Diary, or Note-book kept by Dr. Simon Forman, in which, under date of the 15th May, 1611, he states that he saw "The Winter's Tale," at the Globe Theatre: this was the May preceding the representation of it at Court on the 5th November. He gives a brief account of the plot, which ingeniously includes all the main incidents. We have reason to think that "The Winter's Tale" was in its first run on the 15th 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 the third piece of evidence, which Malone discovered late in life. He found a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, dated the 19th August, 1623, in which it was stated that "The Winter's Tale," by Shakespeare, had been performed before Sir George Buc. Sir George Buc was Master of the Revels from October, 1610, until May, 1622. Sir George Buc must, therefore, have licensed "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 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bank-side, as soon as the usual performances by the King's players commenced there.

We have seen that "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were both acted at Whitehall, from 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 Passion of Pantagruel, The Tale of Time," better known as "The History of Durastus and Fawnia," the title it bore in some 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 was directed to it, as a proper subject for dramatic representation, by the third impression which came out the year before we suppose him to have commenced writing his "Winter's Tale." In many respects our great dramatist follows Greene's story very closely, as may be seen by the recent republication of "Pantagruel" from the unique copy of 1588, in "Shakespeare's Library." There is, however, one remarkable variation, which it is necessary to point out. Greene says:—

"The guard left her" (the Queen) "in this perplexity, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither soil norrudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave, 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 Prospero and Miranda turned adrift on sea in the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of. When, therefore, Shake- speare came to write "The Winter's Tale," instead of following Greene, as 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. In representing the Bohemian child as exposed, Shakespeare adopted the popular notion, as it had been encouraged since 1588 by Grece's "Pantagruel."

"The idea of this delightful dramat" (says Colc- ridge in his Lit. Rem.) "is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of 'Othello,' which is the direct contrast of this idea, and it shows a firmness in the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and consequences, all of which are visible in Leonteus, and I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

("The Life and Death of King John" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz: from p. 1 to p. 23 inclusive, a new pagination beginning with the "Historie of the Levies." It occupies the same place and the same space in the re-impressions of 1632, 1643, and 1663.)

"King John," the earliest of Shakespeare's "Histories" in the folio of 1623, (where they are arranged according to the reigns of the different monarchs,) first appeared in that volume, and the Registers of the Stationers' Company have been searched in vain for any entry regarding it: it is not enumerated by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th November, 1623, when they inserted a list of the pieces, "not formerly entered to other men," about to be included in their folio; hence an inference might be drawn that there had been some previous entry of "King John" to other men," and, perhaps, even that the play had been anonymously published.

It seems indisputable that Shakespeare's "King John" was founded upon an older play, three times printed anterior to the publication of the folio of
1623: “The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England,” came from the press in 1594, 1611, and 1622. Malone, and others who have adverted to this production, have obviously not had the several impressions before them. The earliest copy, that of 1594, has no name or surname at all, but bears the initials “W. Sh.” to indicate the author, and that of 1622, “W. Shakespeare,” the surname only at length. Steevens once thought that the ascription of it to Shakespeare by fraudulent booksellers, who wished it to be taken for his popular work, was correct, but he subsequently abandoned this untenable opinion.

Some early editors, believing King John to have been in possession of the stage prior to 1591, when it was originally printed, we have no precise information, but Shakespeare found it there, and took the course usual with dramatists of the time, by applying to his own purposes as much of it as he thought would be advantageous. He converted the “two parts” into one drama, and in many of the main features followed the story, not as he knew it in history, but as it was fixed in popular belief. In some particulars he much improved upon the conduct of the incidents: for instance, in the first act of the old “King John,” Lady Falconbridge is, needlessly and objectionably, made a spectator of the scene in which the bastardy of her son Philip is discussed before King John and his mother. Another amendment of the original is the absence of Constance from the stage when the marriage between Lewis and Blanch is debated and determined. A third material variation ought not to be passed over without remark. Although Shakespeare, like the author or authors of the old “King John,” employs the Bishop of Canterbury’s register from the monasteries in England, he avoids the scenes of extortion and racydlry of the elder play, in which the monks and nuns are turned into ridicule, and the indecency and licentiousness of their lives exposed.

Upon the question, when “King John” was written by Shakespeare, we have no knowledge beyond the fact that Francis Meres introduces it into his list in 1598. Sir Walter Scott would assign it to the reign of John, 1598, but the chance seems to be, that it was written a short time before it was spoken of by Meres: we should be disposed to assign it to a date between 1596 and 1598, when the old “King John” had gone a little out of recollection, and when Meres would have had time to become acquainted with Shakespeare’s drama.

**INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.**

**KING RICHARD II.**

(“The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely actedy by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597.” 4to. 37 leaves.

“The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publiquely actedy by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. By William Shakespeare. 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.” 4to. 37 leaves.

“The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately actedy by the Kings Majesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shakespeare. London Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Angel. 1602.” 4to. 37 leaves.

“The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been late actedy by the Kings Majesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shakespeare. London Printed for John Stilly, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Fox. 1615. 4to. 39 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, “The life and death of King Richard the Second” occupies twenty-three pages, viz, from p. 23 to p. 45, inclusive. The three other folios reprint it in the same form, and 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 1623, and which were all published during the lifetime of Shakespeare: they bear date respectively in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615. It will be observed that the title of the edition of 1608 states that it contains “new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard.” The Duke of Devonshire is in possession of an unique copy, dated 1608, the title of which merely follows the wording of the preceding impression of 1598, omitting any notice of “new additions,” though containing the whole of them. The same of our great dramatist first appears in connection with this historical play in 1598, as if Shakespeare, on White’s Wise comment, had printed and published their edition of 1597, did not know, or were not authorized to state, that Shakespeare was the writer of it. Precisely the same was the case with “King Richard III,” printed and published by the same parties in the same year.

We will first speak regarding the date of the original production of “Richard II,” and then of the period when it is likely that the “new additions” were inserted.

It was entered on the Stationers’ Register in 1597, in the following manner:—


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 1593, but he does not produce a single fact or argument to support his view, and it is contended that a note of time was to be found in the allusions in the first and second Acts to the disturbances in Ireland. It is quite certain that the rebellion in that country was revived in 1594, and proclaimed in 1595: but it is far from clear that any reference to it was intended by Shakespeare. Where the matter is so extremely doubtful, we shall not attempt to fix on any particular year. Meres mentions “Richard the 2” in 1598.

Respecting the “new additions” of “the depo- sing of King Richard” we have some evidence, the existence of which was not known in the time of Malone, who conjectured that this scene had originally formed part of Shakespeare’s play, and was “suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth,” and not published, with the rest, until 1608. Such may have been the case, but we now know that there were two separate plays upon the events of the reign of Richard II., and the deposition seems to have formed a portion of both.

For the incidents of this “most admirable of all Shakespeare’s purely historical plays,” as Coleridge calls it, our great poet appears to have gone no further than Holinshed, who was himself indebted to Hall and Fabian. However, Shakespeare has nowhere felt himself bound to adhere to chronology when it better answered his purpose to desert it.
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Thus, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., is spoken of in Act v., sc. 3, as frequenting taverns and stews, when he was in fact only twelve years old. This is exactly one of those anachronisms which, in the words of Schlegel, Shakespeare committed "purposely and most deliberately." His design, of course, was in this instance to link together "Richard II." and the first part of "Henry IV."

Of the four quartos of "Richard II." the most valuable, for its readings and general accuracy beyond all dispute, is the impression of 1597. The other three quartos were, more or less, printed from it, and the folio of 1623, which has taken the later impression of 1597, as the foundation of its text; but, from a few words found only in the folio, it may seem that the play-editors referred also to some extrinsic authority. It is quite certain, however, that the folio copied obvious and indisputable blunders from the quarto of 1615.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

["The History of Henry the Fourth: With the battle at Shrewsbury, between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surmised Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humours concocted of Sir John Falstaff. Newly corrected by W. Shakspere." At London, printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1595." 4to. 40 leaves."

"The History of Henry the Fourth: With the battle at Shrewsbury, between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surmised Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humours concocted of Sir John Falstaff. Newly corrected by W. Shakspere. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1595." 4to. 40 leaves."

"The History of Henry the Fourth. The battle at Shrewsbury, between the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surmised Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humours concocted of Sir John Falstaff. Newly corrected by W. Shakspere. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paulles Churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1604." 4to. 40 leaves."

"The History of Henry the fourth, With the battle at Shewarebury, between the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surmised Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous concoctes of Sir John Falstaffe. Newly corrected by W. Shakspere. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paulles Churchyard, near unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 40 leaves."

The 4to. edition of 1613 also consists of 40 leaves: and the only difference from that of 1608 is that the signature "f. 4to." 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 Sirnamed Hot-spurre," 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 history included in the following play, as a fit subject for dramatic representation, the stage was in possession of old plays, entitled "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," of which three early impressions, one printed in 1598, and two others without date, have come down to us: a copy of one edition without date is in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire; and, judging from the type and other circumstances, we may conclude that it was anterior to the impression of 1598, and that it made its appearance shortly after 1594, on the 14th of May of which year it was entered on the Stationers' Registers. The fact of its being in prose, may lead to the conjecture that it was not written until after 1588. That a play upon the events of the reign of Henry V. was upon the stage in 1592, we have the indisputable evidence of Thomas Nash, in his notorious work, "Pierce Penniless, his Supplication," which went through three editions in the same year: we quote from the first, where he says, "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the Stage, leading the French King prisoners, and forcing him and the Dolphin to swear allegiance to him! We know also that a drama, called "Harry the V.," was performed by Henslowe's Company on the 29th November, 1595, and it appears likely that it was a revival of "The Famous Victories," with some important additions, which gave it the attraction of a new play; for the receipts (as we find by Henslowe's Diary) of such works as was generally only produced by a first representation. The reproduction of "The Famous Victories" by a rival company, possibly led Shakespeare to consider in what way, and with what improvements, he could avail himself of some of the same incidents for the theatre to which he belonged. The year 1596 may therefore have been the date when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry IV.," 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—the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." It is impossible to institute any parallel between "The Famous Victories" and Shakespeare's drama; for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in mutilated shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison.

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 originally the stimulation to Oldcastle. The question 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, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare," 12mo, 1841. How the identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff could ever have been questioned after the discovery in the following play by Nathaniel Field, called, "Amends for Ladies," 1618, it is difficult to comprehend; the lines seem to us decisive:

"—Did you never see
The play where the fat knight, right Oldcastle,
Did tell you truly what this honor was?"

This can allude to nothing but to Falstaff's speech in Act v. 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 author had altered it to that of Falstaff.

Although we are without any contemporaneous notices of the performance of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part i., there cannot be a doubt that it was extraordinarily popular. It went through five distinct impressions in 4to, in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, and 1613, before it was printed in the first folio. Meres introduces "Henry the IVth" into his list in 1598, and we need feel little doubt that he alluded to Part i., because, on a preceding page, he makes a quotation from one of Falstaff's speeches,—"there is nothing but ragery in villainous man,"—though without acknowledging the source from which it was taken.

With regard to the text of this play, it is unquestionably found in its purest state in the earliest 4to. of 1598, and to that we have mainly adhered. The editors of the folio, 1623, copied implicitly the 4to.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

"The Second Part of Henry the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the Fifth. With the histories of Sir John Falstaff, and other persons. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. To be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to. 27 leaves."

The chronicle History of Henry the fit, with his battle fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Antient Fistall. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. London Printed by John Creede, for The same. To be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the sign of the Cat and Parrets, near the Exchange. 1602. 4to. 26 leaves.

"The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battle fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Fistall. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Printed for T. P. 1610. 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 later folio impressions."

It is a circumstance deserving remark, that not one of the title-pages of the three quarto editions of "Henry V." attributes the authorship of the play to Shakespeare. The fact, no doubt, is, that there never was an authorized edition of "Henry V." until 1599, when he appeared in the folio of 1600, and that the quarto impressions were surreptitious, and were published without the consent of the author, or of the company to which he was attached. The dramas must have enjoyed great respect, if not more than the modern productions for which Shakespeare was instrumental in giving to the world some pieces, with the composition of which Shakespeare had no concern, though ascribed to him on the title-page. The internal 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 play, but from what could be taken down in short notes, which were communicated to the players, and which were substituted for the performance taking place. A play called "Henry V." was represented at Court on the 7th January, 1605, as we learn from "The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," edited by Mr. 1. Cunningham, and printed by the Shakespeare Society; and these important additions may have been inserted for that occasion. The entry runs, literatim, as follows—

"On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fit."

In the margin we are informed that it was acted by his Majesty's players, but the name of the author is not in this instance given, although "Shaxberd" is placed opposite the title of "Measure for Measure," stated to have been exhibited on a preceding night. The fact that the actors belonged to Shakespeare's company renders it most probable that his play was performed on the occasion.

Our opinion, then, is that Shakespeare did not originally write his "Henry V." by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623, and that it was first produced 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 play as it was acted in the first instance; but were hastily made

KING HENRY V.

"The Cronicde History of Henry the fit, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Antient Fistall. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. To be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to. 27 leaves."

"The chronicle History of Henry the fifth, with his battle fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Fistall. As it hath been sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Printed for T. P. 1610. 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 later folio impressions."
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up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together, and printed in haste for the satisfaction of public curiosity. Now and then we meet with a few consecutive lines, showing the existence of a separate copy, but in general the text is monstrously mangled and disfigured.

The quartos contain no hint of the Choruses, but a passage in which precedes Act v. certainly relates to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland, between the 15th April and the 28th September, 1599, and must have been written during his absence:—

"As, by a lower but loving likelihood, Were now the general of our gracious empress (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming, Bringing rebellion branched on his sword, How would the peaceful city quit To welcome him?"

The above lines were, therefore, composed between the 15th April and the 28th September, 1599, and most likely the Choruses formed part of the piece as originally acted. Upon this supposition, the question when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry VI." is brought to a narrow point; and confirmed as it is 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, we are disposed to believe was not put into the 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 occupies twenty-four pages; viz., from p. 96 to p. 119, inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It was reprinted in the folio 1632, 1664, and 1665.]

This historical drama is first found in the folio of 1623: no earlier edition of it in any shape, or in any degree of imperfection, has been discovered. This single fact is sufficient, in our mind, to establish Shakespeare's claim to the authorship of it, even were we to take Malone's assertion for granted (which we are by no means inclined to do) that the internal evidence is all opposed to that claim. When Heminge and Condell published the folio of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they would have been guilty of the desire of honesty, would hardly have committed the folly of inserting a play in their volume which was not his production, and perhaps well known to have been the work of some rival dramatist.

Our opinion is therefore directly adverse to that of Malone, who, having been "long struck with the manage of the parts Shakespeare essayed in these plays," afterwards came to the conclusion that he had been entirely mistaken, and that none of these peculiarities were to be traced in the first part of "Henry VI.": "I am, therefore (he added), decisively of opinion, that this play was not written by Shakespeare.

With reference to the question, how far and at what time Shakespeare became connected with the plays, known as the three parts of "Henry VI.," it is necessary to observe, that it was very usual in the time of our great dramatist, for one poet to take up the production of another, and, by making additions to and improvements on it, to stamp it as his own, and to introduce the use of the theatre to which he belonged. This practice applied to the works of living as well as of dead poets, and it has been conjectured that when Robert Greene spoke of Shakespeare, as "the only Shakes-\(\text{e}n\)e in a country," and as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," he alluded explicitly to the manifest fact which Shakespeare had employed certain dramas, by Greene and others, as the foundation of his three parts of "Henry VI." These certain dramas were some undiscovered original of the first part of "Henry VI."

It was by making additions, alterations, and improvements in these three pieces, that Shakespeare's name became associated with them as their author, and hence the player-editors felt themselves justified in inserting them among his other works in the folio of 1623. There are several other theories respecting the older plays we have been considering. Either of the molluscs, it seems to us, is supported by sufficient testimony.

Although no such drama has come down to us, we know, on the authority of Henslowe's Diary, that there was a play called "Harey the VI.," acted on 3d March, 1591-2, and so popular as to have been repeated twelve times. This was, perhaps, the piece which Shakespeare subsequently altered and improved, and to which Nash alludes in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592, where he speaks of "brave Talbot" having been made "to triumph again on the stage," after having been two hundred years in his tomb.

If our great dramatist founded his first part of "Henry VI.," upon the play produced by Henslowe's company, of course, it could not have been written until after March, 1592; but with regard to the precise date of its composition we must remain in uncertainty. Malone's later notion was, as we have already observed, that Shakespeare's hand was not to be traced in any part of it; but Steevens called attention to several remarkable coincidences of episodes and language, though there is not the strongest presumptive evidence that more than one author was engaged on the work, passages might be point out so much in the spirit and character of Shakespeare, that we cannot conceive them to have come from any other pen.

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 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages; viz., from p. 190 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 1594, 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 banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolk, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first clame unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peter's Church in the City of London, by the Spine of Mr. Yarde, 1619."

The first part of the play here printed is a far better copy of Shakespeare than the preceding part. It is a more complete copy, and is the better for it, inasmuch as it is not marked with the flaws of the three earlier parts. The play is a more serious and philosophical piece than the earlier parts, and it is in this part that Shakespeare approaches nearest to the style and thought of the contemplative poet.
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Cornwall, 1594." By whom it was written we have no information; but it was entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 12th March, 1593. Millington published a second edition of it in 1600: on the 19th April, 1602, 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 5th November, 1630.

The name of Shakespeare was not connected with "the first part of the Contention," until about the year 1619, when T. P. (Thomas Pavier) printed a new edition of the first, and what he called "the second, part" of the same play, with the name of "William Shakespeare, Great," upon the general title-page. The object of Pavier was no doubt fraudulent: he 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 folios of 1623. But the old play has many passages which Shakespeare rejected, and the murder of Duke Humphrey is somewhat differently managed. In general, however, Shakespeare adopted the whole context of the story, and we need not think it necessary to correct the obvious historical errors of the original. It is impossible to assign a date to this play excepting by conjecture.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of York," was first printed in the folio of 1663, where it comprises 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 folios 1664 and 1685."

None of the commentators ever saw the first edition of the drama upon which, we may presume, Shakespeare founded his third part of "Henry VI.:" it bears the following title: "The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the death of the good King Henrie the Sixth, with the whole content of the two houses Lancaster and York, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants, Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595." Vso. This play, like "the First Part of the Contention," was reprinted for the same bookseller in 1600, 4to. About the year 1619 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 ii, first appears in connection with these "histories" in that edition. The object of Pavier, as before remarked, was no doubt fraudulent.

Claimers, 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 some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene.

As in "Henry VI.," part ii, Shakespeare availed himself of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, to in "Henry VI.," part iii, he applied to his own purposes much of "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.

KING RICHARD III.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephew; his tyrannical usurpation; with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servaunts. By Thomas Pavier, London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1600." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephew; his tyrannical usurpation; with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Newly augmented, by William Shakespeare, London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1602." 4to. 46 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephew; his tyrannical usurpation; with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Newly augmented, by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Locke, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Fox, near S. Austin gate, 1605." 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedy of Richard the Third; with the Landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the Battle at Bosworth Field," occupies thirty-two pages, viz., from p. 171 to 204, inclusive. 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 quarto editions which preceded the publication of it in the folio of 1623. It originally came out in 1597, without the name of the author: it was reprinted in 1598, with "by William Shakespere" on the title-page, and again in 1602, all three impressions having been made for the same bookseller, Andrew Wise, who professed, in his last edition, that the play had been "newly augmented," although it was in fact only a reprint of the previous impressions of 1597 and 1598. On the 27th June, 1603, it was assigned to Matthew Lawe, as appears by an entry in the Stationers' Registers; accordingly, he published the fourth edition of it with the date of 1605: this fifth edition was printed for the same bookseller in 1613. This last time it came out in quarto, anterior to its appearance in the first folio; but after that date, three other quarto impressions are known, viz., in 1624, 1629, and 1634, and it is remarkable that these were all mere reprints of the earlier quarto, not one of them including any of the passages which the player-editors of the folio first inserted in their volume. This fact might show that some members of the players did not know that there were any material variations between the earlier quarto and the folio, that they
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... did not think them of importance, or that the projectors of the folio were considered to have some species of copyright in the additions. These additions, part of the original play. Steevens was of opinion that the quarto, 1597, contained a better text than the folio; such is not our opinion; for though the quarto sets right several doubtful matters, it is not well printed, even for a production of that day, 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. For the additions, a manuscript was no doubt employed; and the variations in some scenes, particularly near the middle of the play, are so numerous, and the corrections so frequent, that it is probable a transcript belonging to the theatre was there consulted. Our text is that of the folio.

The earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," is in these terms:—

"20 Oct. 1597 Andrew Wise. The Tragedie of Kynge Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence." It is certain that there was an historical drama upon some of the events of the reign of Richard III., anterior to that of Shakespeare. Sir John Harington in his "Apologie for Poetry," 1591, speaks of a tragedy of "Richard the Third," acted at St. John's, Cambridge, which would "have moved Phidias, the tyrant, and terrified all tyrannous-minded men:" and Steevens adduced Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, to the same effect. Both those authors, however, referred to a Latin drama on the story of Richard III., written by Dr. Legge, and acted at Cambridge before 1588. Steevens followed up his quotation from Heywood by the copy of an entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated June 19, 1594, relating to an English play on the same subject. A perfect copy of this very rare 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 shewed the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower; With a lamentable case of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the commotion and laying of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was played by the Queens-Majesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, near Christ Church doore, 1594."

The piece, itself, as a literary composition, deserves little remark, but as a drama it possesses several curious features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press, probably as early as 1588.

The style in which it is composed merits observation: it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse, (such as was penned before Marlowe had inaugurated the new form,) partly in rhymed and advanced couplets, partly in sit-syllable rhyming couplets, and stanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre, which seems to have been popular even before prose was employed upon our stage. In every view of it, it may be asserted, few more curious dramatic relics exist in our language. It is perhaps the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre, of which the subject was derived from English history.

Boswell asserts that "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" had "evidently been used and read by Shakespeare," but we cannot trace any peculiarity in the play which was probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial. Two persons could hardly take up the same period of our annals, as the ground-work of a drama, without some coincidences; but there is no point, either in the conduct of the plot or in the language in which it is clothed, where our great dramatist does not show his measureless superiority. The portion of the story in which the two plays may best approach one another, is just before the murder of the princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose.

Malone was of opinion that Shakespeare wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593, but did not adduce a particle of evidence, and none in fact exists. We should be disposed to place it somewhat nearer the time of publication.

KING HENRY VIII.

["The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth," printed in the folio of 1553, where it occupies twenty-eight pages; viz. from p. 256 to p. 283, inclusive. It is the last play in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the later impression in the same form.]

The principal question, in relation to Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," is, when it was written. We are satisfied, both by the internal and external evidence, that it came from the poet's pen after James I. had ascended the throne, in 1603.

Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was little calculated to please Elizabeth, it seems to us that Cranmer's prophecy, 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 heir, As great in admiration as herself: So shall she leave her blessedness to one (When heavens shall call her from this cloud of darkness) Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fast."

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. A very recent revival of the play in the reign of James I. 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 entireness and sequence of thoughts and words in it, as to make it very unlikely that it was not dictated by the same intellect, and written by the same pen. The words "aged print," in a succeeding line (no part of the inspired addition by Jonson) would never have been used by Shakespeare during the life of Elizabeth.
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As to external evidence, there is one 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. Butler. By ye good allowance for the Entertainments of K. Henry 8th before he began to print it; and then procured the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy."

Chalmers asserted that this entry referred to a contemporaneous play by Samuel Rowley, under the title of "The Procession of K. Henry 8th," on which we need not now enter. It may be observed 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 at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604. No edition of it is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, and we may infer that Butler failed in getting "good allowance" with the wardens' hands to it.

In the instance of "Henry the Eighth," as of many other works by our great dramatist, there is ground for believing that there existed a preceding play on the same story. Henslowe's Diary affords us some important evidence on this point. According to this authority two plays were written in the year 1601 for the Earl of Pembroke's Theatre, relating to the events of the life of Cardinal Wolsey, including necessarily some of the chief incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. These plays consisted of a first and second part, the one called "The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey," and the other, "Cardinal Wolsey." We collect that the last was produced first, and in the sequel it met with so much success that the occasion of the second drama, containing, in fact, the commencement of the story. Of this course of proceeding Henslowe's Diary furnishes several other examples.

We may conclude with tolerable certainty that Shakespeare wrote "Henry the Eighth" in the winter of 1600-1, and that it was first acted at the Globe soon after the commencement of the season there, which seems to have begun towards the close of April, as soon as a theatre open to the weather could be conveniently employed. The coronation procession of Anne Boleyn forms a prominent feature in the drama; and as the coronation of James I. and Anne of Denmark took place on the 24th July, 1603, it is reasonable to suppose that the auditors at the Globe were intended to be reminded of that event, and that the show, detailed with such unusual minuteness in the folio of 1623, was meant as a remote imitation of its splendor.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:

[The Famous Historic of Troilus and Cressied. Excellently expressing the beginning of all the wars, with the covered weding of Pandarces Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and W. White, to be sold at the sign of the gloves in Paub's Church-yard, near against the great North door. 1609"

4to. 46 leaves.

"The History of Troilus and Cressida. As it was acted by the Kings Men actants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and W. White, to be sold at the sign of the gloves in Paub's Church-yard, near against the great North door. 1609"

4to. 45 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida" occupies twenty-nine pages, the Prologue filling the first page and the last being left blank. It retains its place in the later folio; but in that of 1685 the Prologue is placed at the head of the page on which the play commences."

This play was originally printed in 1609. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression; the body of the work (with two exceptions) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same booksellers. The title-pages, as may be seen, vary materially; but there is another more remarkable alteration. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface headed, "A never Witter to an ever Reader. News," it is asserted that it had never been "staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably true; but as "Troilus and Cressida" was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page and to state that accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed "as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe."

In the Stationers' Register are two entries, of distinct dates, relating to a play, or plays, called, "Troilus and Cressida": they are in the following terms:

"7 Feb. 1602-3

"Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is actyd by my Lo. Chamberlens men."

"28 Jan. 1602-3

"Rich. Bonion and Hen. Whil-ly] Entered for their coppy under 1 hand of Mr. Suger Deputy to S. Whitley, and Mr. Wodnes Loun. A booke called the History of Troilus and Cressida."

The edition of 1609 was, doubtless, published in consequence of the entry of "28 Jan. 1602-3," but if Roberts printed a "Troilus and Cressida," whether by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, in consequence of the earlier entry of "7 Feb. 1602-3," none such has come down to our time. Shakespeare's tragedy was not again printed, as far as can now be ascertained, until it appeared, under other peculiar circumstances, in the folio of 1623.

In that volume the dramatic works of Shakespeare, as is well known, are printed in three divisions—"Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies," and a list of them, under those heads, is inserted at the commencement. In that list "Troilus and Cressida" is not found; and it is further remarkable, that it is inserted near the middle of the folio of 1623, without any paging, excepting that the second leaf is numbered 79 and 80: the signatures also do not correspond with any others in the series. Hence it was inferred by Farmer, that the insertion of "Troilus and Cressida" was an afterthought by the player-editors, and that when the rest of the folio was printed, they had not intended to include it. The peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded may, however, be sufficiently accounted for by the supposition that "Troilus and Cressida" was given to, and executed by, a different printer. The list of "Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies," at the beginning of the volume was most likely printed last, and the person who formed it accidentally omitted "Troilus and Cressida," because it had been as accidentally omitted in the pagination.

The second issue of Bonar and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-
This is an introduction to the plays. It discusses the difficulty of attributing plays to Shakespeare due to the lack of evidence, the reliance on conjecture and research, and the importance of popular plays and their influence on the development of drama. It mentions the work of scholars such as Charles and the possibilities of a play called "Troilus and Cressida" being by Shakespeare, despite the lack of evidence. The introduction also touches on the relationship between the bard's work and the lives of his contemporaries, and the importance of preserving his legacy. It concludes with a call to the reader to engage with the plays and the history they represent.

**ADDRESS**

PREFIXED TO SOME COPIES OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, OF THE EDITION OF 1609.


Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never stated with the stage, never clapper-changed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleases, you should see all those grand censers, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted as the wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best pleasure of the day. To the end: "Iatro Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude: but thank fortune for the scope it hath made amongst you, since it is permitted to all scarce comedy to which you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not prize it. —Yale.

**CORIOLANUS.**

[*The Tragedy of Coriolanus* was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies thirty pages, viz., from p. 1 to p. 30, inclusive, a new pagination commencing with that drama. In the folio of 1637 the new pagination begins]

*And set up a new English inquisition.* This prophecy has been well verified of late years, when (to say nothing of the prices of the first editions of Shakespeare's undoubted works) £100 have been given for a copy of the old "Ta- ming of a Shrew," 1594, and £150 for "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595, merely because they were plays which Shakespeare made use of in his compositions.

*Rather than been prayed.* This passage refers, probably, to the unwillingness of the company to which Shake- speare belonged, here termed the "grand possessors," to allow any of their plays to be printed. Such seems to have been the case with all the associations of actors, and hence the imperfect manner in which most of the dramas of the time have come down to us, and the few that issued from the press, compared with the number that were writ- ten. The word "them," in "prayed for them," refers to "his comedies," mentioned above.
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with "Troilus and Cressida," and in the folio of 1664 and 1685 "Coriolanus" is inserted in the same order.

Nothing has yet been discovered to lead to the belief that there was a play on the story of Coriolanus anterior to Shakespeare's tragedy. Henslowe's Diary contains no hint of the kind.

The materials for this drama appear to have been derived exclusively from "the Life of Cains Martius Coriolanus," in the early translation of Plutarch by Sir Thomas North. That translation came from the press in folio in 1579, with the following title: "The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historian Plutarch, Plutarchus of Chremon."

It was avowedly made from the French of Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and appears to have been very popular: though published at a high price (equal to about £5 of the present money), it was 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 speeches he has followed this authority with 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 Sacer in 262, after the foundation of Rome, and terminates with the death of Coriolanus in A. D. 266.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" originally appeared in the folio of 1623, where it is divided into acts but not into scenes; and it was registered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th November of that year, as one of the "copies" which had not been "entered to other men." Hence we infer that there had been no previous edition of it in quarto. Marston supposed that "Coriolanus" was not published until 1610; but we are destitute of all evidence on the point, beyond what may be derived from the style of composition: this would certainly induce us to fix it somewhat later in the career of our great dramatist.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS.**

["The most lamentable Roman Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundie times bee playde by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darby, the Earl of Susses, and the Lord Chamberlaine theyr Servantes." London, Printed by R. for Edward Wise, 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 most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundie times bee playde by the Kings Maiesties Servantes. London, Printed for Edward Wise, and are to be solde at his shoppe, near 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," etc., from p. 21 to p. 24. Inclusive. The three last folios, of course, insert it in the same part of the volume.

We feel no hesitation in assigning "Titus Andronicus" to Shakespeare. Whether he may lay claim to it as the author of the entire tragedy, or only in a qualified sense, as having made additions to, and improvements in it, is a different and a more difficult question.

We find it given to him by his contemporary, Francis Meres, in his * Palladium Tamia*, 1598. It was also inserted in the folio of 1623 by Shakespeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell. Had it not been by our great dramatist, Meres, who was well acquainted with the literature of his time, would not have attributed it to him; and the player-editors, who had been Shakespeare's "fellows and friends," and were men of character and experience, would not have omitted it in their volume. These two facts are, in our view, sufficient.

It was, undoubtedly, one of his earliest, if not his very earliest dramatic production. All are aware that there is a most marked distinction between his mode of composition early and late in life; as exhibited, for instance, in "Love's Labor's Lost," and "The Winter's Tale," and we apprehend that "Titus Andronicus" belongs to a period even anterior to the former. Supposing "Titus Andronicus" to have been written about 1588, we are to recollect that our dramatic poets were then only beginning to throw off the shackles of rhyme, and their versification partook of the weight and monotony which were the usual accompaniments of couplets. "Titus Andronicus" is to be read under this impression, and many passages will then be found in it, which we think, are remarkable indications of skill and power in an unpractised dramatist: as a poetical production it has not hitherto had justice done to it, on account, partly, of the revolting nature of the plot. Neither is internal evidence wholly wanting, for words and phrases employed by Shakespeare in his other works may be pointed out; and in Art ii, sc. 1, we meet a remarkable expression, which is also contained in "Venus and Adonis."

With reference to the general complexity of the drama, and the character of the plot, it must also be borne in mind that it was produced at a time, when scenes of horror were especially welcome to public audiences, and when pieces were actually recommended to their admiration in consequence of the blood and slaughter with which they abounded.

The oldest known edition of "Titus Andronicus" bears date in 1600: but we feel convinced that a more ancient impression will some time or other again be brought to light. That it once existed, we have the testimony of Langbaine, in his "Account of English Dramatic Poets," 1691, where he tells us that the play was "first printed 4to. Lond. 1594." Consistently with this assertion we find the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"6 Feb. 1593
John Daster] A booke entitled a noble Roman History of Tytus Andronicus."

The Stationers' books contain several subsequent memoranda respecting "Titus Andronicus," bearing date 12th April, 1602, 14th December, 1624, and 8th December, 1630; but none which seems to have relation to the editions of 1600 and 1611. No quarto impressions of a subsequent date are known; and the tragedy next appeared in the folio of 1623, which was printed from the quarto of 1611.

It is very possible that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was founded upon some anterior dramatic performance; but in this point we have no evidence beyond what may be collected from the piece itself, in certain real or supposed dissimilarities of composition.

**ROMEO AND JULIET.**

["An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliuit. As it hath been often (with great applause) playde publiquely, by the right honest player L. of Huncan his seruants. London, Printed by John Dancer, 1597.] 4to. 38 leaves.

"The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliuit. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As
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It hath been sundry times publicly acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants, London, printed by Thomas Crooke, for Cathibert Burney, and are to be sold at his shop near the Exchange. 1593. 4to. 46 leaves.

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been sundrie times publicly Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Servants at the Globe. Now corrected, augmented and amended: London, Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetstreet under the Dyre. 1600. 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623 "The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet" occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 53 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It fills the same space in the folios of 1609, 1636, and 1645.

It is certain that there was an English play upon the story of Romeo and Juliet before the year 1562; 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 Tragical Historye of Romeo and Juliet." At the close of his address "to the Reader" he observes:—"Though I saw the same argument 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 effect." Thus we see also that a scene of the kind had been received with commendation," and that Brooke himself, unquestionably a competent judge, admits its excellence.

We can scarcely suppose that no other drama would be founded upon the same interesting incidents between 1562 and the date when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, a period of, probably, more than thirty years. We think it not improbable that the kind is given in the manuscript, 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 Paynter in the "second tame" of his "Fable of Pleasure," the dedication of which he dates 4th November, 1567; and in old writers we find frequent mention of the hero and heroine.

How far 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 Paynter's novel; and least of all do they 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 fortunata morte di due infelici amanti, &c.; and Paynter very literally translated Boistcteau's Histoire de deux Amans, &c., in the collection of Histories Tragiques published by the Bege-forest. Steevens was disposed to think that our great dramatist had obtained more from Paynter than from Brooke, while Malone supported, and we think, established, a contrary opinion.

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 printed by two different presses. It has generally been treated as an authorized impression from an authentic manuscript. Such, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers (no bookseller's or stationer's name is placed at the bottom of the title-page) was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation. The second edition was printed in 1599, and it professes to have been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." The third dated edition appeared in 1609; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior to 1609, but anterior to the appearance of the folio in 1632. The quarto, 1637, 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 some decided errors at the press, shows that it was a reprint of the quarto of 1609. Besides it is remarkable, that the same comparatively early quarto impression contains a Prologue, it was not transferred to the folio. The quarto, 1597, has lines not in the quarto, 1599, 1609, nor in the folio; and the folio, reprinting 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 of 1623, and in some places importantly assisted by the quarto of 1597.

It will be observed that on the title-page of the quarto, 1597, it is stated that "Romeo and Juliet" was acted by the players of Lord Hunsdon; and hence Malone argued that it must have been first printed, and transferred to the folio between July, 1596, and April, 1597. In this opinion we coincide.

It is remarkable that in no edition of "Romeo and Juliet," printed anterior to the publication of the folio of 1623, do we find Shakespeare's name upon the title-page. Yet Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, had distinctly assigned it to him in 1598; and although the name of the author might be purposely left out in the imperfect copy of 1597, the learned man could be no reason, especially after the announcement by Meres, for not inserting it in the "corrected, augmented, and amended" edition of 1599. But it is wanting even in the impression of 1609, although Shakespeare's popularity must then have been at its height.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

("The Life of Tymon of Athens" first appeared in the folio of 1663, where it occupies, in the division of "Tragedies," twenty-two pages, numbered from 89 to 98 inclusive, but pp. 81 and 82, by an error, are repeated. Page 98 is followed by a list, 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 of no extrinsic evidence to confirm or contradict this opinion. The tragedy was printed in 1623, in the folio edited by Heminge and Condell; and having been inserted in the Registers of the Stationers' Company as a play "not formerly entered to other men," we may infer that it had not previously come from the press. The verification is remarkably loose and irregular, but it is made to appear more so by the manner in which it was originally printed. The object, especially near the close, seems to have been to make the drama occupy as much space as could be conveniently filled; consequently, many of the lines are arbitrarily divided into two.

There is an apparent want of finish about some portions of "Timon of Athens," while others are elaborately wrought. Coleridge said, in 1815, that
he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout; that it was one of the author's most complete performances; and he gave no countenance to the notion, that any parts of a previously existing play had been retained in "Timon of Athens," as it had come down to us. The players, however, he felt convinced, had done the poet much injustice; and he especially instanced the clumsy, "clap-trap" blow at the Puritanus in Act iii, sc. 3, as an interpolation by the actor of the part of Timon's servant. Coleridge accounted for the ruggedness and inequality of the versification upon the same principle, and he was persuaded that only a corrupt and imperfect copy had come to the hands of the player-editors of the last century. His admiration of some parts of the tragedy was unbounded; but he maintained that it was, on the whole, a painful and disagreeable production, because it gave only a disadvantageous picture of human nature, very inconsistent with what, he firmly believed, was our great poet's real view of the characters of his fellow creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter dramatic satire, —a species of writing in which Shakespeare had shown, as in all other kinds, that he could reach 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 is well founded can of course be matter of mere speculation; but a whole play could hardly be composed under a transient fit of irritation, and it as it seems more likely, that in this instance, as in others, Shakespeare adopted the story because he thought he could make it acceptable as a dramatic representation. We agree with Farmer in thinking that there probably existed some earlier popular play of which Shakespeare's was the Shakespearean version in Paynter's "Schown of Pleasure," were the common property of the poets of the day; and the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is inserted in the first volume of that collection, which came out before 1567. Paynter professes to have derived his brief materials from the life of Marcus Antonius, in Plutarch; but Sir Thomas North's translation having made its appearance in 1579, all the circumstances may have been familiar to most readers. True it is, that Shakespeare does not appear to have followed these authorities at all closely, and there may have been some version of Lucian then current with which we are now acquainted.

We know also that there existed about that date a play upon the subject of Timon of Athens. The original manuscript of it is in the library of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who has recently superintended an impression of it for the Shakespeare Society. He gives it as his opinion, that it was "intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and although the epilogue may be considered rather of a contrary complexion, the learned editor is probably right: it is, however, 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.

**JULIUS CAESAR.**

No early quarto edition of "Julius Caesar" is known, and there is reason to believe that it never appeared in that form. The manuscript originally used for the folio of 1623 must have been extremely perfect, and free from corruptions, for there is, perhaps, no drama in the volume more accurately printed.

Malone and others have arrived at the conclusion that "Julius Caesar" could not have been written before 1607. We think there is good ground for believing that it was acted before 1603.

We found this opinion upon the resemblance between a stanza found in Drayton's "Barons' Wars," 1602, and a passage in "Julius Caesar," Act v., sc. 5, from which, after nature considering all the circumstances, we feel warranted in concluding, that Drayton, having heard "Julius Caesar" at the theatre, or seen it in manuscript before 1603, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

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. It is a new fact, ascertained from an entry in Henslowe's Diary dated 22d May, 1602, that Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, John Webster, Thomas Middleton, and other poets, were engaged upon a tragedy entitled "Cæsar's Revenge." The probability is, that these dramatists united their exertions, in order without 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.

From Vertue's manuscripts we learn that a play, called "Caesar's Tragedy," was acted at Court in 1613, which was perhaps the Shakespearean version of Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure." A play, or some part of it, 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 Caesar's Revenge," Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Revels' Accounts," has shown that a dramatic piece, with the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar," was exhibited at Court on January 31, 1606-7.

**MACBETH.**

"The Tragedy of Macbeth" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 131 to p. 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts and Scenes are regularly marked there, as well as in the later folio.

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. Whether it was then a new play, it is impossible to decide; but we are inclined to think that it was not, and that Malone was right in his conjecture, that it was first acted about the year 1606. A detailed account of the plot is contained in 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.

Our principal reason for thinking that "Macbeth" had been originally represented at least four years before 1610, is the striking allusion, in Act iv. sc. 1, to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the hands of James I. That monarch ascended the throne in March, 1602-3.
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and was proclaimed king of Great Britain and Ireland in October, 1604; and the words, "Some I see, That two-fold balls and triple sceptres carry," would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne.

Shakespeare, doubtless, derived all the materials he required from Holinshed, without resorting to Beza's, or to any other scriptural or secular authority. Steevens continued to maintain, that Shakespeare was indebted, in some degree, to Middleton's "Witch" for the preternatural portion of "Macbeth;" but Malone, who at first entertained the same view of the subject, ultimately abandoned it, and became convinced that "The Witch" was a play written subsequently to the production of "Macbeth." What must surprise everybody is, that a poet of Middleton's rank could so degrade the awful beings of Shakespeare's invention; for although, as Lamb observes, "the power of Middleton's witches is in some measure over the mind," they are of a degenerate race, as if, Shakespeare having created them, no other mind was sufficiently exalted to continue their existence.

Whether Shakespeare obtained his knowledge regarding these agents, and of the locality he supposes them to have frequented, from actual observation,—whether, in short, he had ever visited Scotland,—is a point we have considered in the Biography of the poet. 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. 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," however, some ground for thinking, that a lost play upon similar incidents preceded the work of Shakespeare; how far that lost play might be an improvement upon the old translated "Historie" we have no means of deciding, nor what extent Shakespeare availed himself of such improvement.

We feel confident, however, that the "Hamlet," which we have 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 "enlarged to almost as much again as it was," they, therefore, reasonably supposed that it had been printed before; and within the last twenty years a single copy of an edition in 1603 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. From whose press it came we have no information, but it is supposed to have been "printed for N. L. and John Trundel." N. L. was Nicholas Ling; and L. R., the printer of the edition of 1604, was no doubt, James Roberts, who, two years before, had made the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"20 July 1602. James Roberts's books, The Revenge of Hamlet prince of Denmark, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants."

The words, "as it was lately acted," are important upon the question of date, and the entry farther proves, 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 1603 it is asserted that it had been acted "by his Highness' servants." 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 previous production of the piece, as it was then acted by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," who, in May following, obtained the title of "the King's players." 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 "Hamlet" as he would put his name to; 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 date in 1603 was published. Such, we have little doubt, was the origin of the impression of which only one single copy has reached us, and of which, probably, but a few were sold, as its worthlessness was soon discovered, and it was quickly entirely superseded by the enlarged impression of 1604. But although we entirely reject the quarto of 1603, 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.

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 beauty, we may perhaps presume that the quarto of 1604 was, at least, as authentic a copy of "Hamlet" as the editions of any of Shakespeare's plays that came 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 includes other passages, which are left out of the quarto of 1604; although, as before remarked, we have the evidence of the quarto of 1603, that they were originally acted.

We are inclined to think, that if "Hamlet," in 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 iii. commences 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 should content himself with reprinting the folio without large additions from the quarto, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet.

Corderlidge, after vindicating himself from the accusation that he had derived his ideas of Hamlet from Schlegel, thus sums up the character of Hamlet: "In Hamlet, Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify 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 equilibrium 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, an almost enormous, 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 under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve."

**KING LEAR.**

"[M. William Shake-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his Three Daugh-thers. With the vauortuous life of Edgar, sonne and heir to the Earle of Glo-ter, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the Kings Maiesty at White-hall upp S. Stephens night, in Christmans tyme. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing usuall at the Globe on the Bancke-side, London. Print- ed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Fide Bull near St. Austin's Gate." 1608.] 4to. 44 leaves.

"M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear, and his Three Daughters. With the vauortuous life of Edgar, sonne and heir to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the King Maiestie at White-hall, upp S. Stephens night, in Christmas Holidaies. By his Maiestie Seruants, playing usuall at the Globe on the Bancke-side. Printed for Nathaniel But- ter. 1608." 4to. 44 leaves.

The title-page of a third impression in 1608 corresponds with that last above given.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of King Lear" occupies twenty-seven pages, in the division of "Tragedies" viz., from p. 583 to p. 609, inclusive. The last page but one, by an error, is numbered 38, instead of 38. In the first, as also in the folios of 1623, 1644, and 1663, 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 three quarto impressions of it in 1608, 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 thus thrice 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 was not an unusual occurrence with the works of our great dramatist. 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 copies of the title-pages which we have inserted, that although Nathaniel Butter was the publisher of the three quarto editions, he only put his address on the title-page of one of them. A more remarkable circumstance, in relation to the title-pages of "King Lear," is, that the same principal variant is met with in the quarto at the top of them, the type being larger than that used for any other part of the work: moreover, we have it again at the head of the leaf on which
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OTHELLO.

("The Tragedy of Othello, The Moor of Venice." As it hath been severally acted at the Globe, and the Black-Friars, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Wilksly, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Britton's Bazaar. 1622." 4to. 48 leaves, irregularly pag'd."

The Tragedie of Othello, the Moor of Venice," printed by C. J., and sold by R. J. and J. B. at the sign of the Vine in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1623."

The part of the memorandum which relates to "Othello" is interlined, as if added afterwards; but thus 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 spring of that year.

The incidents, with some variation, are to be found in Chintio's Hecatommithi. 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.

We have seen, by the quotation from "The Egerton Papers," that the company by which "Othello" was performed at Hardfield was called "Burbidge's players;" 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 Chanales's Tragedy. As regards the original actor of the part of Othello, as we learn from an elegy upon his death, among the late Mr. Heber's manuscripts.

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 printed in 1630. An exact copy of the title-page of the quarto of 1622, will be found in the usual place, and that published in 1630 differs only in the imprint, which is "by A. M. for Richard Hawkins," &c. Malone summarily dismissed the impression of 1630, as an "edition of no authority," but it is very clear that he had never sufficiently examined it. It was subsequently printed from a manuscript different from that used for the quarto of 1622, or for the folio of 1623; and it presents a number of various readings, some of which singularly illustrate the original text of "Othello."

Walkley, the publisher of the quarto of 1622, thus entered that edition on the Stationers' Registers, shortly previous to its appearance:

"OCT. 1621. The Walkley Entred for h's, to wit, under the innumerable of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens: The Tragedie of Othello, the Moor of Venice."

It is perhaps not too much to presume, that this impression, though dated 1622, had come out at
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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 quartos of 1622 were 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 coat without a badge,' and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me. To commend it I will not—for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without entreaty; and I am the holder, the printer, the compositor, he that makes the work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure.

Your, Thomas Wakley."

The publishers of the folio of 1623, perhaps purchased Wakley's interest in "Othello.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

("The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra" occupies twenty-nine pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 340 to p. 346, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies.") Although at the beginning it has Actus Primus, Scena Prima, it is not divided into acts and scenes, nor is the defect cured in part of the subsequent folio impression of 1622, 1624, and 1615. They are all without any list of characters.)

We are without any record that "Antony and Cleopatra" was ever performed; and when in Act v., sc. 2, the heroine anticipates that "some squeaking Cleopatra" will "buy her greatness" on the stage, Shakespeare seems to hint that no young male performer would be able to sustain the part without excessive work, which is, without more or less, applied to many of his other female characters; and the wonder, of course, is how so much delicacy, tenderness, and beauty could be infused into parts which the poet knew must be represented by beardless and crack-voiced boys.

The period of the year at which "Antony and Cleopatra" was entered on the Stationers' Registers might lead to the inference, that, having been written late in 1606, it was brought out at the Globe in the spring of 1608, and that Edward Blount (one of the publishers of the folio of 1623) thus put in his claim to the publication of the tragedy, if he could procure a manuscript of it. The memorandum bears date on the 25th May, 1608, and the piece is stated to be "a book" called "Anthony and Cleopatra." Perhaps Blount was unable to obtain a copy of it, and, as far as we now know, it was printed for the first time in the folio of 1623.

It does not appear that there was any preceding drama on the story, with the exception of the "Cleopatra" of Samuel Daniel, originally published in 1594, to which Shakespeare was clearly未经授权的 obligation. Any slight resemblance between the two is to be accounted for by the fact, that both poets resorted to the same authority for their materials—Plutarch, whose "Lives" had been translated by Sir T. North in 1579.

Of all Shakespeare's historical plays (says Coleridge) "Antony and Cleopatra" is by far the most wonderful. The author, in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature, counteracting the historic abstraction."

CYMBELINE.

(\"The Tragedie of Cymbeline\" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it stands last in the division of \"Tragedies,\" and occupies thirty-one pages, viz., from p. 369 to p. 399; misprinted "p. 390. There is another error in the pagination, as p. 379 is numbered p. 389. These errors are corrected in the three later folios.\)

The materials in Holinshed for the historical portion of "Cymbeline" are so imperfect and scanty, that a belief may be entertained that Shakespeare resorted to some other more fertile source, which the most diligent inquiries have yet failed to discover. The Cymbeline of Capri, the Guiderius and Arviragus, occur in the old Chronicle, and there we hear of the tribute demanded by the Roman emperor, but nothing is said of the stealing of the two young princes, nor of their residence with Bellarius among the mountains, and final restoration to their father.

All that relates to Posthumus, Imogen, and Inchi- no is merely fabulous, and some of the chief incidents of this part of the plot are to be found in French, Italian, and English. We will speak of them separately.

They had been employed for a dramatic purpose in France at an early date, in a miracle-play, printed in 1593 by Messer, Monneret and Michel, in their Théatre d'Histoire Industry and Merit. There is a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi. In that piece, mixed up with many romantic circumstances, we find the wager on the chastity of the heroine, her flight in the disguise of a page, the proof of her innocence, and her final restoration to her husband.

The novel by Boccaccio has many corresponding features: the book of Guiderius, and bears the following title: "Bernabo da Genova, da Ambrogio lu ingannato, perde il suo, e comanda che in moglie innocente sia uscire. Ella scampa, et in habito di uomo serve il Soldano; ritrova ingannatore, e Bernabo conduce in Alessandria, dove l'ingannatore punito, ripresa habito femine li col marito riechi si tornano a Genoa."

A modern production of this play has produced scenes which have found its way into our language at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Steevens states that it was printed in 1603, and again in 1620, in a tract called "Westward for Smelts." The incidents in "Westward for Smelts" are completely anglicised, and the scene is laid in this country in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.

Malone thought that "Cymbeline" was written in 1609; 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 in his Diary insert the date when, nor the place where, he saw it. His brief account of the plot is contained in his "Book of Plays and Notes thereof."

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 that the two dramas belong to about the same period of the poet's life. Forman saw "The Winter's Tale" on 17th May, 1611, and, perhaps, he saw "Cymbeline" at the Globe in the spring of the preceding year. That it was acted at court at an early date is more than probable, but we are without any record of such an
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event until 1st January, 1633; under which date Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, regist-
 ers that it was performed by the King's Players, and that it was "well liked by the King."

It is the last of the "Tragedies" in the folio of 1633, and we have reason to suppose that it had not been printed at any earlier period. There are no divisions of acts and scenes are throughout regularly marked.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

("The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adversates, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no loose strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants, at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprimat at London for Henry Goston, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609."

4to. 33 leaves.

"The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adversates, and fortunes of the said Prince: Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T. F. 1619."

4to. 34 leaves.

"The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adversates, and fortunes of the said Prince: Written by William Shakespeare: London, Printed by I. N. for R. B. and are to be sold at his shop in Chandeside, at the sign of the Bible. 1630."

4to. 34 leaves.

In the folio of 1664, the following is the heading of the page on which the play begins: "The late much admired Play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare, and published in his life time."

It occupies twenty-pages, viz. from p. 1 to p. 20, inclusive, a new pagination of the volume commencing with "Pericles." It is there divided into Acts, but irregularly, and the Scenes are not marked.

The first question to be settled in relation to "Pericles," is its title to a place among the collected works of Shakespeare.

There is so marked a character about every thing that proceeded from the pen of our great dramatist,-his mode of thought, and his style of expression, are so unlike those of any of his contemporaries, that he can never be mistaken. They are clearly visible in all the later portion of the play; and so indisputable does this fact appear to us, that, we confidently assert, however strong may be the external evidence to the same point, the internal evidence is infinitely stronger: to those who have studied his works it will seem incontrovertible.

An opinion has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it is well founded, that two hands are to be traced in the composition of "Pericles." The larger part of the first three Acts were in all probability the work of an inferior dramatist; to these Shakespeare added comparatively little; but he found it necessary, as the story advanced and as the interest increased, to insert more of his own composition. He began to write directly scenes in the third Act, and afterwards we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare found a drama on 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 theatre. Who might be the author of the original piece, it would be in vain to conjecture. Although we have no decisive proof that Shakespeare ever worked in immediate concert with any of his contemporaries, it was the custom with nearly all the dramatists of his day, and it is not impossible that such was the case with "Pericles."

Having thus spoken of the internal evidence of authorship, 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 his name at full length, and rendered unusually obvious, on the title-page. It may next be mentioned, that previous 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 Septads," 1646; and in line of Brome's "Jovial Crew," 1652. Dryden gave it to Shakespeare in 1675, in the Prologue to C. Davenant's "Circe." Thus, as far as stage tradition is of value, it is uniformly in favor of our position; and it is moreover to be observed, that until comparatively modern times it has never been contradicted.

The incidents of "Pericles" are found in Law- rence Twine's translation from the Gesta Romani- rum, first published in 1576, under the title of "The Pattern of Painful Adventures," in which the three chief characters are not named as in Shakespeare, but are called Apollonius, Lucreia, and Thuris. This novel was several times reprinted, and an edition was published in 1608, and another, with 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 performance at the thea- tre, and to copy 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 Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Peri- cles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and an- cient Poet John Gower. At London. Printed by T. P. for Nathaniel Butter. 1668." It has also a woodcut 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 though 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. It also affords strong presumptive evidence that the drama has not reached us by any means in the shape in which it was originally represented.

"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 care- fully set right. The commentators dwell 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.
THE DEDICATION.

[INSERTED IN THE FOLIO OF 1632.]

To the most Noble and Incomparable Pair of Brothers, William Earl of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the King's most Excellent Majesty.

And Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber.

Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honorable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favors we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two of the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your Highnesses sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something, heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favor, we hope, (that they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likenings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans, guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come near your Lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, (we have heard) that had not guns and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach 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 consecrate to your Highnesses these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is Your Lordships' most bounden,

John Heminge.

Henry Condell.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

From the most able, to him that can but spell; though you are numbered, We had rather you were weighty. Especially, when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixpence' worth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars, or the Cockpit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals: and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters, that exposed them; even those, are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

John Heminge.

Henry Condell.
COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master William Shakespeare, and his Works.

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is:—to see
The true image, and a livelier he,
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 rapt soul rise,—
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

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

What need my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hollow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?—
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Tuon, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endoevring 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. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious followers give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
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 loathe 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-traught book shall once invade:
Nor 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
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-word parleying Romans quake:
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more being, be express'd,
Sure, (our Shako-speare,) thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally. L. DIGGES.

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

We wonder'd (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but 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 plaudit.

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 neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seekest 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 gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
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 begin:—Son of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
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 with pulses; and
Tell how far thou didst our Lysikrithe,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hastad small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy huskin tread
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage 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 forth to warm
Our ears, 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 spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, the merry Aristophanes,
Next Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
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 nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must swear,
COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Ixxix

(Such as thine are) and strike the second beat
Upon the muses' anvils; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his name; even so the name
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake 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 thy maidens, with the work of Thomas,
That so did take Eliza, and our James.
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath morn'd like night,
And despair'd, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his Poems.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distinguish a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colors, just extent:
To outrun last time, retrieve the fates.
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where (confused) lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep desky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of slades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless 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,
Them unto us, or us to them had hush'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enliven 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 rath
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorge up his ravin for our sport:—
—While the plebian 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 th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves:—
This, and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning
Improved by favor of the nine-fold train;
[\text{\ldots}]

Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly wo'd him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'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 lowly roset, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted 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 nation, with a fascinating voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when thou canst 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 clothed him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.
The friendly admirer of his endowments.

I. M. S.

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

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wing,
You Britons brave; for done are Shake-spere's days:
His days are done that made the dainty phys,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Died is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
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 clothed him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.
The friendly admirer of his endowments.

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 Shake-speare 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 hit
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.

B. I.]
A CATALOGUE
OF ALL THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES, POEMS, AND SONNETS, CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

### COMEDIES

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THE TEMPEST.

Act III.—Scene 1.

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, Nymphs, Reapers.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, 2 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 shipboard, shaking off wet.

Master. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and Others, from the Cabin.

* Readily; nimbly.—b Quick; ready.

* "Play the men," i. e., Behave like men.—4 Present instant.
complexion is perfect gallowys. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

_Exit._

_Re-enter_ Boatswain._

Boats. Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the 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, inccharitable dog! Boats. Work you, then. Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

_Gon._ I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship was no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an _unstanch'd_ wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold. Set her two 

_courses_; off to sea again; lay her off.

_Enter_ Mariners, _wet._

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt._

_Boats._ What! must our mouths be closed? [rant._

_Gon._ The king and prince at prayers! let us assist

For our case is as theirs. [them._

_Seb._ I am out of patience.

_Ant._ We are _merely_ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would, thou might'st lie 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 2 glut him. [A _confused noise within._] Mercy on us!—

_We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and chil-

drens!—

_Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

_Ant._ Let's all sink with the king. [Exeunt._

_Seb._ Let's take leave of him. [Exeunt._

_Gon._ Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exeunt._

_SCENE II._—The Island: before the cell of Prospero.

_Enter_ Prospero and Miranda._

_Mira._ 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 sinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's heat, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. 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 _fraughted_ souls within her.

_Pro._ Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

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*Incontinent. — "Two courses," i.e., mainsail and foresail. — Absolutely. — To engulph; to swallow. — The _fraughted_ souls; & c, the souls constituting the freight.

Mira. 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.

Mira. More to know Did never muddle 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 _virtue_ of compassion in thee, I have with such _provision_ in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no _soul—_ No, not so much _perdition_ as an hair, But to any creature in the vessel Which thou hear'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

_Pro._ You have often Begun 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 one thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? _4_Sits down._ I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not _Out_ three years old. 

_Mira._ Certainly, sir, I can.

_Pro._ By what? by any other house, or person? Of anything the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

_Mira._ '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 hast'd, and more, Miranda. But how is't, That this lives in thy mind? What scest thou else In the dark backward and _abysm_ of time? If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here, thou may'st. 

_Mira._ But that I do not.

_Pro._ Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, Thy father was the duke of Milan, and A prince of power. 

_Mira._ 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 _treacherous_ of Milan, _2thou_ his only heir _6_and princes, no worse issued. 

_Mira._ O, the heavens! What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blessed wast, we did? _Pro._ Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; But blessedly _1 hopel hither._ 

_Mira._ Was duke _of_ Milan! O! my heart bleeds To think o' the _mean_ that I have turn'd you to, Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further. 

_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 lov'd, and to him put

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1 "Full poor," i.e., very poor. — 2 Essence. — 3 Loss. — 4 Quito. — 5 Alyas. — 6 Helped. — 7 Sorrow; grief. —
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a faint,  
That wrings mine eyes to't.  

Pro.  
Hear a little farther,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.  

Mira.  
Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?  

Pro.  
Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us abroad a boe  
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tack, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quitt it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.  

Mira.  
Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!  

Pro.  
O! a cherubin  
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden ground'd; which rais'd in me  
An under-giving stomach, to hear up  
Against what should subdue.  

Mira.  
How came we ashore?  

Pro. By Providence divine.  
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed  
Master of this design) did give us with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From my own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.  

Mira.  
But ever see that man!  

Pro. Now I arise: —I'Puts on his robe again.  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
I have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more prof't  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.  

Mira.  
Heavens thank you for'r! 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 remembrance, which  
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 inclin'd 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 a massacre: 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 precur-
sors
Of the dreadful thunder-claps, more ‘momentary
And sight-outrassing 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 his hair up-standing (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 freasher than before: and, as thou badst 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 odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king’s ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos’d,
And all the rest of the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king’s ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call’dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vox’d Bermoothes, there she’s hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow’d;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffer’d labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest of 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 wreck’d,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform’d; but there’s more work.
What is the time of the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time ’twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most graciously. [pains,
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
Let me ‘remember thee; what thou hast promis’d,
Which is not yet performed me.

Pro. How now! moody? What is ’t thou count demand?

* Powers; faculties.—“To point,” i. c., to the minutest angle.—Instantaneous.—“Tumult,” i. c., such a fever as madmen feel in their frantic fits.—Of Bermoothes.—“Mid season,” i. c., noon.—Hours.—Remind.

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. 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.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No. [goze

Pro. Thou dost; and think’st it much, to tread the
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 b’ak’d with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir. [got

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou for
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born?

Ari. Speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier.

Pro. 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 knowst, was banish’d: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir. [child,

Pro. This blue-eyed bag was hither brought with
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave
As thou report’st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou was a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and ahorr’d commands,
Refusing her grand *hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rife
Imprison’d, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst voyt thy groans
As fast as mill-wheel’s strike. Then was this island
(Save for a son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hang-born) not honor’d with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best knowst
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 damn’d, which Sycorax
Could not again unde: it was mine art,
When I arriv’d and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur’st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast how’ld away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master: I will be correspondent to command,
And serve my *sprite gently.

Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That’s my noble master! What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

* Algiers.— Beliefs; commands.— Immutable.

# Obsidian.— "Spriting," i. c., the business of a sprite, or spirit.
THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

Pro. 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; Awake!

Mero. The strangeness of your story put [I Waking.]

Heaviness in me. Pro. Shake it off. Come on: We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never yields us kind answer. Mero. 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on.

[Exit.]

Pro. But, as 'tis, we can not 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.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.


Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My 4 quaint Ariel, Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself. Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd With ravens' feather from unworthy face, Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye, And blister you all e'er! Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; erehins Shall, 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. Cal. I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, [first, Which thou tak'st from me. When thou art cam'st here Thou strokest me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst 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' this isle, [file. The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and for Cursed be I that did so! —All the charms Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you; For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king: and here you stay me, In this hard rock, whiles you do keep 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 honor 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 wouldst gabble like A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes With words that made them known; but thy vile race, natures Hence, thou didst learn, had that in't which good 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 fad you, For learning me your language!

Pro. Go, Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best, To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice? If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps; Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar, That bleats shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside. It would control my dam's god, Setebos, And make a vessel of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban. Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinando following.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands: Cours'd side when you have, and kiss'd! The wild waves a whist, Foot it feely here and there; And, sweet sprites, the burden bear. Hark, hark! Burden. Bow, wow. [Dispersedly.

The watch-dogs bark: Burden. Bow, wow. Hark, hark! I hear The strain of strutting chantiere Cry, cock-a-doodle-do. Fer. Where should this music be? 't is th' air, or th' earth?— It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon Some god o' th' island. 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 dishty 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 brace form: — a, 'tis a spirit.

[Destroy. —Still; silent. —Gran.]
Pro. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath such sense
As we have; such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call
A goodly person. He hath lost his follows, [him
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 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!—Vouchsafe, 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 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, beingawan.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could a control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. [Aside. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes—deliver Ariel, [sir; I'll set thee free for this! [To him. A word, good
I care, you have done yourself some b wrong: a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
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 uneasy 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 ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, [Temple.
Good things will strive to dwell without.'
Pro. Follow me.— [To FERD. Speak not for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shall thou drink, thy food shall be
The flesh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

* Confute.—b Done yourself some wrong," i.e., spoken a falsehood.—" Own'tst.

Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
sience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy e'ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father! [Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity: I'll be your 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 from 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 vigor 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 subdu'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 Mira.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort.
My father's 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; and then, exactly do
All points of my command. [To Ferd.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

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
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our that 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

* Terrible; formidable. — b Guard. — c Cause; subject. —
 d Merchant-vessel.
Our sorrow with our comfort.

_Alon._ Pr'ythee, peace.

_Seb._ He receives comfort like cold porridge.

_Ant._ The visitor will not give him o'er so.

_Seb._ Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

_Gon._ Sir—

_Seb._ One:—tell.

_Gos._ When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,

Comes to the enterainer—

_Seb._ A dollar.

_Gon._ Dolor comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purpose.

_Seb._ You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.

_Gon._ Therefore, my lord,

_Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

_Alon._ I pr'ythee, spare.

_Gos._ 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 laughter.

_Seb._ A match.

_Adr._ Though this island seem to be desert,—

_Seb._ Ha, ha, ha!

_Adr._ So, you're paid.

_Adr._ Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

_Yet—

_Ant._ Yet—

_Ant._ He could not miss it.

_Ant._ It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicaté temperance.

_Seb._ Temperance was a delicate wench. [erew.

_Seb._ Ay, and a subtle, as he mostlearnedly deliv-

_Ant._ The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

_Seb._ As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

_Ant._ Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

_Gon._ Here is every thing advantageous to life.

_Ant._ True; save means to live.

_Seb._ Of that there's none, or little.

_Gon._ How fresh and lusty the grass looks! how green!

_Ant._ The ground, indeed, is tunny.

_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 beyond 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 veryfalsely pocket up his report.

_Gon._ Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africa, 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 graced 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, widower Encas 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.

_Ant._ And sowing the kernels of it in the sea,

bring forth more islands.

_Gon._ Ay?

_Ant._ Why, in good time.

_Gon._ 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._ Of widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

_Gon._ Is not, sir, my doublet 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?

[against

_Alon._ You cram these words into mine ears,

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my state, she too,

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,

I ne'er again shall see her. O, mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

_Fren._ Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,

Whose eminence he flung aside, and breathed

The surge most swain that met him: his bold head

Bove the cretive waters was he kept, and carried

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke.

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basia bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,

He came alive to land.

_Alon._ No, no; he's gone.

_Seb._ Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African:

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

_Alon._ Pr'ythee, peace.

_Seb._ You were kneeld to, and importuned other-

By all of us; and the fair soul herself [wise

'Weight'd between lothness and obedience, 'as

Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

More widows in them, of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's

Your own.

_Alon._ So is the drearest of the loss.

_Gon._ My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore;

When you should bring the plaster.

_Seb._ Very well.
And watch your safety.

ACT II.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—[Alone.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then, our eye-lids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimbly.

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,

[And

What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee,

My strong imaginacion 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 speak'st

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 let'st thy fortunate 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 heed me; which to do,

Terbles thee o'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. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,

Whilest 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 thine 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

Profess 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. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that

Can have no love, unless the sun were post,

(Th' man! the moon's too slow) till new-born chins

Be rough and razonable; she, *for whom

* 'Trows thee o'er;* i. e., makes thee three times what thou art.
The Tempest

SCENE II.

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast against it, 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 stuff is this?—How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; so is she heir of Naples; twice which regions there is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit seems to cry out, "How shall that Chiribell 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 prove as amply, and unaccommodately, as this Gonzalo; I myself could make a stomach 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 yield supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. And look how well my garments sit upon me; much faster than before. My brother's servants were they my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe, it would put me to my slipper; but I feel not this deity in my bosom; twenty consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan, candid be they, and melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, no better than the earth he lies upon.

If he were that which now he's like, that's dead, whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it, can lay to bed for every; while you, doing thus, to the perpetual wink for nay might put this ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who should not upbraid our course: for all the rest, they'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; they'll tell the clock to any business that we say before the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, shall be my precedent: as thou go'st Milan, I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st; and I, the king, shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together; and when I rear my hand, do you the like, To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O! but one word. [They converse apart.

Music. Ariel descends invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth (For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do nothing lie,
Open ye his conspiracy
His time doth lack.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

a. "Cast," i. e., cast up.—b. "In yours and my discharge," i. e., depends on what you and I are to perform.—c. Jackdaw.

"Much faster," i. e., more nearly, desity.—d. "If it were a kybe," i. e., if conscience were a skilful one, it would make my activity.—e. A hint.

Ant. Then, let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore thus ghostly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing, like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you? it struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming, and that a strange one too, which did awake me. I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd: as mine eyes open'd, I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise, that's verity: 'tis best we stand upon our guard, or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make farther search
For your poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts; for he is, sure, 'tis the island.

Alon. Lead away. [Exeunt. Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bags, fens, flats, on Prosper full, and make him by inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch, fright me with shrivel shows, pitch me in the mire, nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me: sometime like spoes, that b 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 kiss 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 in the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud can not choose but fall by pelting.

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 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

8. Fairy — Make mouths.—A black jack of leather to hold beer.—i. e., Make a man's fortune.
lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his furs 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 gaberdine; 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 scurry 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,
Lost'ra Moll, Meg, and Marion, and Margery,
But none of us can'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a sting,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lost not the anger of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she'd itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurry 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 noises, and means of Indo? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs can not 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 devil should be learnt our language? I will give him some relief, it it be 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 nec's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: 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 soon, 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 shanking. I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

[Caliban drinks.]

Cal. 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. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him: I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo:—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

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 besiege of this moon-calf? Can be vent Trinculo?

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 gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano? Two Neapolitans 'scaped?

Ste. Prythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, 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. 4

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 cam'st 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 doth thine auge?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out of 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 took for him!—a very weak monster. —The man i' 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 peridious and drunk-en monster, when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Ste. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy 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.

4 An allusion to the proverb, "He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon."—Stow (excrement.)
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 pray thee, 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 instaue thee how To scare the nimble "marmozet": I'll bring thee To clustering filders, and sometimes I'll get thee Young 1 snakes from the rock: wilt thou go with me? Ste. I pray thee 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.—Follow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farcewell, master; farcewell, farcewell.

Trin. A bowling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dans I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in fising
At requiring,
Nor scrape 2 trencher, nor wash dish; 'Tain 'Ban 'Ban, Co—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freaom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom! Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labor Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This may my means Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labor's pleasures: O! she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; 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 [Ness Weeps when she sees me work; and, says, such base Had never like executor. I forget: But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors; Most busy, 1 longest when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero behind.

Mir. Abs! now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had Burst up those logs that you are eujoin'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.

Mir. 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 dishonor undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Small monkey.

Mir. 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. I'll make it known.

Fer. Poor worm! thou art infected; This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis my morning with me, When you are by at night. I do beseech you, Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers.

Mir. What is your name?

Miranda. O my father! I have broke your 2 host to say so. [To herself.

Fer. Admit'rd Miranda! Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'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 lik'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did querril with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the 3 foil: but you, O you! So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

Mir. 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 skill-less of; but, by my modesty, (The jewel in my drawer) 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.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this And crown what I profess with kind event, [sound, If I speak true; if hollowly, invert What best is boded me to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of 4 sought else i' the world, Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool, To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens main grace On that which breeds between them! [Aside.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. 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 4 fellow You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.

1 Behest; command. — 2 Owner. — 4 Put it to the foil; i.e., set it off by contrast. — 3 Companion.
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 island: 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, monster-messiah.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks 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. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken 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 island.

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.


Ste. Mum then, and no more. [To CALIBAN.

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.

Trin. How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee at once, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. [patch!—

Cal. What a 'pied ninny's this! Thou scurril I do beseech thy 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 of thee.


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 suck, and drinking do. A murmur on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him the afternoon to sleep; 'tis then you 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 d'ezendant with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sod, as I am, nor hath now 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 comparil: I never saw a woman, But only Syconax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Syconax, As great'st doe 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 viceroys.—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 honor.

*Standard-bearer.
Scene III.

The Tempest.

12

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Col. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch?

You taught me but a while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings. Float 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and float 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Aside.]

Ari. Plays the tune on a Taylor 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!

[Aside.] 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 hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices, That, if I then 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. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and Others.

Gen. 'Byr' la'kin, I can go no further, sir; my old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed.

Through 4th sight-rights, and 'manders by your pa, I needs must rest me.

[Aside]

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself 'so' with weakness, 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 drowned, Whom thus we stray to find; and the seas mocks Our frastare search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[Aside to Sebastian.]

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolve'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night.

For, now they are oppressed with travel, 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 ac-

tions of salutations; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.]

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark! Gonz. Marvelous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollerie. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix,thrice; 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.

Gonz. 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, nay, 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 music, Such shapes, such 1'gestures, and such 2 sounds, express lyric (Although they want the use of tongue) a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Pro. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I. Gonz. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountain-icing 1Dew-lapp'd 1 like bulls, whose throats had hanging at Wall's of flesh? or that there were such men, Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now, we Each 2putter-out of five for one will bring us [find, 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 us 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-surfitted sea Hath caused to belch up, and on this island Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unapt to live. I have made you mad; And even with such like valor men hang and drawn Their proper selves. You fools! and my fellows Are ministers of fate: the elements,

4[Alon, Seb., &c., draw their Swords.]

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemo'k'd-at-stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One 2dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers.

1A little while ago. 2Twangling. 3By our Lady. 4Straight palm. —Winding course.—Seized.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT IV.

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now no marvel 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;
Expost'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores; yea, 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 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 and moneys, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Above.] Bravely the figure of this happy
hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouing.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hast'd to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaker ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling. [Exit PROSPERO.

Gon. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand
In this strange stare! [You
You
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 base my trespass.
Therefore my son the oze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than ever plummet sounded,
And with him there lie maul'd. [Exit.]

Sob. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt SEB. and ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great
Like poison given to work a great time after,
New 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech thee,
That are of supper joints, follow them swiftly,
And binder them from what this 4 ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerity punish'd 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 hands. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it half behind her.

Pro. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, 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 `suspension shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hale,
Source-yielded disdain, and discord, shall brestrew
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.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiesest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'est suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phæbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept claim'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.

What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy menager follow your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'erm which 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.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twinkle.

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master! no?

Pro. Deadly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit.

Pro. Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oats are straw
To the fire 't the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, sir; the white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel! bring a 6 corallary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and perty.—
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich less
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And that meads thatch'd with 'stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and pilled boughs
Which spongy April at thy best betroin
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns and thy
3 brown groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor to u.

* Pure; blameless.—" With good life; i.e., with full bent
and energy of mind.—" Ro's, L e, proclaim in a deep
tone.—" Madness; distraction.

* Sprinkling.—" Temptation.—" Illusion.—" Surprin.—
" Fodder.—" Mole.
Scene 1.

The Tempest.

Being 

and

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;  
[Junio descends slowly.  
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that seer  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who with thy saflon wings upon my flowers  
Diffus'd honey-dipple, blessings showers:  
And with each cind of thy blue bow dost crown
My blosky acres, and my unshrub'd 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.

Cer. 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,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be light'd; but in vain:  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;  
Her wasps-head'd 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 honor'd in their issue.

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing;  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.  
Earth's increase, foxon plenty,  
Borns, and gleaners never empty;  
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;  
Rain come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be hold  
To think these spirits!  
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to exact  
My present fascines.  
Fer. Let me live here ever:  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,  
Makes this place Paradise.

[Junio 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 marred. [brooks,  
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering  
With your edge 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 Sickenmen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.  
Make holy-day: your eye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.  
[Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join  
With the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end  
Whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks;  
after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they hourly vanish.

Pro. [Aside.] I had 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.

Mir. Never till this day,  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distress'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, are all spirits, and  
Are melt'd into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;  
Yo, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant fade,  
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 insomny.  
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 leave 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,  
Lest I might anger thee.  
[leta?  
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these var-  
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valor, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet, yet always heading  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their cars,  
Advance their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their cars,  
That, calf-like, they my bowing follow'd, through  
Tow'dl'd bribes, sharp furze, prickling borne, and  
thorns,
THE TEMPEST.

ACT V.

Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left them P't the filthy 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 'tis stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost; And as with age his body niger grows, So his mind rankers. I will plague them all, Re-enter Ariel, laden with glittering 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 weat.

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 harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the 3Jack 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. Thouwert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.

Ste. Patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to; softly; Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.— Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Enrtrve, my king, be quiet. Sceat thou here? This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, the Caliban, For aye thy foot-liege.

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! 3[Seeing the apparel.

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stphano! Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. [mean, Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you To dot on such baggage? Let't alone, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you 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. "Swell by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment fort.

Trin. Monster, come; put some 4line 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 favours of villainous love.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my boghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[4A 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! [Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews [them, With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make Than 5pard, or cat o' mountain. 6Cries of 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 labors end, and thou Shalt 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. Confid'nd together In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir; In the line-grove which 5weather-feeds your cell; They cannot 6budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Drim-full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo: His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops From coves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works That if you now behold them, your affections [them, Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, but 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? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury 7quick, 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 frown 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 elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
green woods, and ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the 1 green-sward ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Wake masters though ye be) I have be-dim'd
The nocturnal star, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green sea and the azure
d'vail
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong'ns'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the 2 spears pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have I waked their sleeper oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; 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 frantic 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, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.—
Noble Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the 3 flow of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves space;
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;—[blood,
Thou'tt pinch'd for't not soon, Sebastian.—Flesh and
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 lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, 'tis not would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapiers in my cell; [Exit ARIEL.
I will dispose me, and myself provide;
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;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:

* Root.

There I'll cool. When owls do cry,
On the bat'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, in this inmost place.
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce 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.

Pro. [Attired as Duke.] Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Where thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted 4 devil to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Bears as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affiction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
[pero Thou pardon me thy wrongs.—But how should Prosp.
Being live, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gen. Whether this be,
Or not, I will not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties 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.

Pro. No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest 5 faults; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, performe, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am 6 woe for't, sir.
Alon. Irrepiable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. 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.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. 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.

8 Sorry.
Alon. A daughter?  
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples, 
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish 
Myself were muddle in that oozy bed [ter? 
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daugh-

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords 
At this encounter do so much admire, 
There 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 wreck'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 
Beginning 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, bring forth a wonder, to content ye 
As much as me my dukedom.

Prospero draws a curtain, and discovers Ferdi-

and Miranda playing at chess 
Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Pro. No, my dearest love, 
I would not for the world. [wangle. 
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should 
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove 
A vision of the island, one dear son 
Shall I twice lose. 

Neb. A most high miracle! 
Pro. Though the seas threaten they are merciful: 
I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels to Alon. 
Alon. Now, all the blessings 
Of a glad father compass thee about! 
Arise, and say how thou cam'st 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 now to thee. [play? 
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at 
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours: 
Is she the goddess that hath nevered us, 
And brought us thus together? 

Fer. Sir, she is mortal; 
But by immortal providence, she is 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. 

Gen. I have inly wept, 
Or that I have spoke ere this: Look down, you gods, 
And on this couple drop a blessed crown, 
For it is you that have chaldk'd forth the way, 
Which brought us hither! 

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalez.

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 Charibe his husband find at Tunis; 
And Ferdinand, his brother, found a wife, 
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom, 
In a poor crust; 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'board, 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 'tare, and bravely rigg'd, as when 
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service [Aside. 
Have I done since I went. 

Pro. My tricksy spirit! [Aside. 
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'll strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches, 
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; straightforward, 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? 

be free. 

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod; 
And there is in this business more than nature 
Was ever conduct of; some oracle 
Must rectify our knowledge. 

Pro. Sir, my liege, 
Do not infrast 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; 
Set Caliban and his companions free; [Aside. 
Untie the spell. [Exit ARIEL.] How farse my gracious 
There are yet missing of your company 
[sir? 
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! 
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, 
Here's a goodly sight. 
Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed. 
How fine my master is! I am afraid 
He will chastise me.

*Wonder; marvel.
THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

Seb. 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 moon, make flows and ebbs, 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.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler? Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

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 hath no 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 drunken for a god, And worship this doll fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you Seb. Or stole it, rather. [Found it.

[Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.

Pro. Sir, I invite your bigness, 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, suspicions 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 bands, With the help of your good hands. 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 pieces so, that it assaults Mercy itself, and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon’d be, Let your indulgence set me free.

*By your applause.

*Honest.—“Gilded ’em,” I.e., made them drunk.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Dramatis Personae.

Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.
Valentine, & the two Gentlemen.
Proteus.
Antonio, Father to Proteus.
Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.
Eglamour, agent of Silvia in her escape.
Speed, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
Launce, the like to Proteus.

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. What not, affliction chains thy tender days? To the sweet glances of thy honor'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 lov'st, love still, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou become, 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.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success

Panthio, Servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws with Valentine.
Julia, beloved of Proteus.
Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta, Waiting-woman to Julia.
Servants, Musicians.

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 ever shoes in love. Val. 'Tis true; but you are over 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 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labor 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 fear, 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,

*Give me not the boots,* i.e., Do not make a laughing-stock of me. — *Reasoning; circumstantial deductions.* — *Conduct.*
SCENE II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

21

Mothinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits 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 its verdure then 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
Promises my coming, there to see me ship'd.
Pro. And chissel will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
For thy success in love, and what news else
Betide thee in absence of thy friend,
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness becalme to thee in Milan.
Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell.
Pro. He after honor hunters, I after love: [Exit.
He leaves his friends to digivory thern 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 ship'd already,
And I have play'd the *sheep in losing him.
Speed. This proves me still a very often stray,
As if the shepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude, that my master is 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 sitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a fitter 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 fowlers 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 "liza."
Pro. But, dost thou hear? gay'st thou my letter
to Julia?
Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter
to Lucetta, a lost mutton; and, as a lost mutton,
gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.
Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of
muttons.
Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were
best stick her.
Pro. Nay, in that you are a "stray," twere best
point you. Now are you "stray."
Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me
for carrying your letter.
Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, the pinfold.
Speed. From a pound to a pin I fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your
lover.
Pro. But what said she? did she nod?
Speed. [Speed nods.]
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
together, 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;
not having but the word noddy for my pains.
Pro. Beslow 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 both be at once deliver'd.
Pro. Well, sir; here is for your purse. What said
she?
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
2 better;
No, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter;
And being so hard to me that brought 2 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.
Pro. What! said she nothing?
Speed. No, not so much as "take this for thy
pains." To testify thy bounty, I thank you, you
have fortesten'd me; in requisit whereof, henceforth
I carry your letters yourself.
And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.
[2 Exit.
Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore. —
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not resign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. 2[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Julia's Garden.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with 2 parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love? [mind
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 Sir Eglamour?
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 2 Mercutio?
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: 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus 2 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 kept burns most of all. Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love. Luc. Of! they love least, that let men know their Jul. I would I knew his mind. [love. Luc. Peruse this paper, madam. [Gives Jul. "To Julia," Say, from whom? [a letter. Luc. That the contents will show. Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee? [Proteus. Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from He would have given it, but, 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 harbor wanton lines? To whisper and conspire against my youth? Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place. Think you, they love, 'tis seen, let it return'd, [back. Or else return me into my sight. Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate. Jul. Will you be gone? Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit. Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter. It was a shame to call her back again, And pray her to a fault for which I chid her. What fool 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 profferer construe, "Ay." Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love, That like a teazy babe will scratch the nurse, And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod. He would hurlishly chide me; Lucetta back, When willingly I would have had her here: How angrily I taught my brow to frown, When inward joy enforc'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. [I drops the letter, and takes it up again. Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly? Luc. Nothing. Jul. Why didst thou 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 toys as may be possible, Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love." Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune. —Matchmaker.
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.  
Ant. Why, what of him?  

Pant. 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 isles and countries;  
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 that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time,  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
The time, when, whither or how, I best may send him  
Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.  
Ant. I know it well.  
Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise,  
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.  
Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;  
And, that thou may'st perceive how I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known.  
Even with the swiftest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.  
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphono;  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.  
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:  
And, in good time, now will we break with him.  
Enter Proteus, not seeing his Father.  
Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
[Kissing a letter.  
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.  
Of that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
And seal our happiness with their consents!  
O heavenly Julia!  
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?  
Pro. May'st please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Putting deliver'd by a friend that came from him.  
[It up.  
Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.  
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well he is prov'd;  
And daily grace'd by the emperor;  
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.  
Must not that I thus suddenly proceed,  
For what I will, I will, and there the 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.  
[thee.  
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after  
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go,  
Come on, Pantano: you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition.  
[Exeunt Antonio and Pantano.  
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 resembleth  
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 Pantano.  
Pant. 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.  
[Exeunt.  

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.  

Speed. Sir, your glove.  
Val. Not mine; my gloves are 8 on.  
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but 8 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, where do you find her?  
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.  
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. [slow.  
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too  
Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam  
Speed. She that your worship loves? [Silvia!  
Val. Why, how now you that I am in love!  
Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you  
have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wrest your arms,  
like a mad-content; to relish a love song, like a  
robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that  
has't the pestilence; 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  
1 diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak  
polite, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont,  
when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you  
walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you  
fasted, it was presently after dinner; and when you  
look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now  
you are so metamorphos'd with a mistess, that,  
when I look on you, I can hardly think you my  
master.  
Val. Are all these things perceived in me?  
Speed. They are all perceived without ye.  

*Little corrigence.—Reproach.—Reputation.—Break  
the matter to him.  
Respects.—Sorted with, i. e., agreeable to.  
Wonder.
Val. Without me? they cannot.  
Seduc. Without you? say, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would be: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the winter in an unripened, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your madly.
Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?  
Seduc. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?
Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.  
Seduc. Why, sir, I know her not.  
Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not.
Seduc. Is she not hard-favor'd, sir?  
Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favor'd.  
Seduc. Sir, I know that well enough.  
Val. What dost thou know?  
Seduc. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favor'd.  
Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.  
Seduc. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.  
Val. How painted? and how out of count?  
Seduc. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.  
Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.
Seduc. You never saw her since she was deform'd.
Val. How long hath she been deform'd?
Seduc. Ever since you loved her.
Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.
Seduc. If you love her, you cannot see her.  
Val. Why?  
Seduc. Because love is blind. O! that you had made your own eyes, or your own eyes had had the lights they were wont to want, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!  
Val. What should I see then?
Seduc. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.
Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.  
Seduc. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.  
Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
Seduc. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.
Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.  
Seduc. And have you?  
Val. I have.  
Seduc. And are they not lamely writ?  
Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Seduc. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her. [rows.
Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good mor.  
Seduc. O! give ye good even: here's a million of manners.  
Aside.  
Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.  
Seduc. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.
Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship. [Giving a paper.  
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.  
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardy off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully. [pains?  
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much. No, madam: so it 4 stand you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much. And yet,—  
Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel: And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.  
Seduc. And yet you will; and yet, another yet.  
[Aside.  
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?  
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quire writ, But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.  
[Erasing.  
Val. Madam, they are for you.  
Sil. That you writ them, sir, at my request, But I will none of them: they are for you.  
I would have had them write more movingly.  
Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.  
Sil. And, when 'tis 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 labor: And so good-morrow, servant.  
[Exit.
Seduc. O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple. My master aces to her, and she hath taught her tuition, 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?  
Seduc. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
Val. To do what?
Seduc. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.  
Val. To whom?
Seduc. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.  
Val. What figure?
Seduc. By a letter, I should say.
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?
Seduc. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?  
Val. No, believe me.  
Seduc. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?  
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.  
Seduc. Why, she hath given you a letter.  
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.  
Seduc. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.  
Val. I would it were no worse!  
Seduc. 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 must you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

* Whipped.— Puppet-show.  
** Scholarly. — 4 Serve; profit. — "There an end," i. e., there's the conclusion.— "In print," i. e., with exactness.  

24 THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. ACT II.
SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in Julia’s House.

—— Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia’s sake.1

Pro. Why then, we’ll make exchange: here, take this.

[Exchange rings.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour e’erslaps me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Tornent me for my love’s forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[Exit Julia.

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay’d for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

—— Enter Launce, leading this Dog.

Launce. Nay, ’twill be this hour ere I have done weeping:
all the kind of the Launchees have this very fault.
I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial’s court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-matured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father weeping, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat weeping 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 grandam having no eyes, look you, 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 father:—no, no, this left shoe is my mother:—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it bath 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 myself; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wren; this hat is Nun, 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 I to my father; “Father, your blessing!”
now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping:
now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on.
Now come I 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 I 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 Panthino.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What’s the matter? why weepst 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. Put, man, I mean thou’lt lose 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 shoulst 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. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [Exeunt.


—— Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant.—

Val. Mistress.—

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it’s for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. Twere good you knock’d him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. & Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

Thu. Who seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, ’twill double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change color?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and darest you, for this time. [begin.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. ’Tis 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.

1 "The tied," i. e., the dog. — 2 Serious. — 3 Perhaps. — 4 Observe; note.
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 fellows than 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?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman 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 honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well? Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have conversed, 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 Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His words were younger, 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. b Bedrew 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 you. I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exeunt Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them, Upon some other pawn for fealty. [still.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners 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. Thu. 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 gentleman. [Exeunt Thurio. Sil. Welcome, dear Proteus;—Mistress, I beseech you, Confirm his welcome with some special favor. 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 never yet did want his meed. 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.

Thu. 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 house-affairs; When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed. Pro. 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 no balance for contemplating love; Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter faws, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled 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 wave 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. Ay, but 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 thy love be a princellship, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any, Except thou wilt 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 honor,— To bear thy lady's truest heart the base earth Should from her vesturo chance to steal a kiss, And, of so great a favor growing proud, Disdains 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

1"No way to." "I d I, no misery that can be compared with.

2"To his service," i. e., compared with his service.

3"Principalship," i. e., an angel of the first order.
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, To wot no nectar, but the rocks pure gold. Forgive me, if 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 it, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you? [marriage hour]

Val. Ay, and if mine own estate, that may, move, our With all the cunning manner of our flight Determin'd 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. I have no time to consult thee now, but 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 thine; Which, like a waxen image in a fire, Bears no impression of the thing it was. Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold, And love that him not, as I was wont: O! but I love his lady too, too much; And that's the reason I love him so little. How shall I date on her with more advice, That thus without advice begin to love her? 'Tis but a 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. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honest, welcome to Milan. Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never welcome 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 proved very fairly in the quarrel.

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. [One. Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all. 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 I prize thee, I'm sure; my master is become a notable lover. Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

[To be. Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak't 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 alehouse: 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. [Exeunt.

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, Provokest 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, how, and wherefore, to repent. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

a "Haven."—"With more advice," i.e., on further knowledge. "Her picture," i.e., her external form. "Her perfections," i.e., the perfections of her mind.

* "How say'st thou," i.e., what say'st thou to this circumstance?—"Tempting."—Coeur.
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 corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his e'ener competitor.
Now, presently, I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretend it flight;
Who, all curr'd, 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, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To 2 lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, 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 traverse the 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
Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [good
By longing for that food so long a time.
Dost thou but know the inky touch of love,
Thou 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 damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current flows, 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 candel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overthaieth in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wide 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 untasteful, may become a mark
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your brooches?

Jul. That fits as well, as 4 tell me, good my lord,

* Confedrate.— 4 Intended.— 4 Teach; instruct.— 4 Trouble.
* 4 Of greater time," i.e., of more pretension.

What compass will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest 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 unseid 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 good words to the many 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 fears, 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 lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear 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 thy 2 tardiance. [Exeunt.

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 favors
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,
Then, by concealing it, heap on your head

"Hope Petticoat. — Delay:
A pack of sorrow, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your spirit's grave.
Pray, take thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep.
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which myself last now disclosed to me.
And, that 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 convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devia'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, to do it so conveniently,
That my discovery be not aim'd at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any flight from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming.
[Exit.

Enter Valentine, in his cloath.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither 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 thes 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 honorable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Becoming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peacev, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers
Upon advice hath draw'd my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
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 Milane here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteem my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agoe I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye:
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 scornd what best contents
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love more.
If she dorown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Yon then I would resolve the matter by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
That no man hath recourse to her by night. [safe,
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder squarely made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for more, and, that he can not be,
By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my long cloak.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

Val. I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me,—via?

What letter is this same? What's here?

Love.

And here an engine fit for my proceeding:

If ladder and letter fall out.

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
[Reads.

"My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impart,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath hised?
Because myself do want my sovereign fortune,
Then, I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord should be.
What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enframish thee;"
"Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose."

Why, Phaeton, (for thou art a Merops' son)

[Hinters. Ingeniously. Instrument.—"Thou art Merops' son," i.e., "Thou art Phaeton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art a low-born wretch, the issue of Merops, and not the son of a divinity."
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because thy shine on thee?
Go, be intruder; ever-weening slave:
Beastly thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favors
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 livest thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit Duke.]

Val. And why not death, rather than living too
To die is 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 it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the superstition of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the nightingale;
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, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.
Launc. So-ho! so-ho!
Pro. What seekest thou?
Launc. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launc. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?
Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?
Launc. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launc. 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
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, unmeaning, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No. Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hast thou forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
Launc. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are advis'd.
Pro. That thou art advis'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 surfeit.
Dost Silvia know that I am banish'd?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrever'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
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But not her headed 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 char'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of killing there.
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.
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 express:
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.
Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.]

Launc. 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 am I
love; but 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 'tis a
milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had
sopisses: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's
maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualitie
than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare
Christian. Here's the cat-log [pulling out a paper]
of her conditions. Imprimis, '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.

Srep. How now, signior Launce? what news with your master ship?

Launc. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Srep. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.

What news, then, in your paper?

Launc. The blackest news that ever thonheard'st.

* Cones.—"To fly," i.e., by flying—a Gallicism.  

6 Recall.—Grief.—Women ancientsly had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they carried not only love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money. —"But one knave," i.e., not a double knave.—"Gossip," talking women who attend accompaniments.
SCENE II. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Speed. Why, man, how black? 
Launce. Why, as black as ink. 
Speed. Let me read them. [read. 
Launce. Pie on! thou head! thou canst not 
Speed. Thou liest, I can. [thick? 
Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot 
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. 
Launce. O, illiterate hither! it was the son of thy 
grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read. 
Speed. Come, food, come: try me in thy paper. 
Launce. Then and thin Nicholas his 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 thy heart, you brew good ale. 
Speed. Item, "She can 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 wench, when she can knit him a stock? 
Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour." 
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd. 
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 fastening, 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. That's no matter for that; so she 1 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 virtu: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue. 
Speed. Item, "She is proud." 
Launce. Withal that too: it was Eve's legacy, 
and cannot be taken from her. 
Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth." 
Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crust. 
Speed. Item, "She is curst." [bite. 
Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to 
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 wisdom 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: she 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. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,— 
Speed. What then? 
Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master 
stays for thee at the north-gate. 
Speed. For me? 
Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath 
stay'd for a better man than thee. 
Speed. And must I go to him? 
Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd 
so long, that going will scarce serve the turn. 
Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pos of 
your love-letters. [Exit, running. 
Launce. Now will he be away for reading my letter. An unmanfully slave, that will thrust himself 
into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. 
[Exit. 


Enter Duke and Thurio. 

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love 
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. [you, 
Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most; 
Forsworn my company, and mild'd at me, 
That I am desperate of obtaining her. 
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure 
Trench'd 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 her against my will. 
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here. 
Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so. 
What might we do to make the girl forget 
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio? 
Pro. The best way is, to shun Valentine 
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent; 
Three things that women highly hold in hate. 
Duke. Ay, but she thinks 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 shun him. 
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do: 

* Graceful. — Whipped. — Curved. — With circumstance, i.e., with incident particulars.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose. A man I am cross'd with adversity: My riches are the pox of my habitments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

Spe. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

Spe. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

Val. Have you long sojourn'd there? [stay'd,

Spe. Some sixteen months; and longer might have

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

Val. What! were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

Spe. For what offence?

Val. For that which now tormenteth me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully, in fight.

Within the false name of me, or base scribbery.

1. Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.


Or else I had been often miserable.

2. Out. The hero from the 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.

[They talk apart.

Speed. Master, be one of them:

It is an honorable kind of thievry.

Val. Peace, villain!

2. Out. We'll tell you this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3. Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungodly youth

Thrust from the company of p'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 20, 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 equality much want—

2. 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? [sort?

3. Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-

Say, and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage, and be rival'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1. Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest

1 Comely; well-proportioned. — 8 Garments. — 8 Have you the tongues? i.e. Do you speak various languages? — 9 Fat fryer," i.e. Friar Tuck — 10 Reverend; worshipful. — 11 Anger; rage. — 12 Professions; occupation.
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 color of commanding 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 forsworn, 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, spaniel-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 ears.

Enter Thurio, and Musicians.


Enter Host and Julia (in boy's clothes), behind. Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're ally-cholly: 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 gentleman that you ask'd for.

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 sons now 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 sudder 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. 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. [Music plays again. 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, Luaince, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nickel.
Jul. Where is Luaince?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts. Pro. Sir Thurio, fear you not: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thy. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thy. 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 bide you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man! Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceited, To be seduced by thy flattery, That hast deceiv'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.] Twere 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 rattle it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;

*"Out of all nick," i. e., beyond all reckoning, or count. Reckonings were kept by hosts upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV.

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your griefs,
And the most true affections that you bear;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Rocking as little what betidest me,
As much I wish all good be'tune you.
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 Launce with his dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought me, a puppy one that I saved from drowning, when the lady of 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 me to her trenched, and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing; when a man 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 suffered for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a passing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "what cur is that?" says another; "whipping 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?" he says, "marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "twas 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 set 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.

Jul. 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. — How, now, you whoreson peasant?

Whence have you been these two days lodging?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Gricks., Caring., Restrains., Hoop petticoat. —

*By my halidom, I, e., by my faith. —

Injunction; command. — Compassionate. —

Upon whose grave thou vouch'dst pure chastity. It was the custom in former times for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity, in honor of their deceased wives or husbands. —
Scene IV.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tell you, curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv’d my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this 1 cur from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by a hangman boy in the market-place; and then I offer’d her mine 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 ne’er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here?

A slave that still an 2 end 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 ’tis no trusting to you foolish love;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behavior,
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 shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov’d you as well As you do to 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 you cry alas!

Pro. Well, give to her that ring; and therewithal
This letter—that’s her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hee 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 despiest me?

Because he loves her, he despises 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 am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus’d;

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.

Silv. 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.

* Still an end, i.e. perpetually; generally. ** Requiesce; reign.
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 ThUDIO, 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 be spared to what it loathes. [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.
I better brook than flourishing 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! that thou dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion too long tenanted,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Then gentle nymph, cherish thy dear swain—
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?

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 there comes here?

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service having done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your hand, and your love,
Vouchsafe me, for my need, 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.
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 to thy presence.

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, perjuri'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone: soliciit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look.
O! this is the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot find where 'tis belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over 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 none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who 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. 'Tis coming forward.] Raffian, let go that rude
Thou friend of an ill fashion! [uncivil touch;
Pro. Valentine! [love;
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!

*To "record" anciently signified to sing.—4 [Dear.—"Approved," i. e., confirmed by proof.

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 wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjuri'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 deepest. O time most accurate!
'Mongst all thy foes a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and a desperate guilt at once con-
found me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If heartily 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 pens'd:
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, sir; this is it. [Gives a ring.
Pro. How! let me see.

This is the ring I gave to Julia.
Val. O! cry you mercy, sir; I hope mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? [ring.
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it thither.

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; 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
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the
Inconstancy falls off, e'er it begins.
[aims
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:
'Twore pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize! [Duke,—
Val. Forswear; forswear, I say; it is my lord the
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentia.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
4 [Her that gave aim, i. e., that was the mark.—4 "The root," i. e., of her heart.
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.
Thou, 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 a means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
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 describ'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, [happy.
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'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. [thee:
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will conclude all jurs
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 boy, 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.]

*Pageants.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act II.—Scene 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, a Country Justice.
Slender, Cousin to Shallow.
Ford, Two Gentlemen dwelling at Page.
William Page, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh Parson.
Dr. Caius, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

Bartholomew, Followers of Falstaff.
Pistol.
Nym.
Robin, Page to Falstaff.
Simple, Servant to Slender.
John Rugby, Servant to Dr. Caius.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Anne Page, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and cust-alorum.

Slender. Ay, and rotalorum 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.

— Sir was a title formerly applied to priests and curates.

* Cust-alorum, a corruption of custos rotalorum. — Armigero — esquire.

1. Done, i.e., all the Shallows have done.

Shal. All his successors, gone before him, luth don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white luces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Eva. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Shal. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying, 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 disparagements 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.

* [Apassant, i.e., by the way.—The court of Star-chamber.
Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot: take your \textit{viz.} vizards in that.

Shal. Ha! o’ my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is fitter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, brings good discretion with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master Gabriel Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks \textit{b} small, like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the ord; as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandisire, upon his death’s-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seventeene years old. It was a good motion, if we leave our pribilles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandisire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter paige.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman: she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and \textit{possibilities}, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is one true not. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for master Page. [Knocks.] What, hon! Got pless your house here!

Page. Who’s there?

Eva. Here is God’s plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallock; and here young master Slenor, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

\textit{2 Enter Page.}

Page. I am glad to see your worshipes well. I thank you for your venison, master Shallow.

Eva. My Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wish’d your venison better; it was ill kill’d.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; 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 Slenor. How does your fellow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on \textit{cotswold.}\footnote{\textit{Cotswold Hills}, in Gloucestershire.}

Page. It could not be \textit{judg’d}, sir.

Slen. You’ll not confess, you’ll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—’tis your fault, ’tis your fault.—’Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, be 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, esquire, saith he is wrong’d.

Page. Here comes sir John.

\textit{Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.}

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you’ll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have benten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss’d your keeper’s daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Pistol. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. Twere better for you, if it were known in council: you’ll be laughed at.

Eva. \textit{Pauca verba}, sir John; good words.

Fal. Good \textit{words}? good cabbage.—Slenor, 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-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Pistol. Bard. You Banbury \textit{cheese}!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, \textit{Mephostophilus}?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym, Slenor, I say! \textit{panca, panca; slice}! that’s my humour.

Slen. Where’s Simple, my man i.—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three uprises in this matter, as I understand; that is—master Page, \textit{fidelect}, master Page; and there is myself, \textit{fidelect}, myself; and the third party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter. Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ‘eck upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Fal. Thee, thee, little devil and thy tam! what phrase is this?

Fal. He hears with ear? Why, it is affections.

Pistol. Falstaff, did you pick master Slenor’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 \textit{mill-sixpences}, and two Edward \textit{shovel-board}, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Falstaff. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Hm, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this \textit{latten bilbo}:

Word of denial in thy \textit{labras} here;

Word of denial! froth and scum, thou liest.

Shal. By these gloves, then twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humors. I will say, “merry trap,” with you, if you run the \textit{notebook}’s humor on me; that is the very note of it.

\textit{Worts} was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.—\textit{i.e.}, Cabbage.—\textit{Shall}: An allusion to the thin carcases of Slenor.—\textit{Nine}: The name of a familiar spirit in the old story-book of Faustus.—\textit{Few words}.—\textit{Mill-sixpences} were used as covenants to cast up money.—\textit{The great shillingings of Edward the Sixth}, used in the game of shattle-board.—\textit{Latten bilbo}., i.e., brass sword-blade.—\textit{Word of denial in thy labras}, i.e., the lie in thy teeth.—\textit{If you run the notebook’s humor on me}, i.e., if you try to bring me to justice.
Enter Anne Page with Wine; 1 and Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.  [Exit Anne Page. FN. Oh heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.]

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 paste to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.  [Exit all but Shallow, Slen, 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 Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?
Slen. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, 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.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.
Slen. So I do, coz.  
Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slen. I will description 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.

eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.
Slen. Ay, there's the point, sir.
Eva. 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.

Eva. 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 'parcel of the mouth; therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?
Shal. Cousin Abraham Slen, can you love her?
Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

1 In allusion to Bardolph's red face.—Drunk. — i. e., Ran the charge—a military phrase. — Allhallowmas (Nov. 1st) is nearly five weeks after Michaelmas (Sept. 29). This is probably an intentional blunder. — Proposal. — Part. 

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak 'p'racically, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. 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.

Eva. Nay, conceal me, conceal me, sweet coz: what I do, is to please 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, 'merry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and absolutely.

Eva. It is a fever discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort, is according to our meaning, resolution.—His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.
Slen. Ay, or else I would me be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. 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.
Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace.  [Exit Shallow and Evans.]
Anne. Will't 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-langry, I thank you, forsooth. — Go, sirrah, you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.  [Exit 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 2 master of fence, (three 'vencys 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? I be there bears! the town?  

[ Dogs bark. 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 3 Sackerson 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- favored rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slen, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.
SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Ev. Go your ways, and ask of doctor Cains' 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 h'andy 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 require 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-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Disceard, bully Hercules; canister: let them way; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, c'Kesar, and Pleasur. 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 4 froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[Exeunt Host and Bardolph.

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.

[Exeunt Bardolph.

Pist. O base Gunterian wight! wilt thou the spigot wold?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceived! His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his fiching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steal at a 2 minim's rest.

Pist. Convoy, the wise it call. Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, siris, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let & kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, 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 lad, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. I've got now, Pistol. Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she 2 craves, she gives the hear of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. I thank thee, sirrah, for that will, and translated her so well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humor 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 humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have write 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 2 culliards: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did she run on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O! she did so course 0'er my extremities with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorched 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 6 beauty. I will be 8 cheater to them both, and they shall be cheaters to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear them this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, inds, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor: here, take the humor-letter. I will keep the behavior of reputation.

Pist. Hold, sirrah, [to Robin] bear you these letters 8 high.

Sail like my 8 pinasse to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avant! vanish like hailstones go, Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humor of 2 the age.

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let volutes grip thy guts! for gourd, and 9 gourd holds, And high and low beguile the rich and poor.

Test. I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk.

Nym. I have operations, which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her 8 stars.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humors, I:

I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall 8cke unfold, How Falstaff, varlet vile,

Nym. I ken the wight," i.e., I know the fellow, — Taunts.—

"Angel" was the name of a coin formerly current in England, bearing the figure of an angel.—"Drill" was a word used to designate a large one.—"Gourd" and "llumen" were contemporary terms for false dice.—"Testor I'll have in pouch, i.e., sixpence I'll have in pocket. —Likewise.
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch doth glide.

Nym. Your humor shall not cool: I will *incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with byewolliness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humor.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, I'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' st 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 within; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no *breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something *pervious that way, but nobody 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 glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a *Cain-colored beard.

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 *warrence.

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.

Quick. We shall all be s'ent. 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, down-a-us," &c. [Sings.}

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boiter 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 horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud.
Je m'en vois à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket; dépêche, quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby? Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir. [Enter Rugby.

Caius. You is John Rugby, and you is Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to do count.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my troth, I tarry too long.—O'd me! Qu' est-ce foudroyé? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the vorld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [Aside.] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—


Caius. Verefore 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 ermand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Well.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Pence-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, in; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, bailles me some paper: tarry you a petit-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 manchoy.—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, wirng, brew, bake, scorr, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis 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 none 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 dis letter to sir Hugh. By gar, it is a challenge: I'll cut his trout in de park; and I will teach a scruvy 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. Ains! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter 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 Jarrétére 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 a 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

*Inzigane.—Jealousy.—Breed-strap.—Silly; childish.

* It is said that Cain and Judas were constantly represented in old pictures with yellow beards;—Mild-tempered.—

* As tall a man of his hands; i.e., as brave a man of valor. 

* The keeper of a warren:—Roughly handled.

* What, the good year? an exclamation of the time.
picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice 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 next court 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 not believe that: I have to show 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 tripping respect, I could come to such honor.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor. 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?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will knock; and so, thou shouldest not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light;—here, 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 tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tunns 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. Page. 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, nine 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 had 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 with; for, sure, unless he know some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

\[Footnotes:
* Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho! 
\]

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Ford.

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 sure, very fair; but, I verily think, as 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 "alibechly 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 it? truth, that I will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

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?

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scape-dove love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

"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 mock, 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 behavior hath this Flemish drunkard

\[Footnotes:
* I trow," i.e., I pray. 
* Protest. —Melancholy. 
* Heedless. —The English of Elizabeth's days accented the Flemings with having taught them to drink to excess.
\]
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 villainy against him, that may not sully 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 so 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.

Pist. Hope it be a *curtail dog in some affairs; Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor. Both young and old, one with another. Ford, he loves the *gaily-maury: Ford, 'perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With lively burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels. O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell: [night: Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by Toke heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do Away, sir corporal Nym. —] [Sing: —

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 humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese. Adieu. [Exit Nym.]

Page. The humor of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a *dawdling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Catalan, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good scambale follow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!


Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchetts in thy head now. — Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — [Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit. Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt 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 ranting 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. Cavalirojustice, I say.

3 Enter Shal.

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. — 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 Cains, 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.]

Shal. Will you [to Page] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weeps and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jest. — Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Host thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier. — Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a *pottle of burnt sack to give me courteous 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

* Four pints.
Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

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 a wanent: 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 cannyem, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canny; 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 a alligrant touch! 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 any such 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 have been words, say, 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, that you a wart of: master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Abs! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealous man; she leads a very a rampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's a fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning or evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, ha; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the atraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for it!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed. But mistress Page would desire you to send her

1 Quaintary.— 2 Elegant. — 3 Gold coin. — 4 Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid.— 5 Know. — Venetian.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Scene II.

Your little page, of all loves; her husband has a
malignant infection to the little page; and, truly,
Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in
Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what
she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to
bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she
will; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a
kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must
send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he
may come and go between you both; and, in any
case, have a hayword, that you may know one
other's mind, and the boy never need to understand
any thing; for 'tis not good that children should
know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have
discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both.

There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go
along with this woman.—This news, I am sure,

[Exit Mrs. Quickly and Robin.

Fal. This 'punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—
Chap on more sail; pursue, up with your 'lights:
Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean where she all!

[Exit Piston.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll
make more of thy old body than I have done.
Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the
expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good
body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done;
so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below
who will speak with you, and be acquainted with
you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught
of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [Exit BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks
are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah!
ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encom-
passed you? go to; "Evia!"

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Fal. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me?

FORD. I make bold, to press with so little prepara-
tion upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will?—Give
us leave, drawer. [Exit BARDOLPH.

Fal. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much:
my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaint-
ance of you.

FORD. Good Sir John, I see 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 unse-
asoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before,
all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD. Truth, and I have a bag of money here
troubles me: if you will help to hear it, Sir John,
take 'tis, or all, for easeing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be
your porter.

"Of all loves," i. e., by all means.—Watchword; by
word: "Watch" means the most colts hung round about
the ship, to hinder the men from being seen by
the enemy in the combat.—It was a custom in taverns,
in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room
to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of
introduction to acquaintance.—"Fuit!" i. e., forward! go on!

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the
hearing.

Fal. 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 upon 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,
with you yourself know, how easy it is to be such
an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her
husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

FORD. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you,
bestowed much on her; followed her with a doing
of observance; 1 enlargeth opportunities to meet her;
feels 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, 2 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 another love pursues;
Pursuing that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction
at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. 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.

Fal. 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 nirth so far, that
the tabled 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 allowed for your many war-like,
court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is
money: spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all
I have, only give me so much of your time in ex-
change of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the hon-
esty 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.

Fal. 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 ac-
surely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly
of my suit daras not present itself: she is too bright
to be looked against. Now, could I come to her

1 Since,—Attention; heed,—Seized.—Reward.—Of
great admittance," i. e., admitted into all, or the greatest
company.—Approved.—Accomplishments.

2 Since,—Attention; heed,—Seized.—Reward.—Of
great admittance," i. e., admitted into all, or the greatest
company.—Approved.—Accomplishments.
with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves I could drive her, then, from the a yard 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’t, sir John?

Fal. 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. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. 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 rashly 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?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say, the jealous b wittily knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the lady of the cuckoldly rogue’s coffer, and there’s my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you know Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. 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 meteoor o’er the cuckold’s horns; master Brook, thou shalt know I will dominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—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. [Exit Falstaff.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—
My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who said he was this is improvis’d 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 coffers 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!—Ammonium sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbarous, well; yet they are devils’ additions, the names of winds! but cuckold! wittily cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Paget 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 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, detect 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 Ford.

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. What is the clock, Jack?

Rug. ’Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, but he is no come: he has pray his Bible vell, that 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 will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.


Rug. Forbear; Here’s company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDRER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Ye be all run, one, two, three, four, come for! Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy ty montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Askulapius? 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, three hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. 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 b hair of your professions. Is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great figher, though now a man of peace.

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 valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, then, I have as much mock-water

1 Thrust. — Terms in fencing. — Elder has a heart of pith; hence the joke. — Bully-stale and King-Urinal are epithets alluding to the empirical water-doctors. — Castillan was used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish armada. The Host avails himself of the Doctor’s ignorance of English to cover him with ridicule. — Against the hair, i.e., against the grain. — To make one, i.e., to make one of the combatants.
as do Englishman.—Scurry jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.

Host. He will clappier-claw thee tightly, bully.

dais. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw ine; for, by gar, me will have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

dais. Me tuck you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalier Slen'der, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humor 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 Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen'der.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Curds and creams, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tuck 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 the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; y'ell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, with a book, and Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slen'der's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physick?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pip-way, the park-way, old Windsor way, and every way, but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [Retiring.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trembling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have received me.—How melancholy I am!—I will knog his urinary about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—pless my soul! [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our pells of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry.

[Sings.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;
When as I sat in Babylon,
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

[4]

Sim. [Coming forward.] Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.—[Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapon, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shal, and Slen'der.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a garnerer 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. Please you from your mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Every well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverence gentleman, who, belike 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 Hippocrates 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 lack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let a-me speak a word vit your ear; verifye vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John spe.

Host. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knog your urinals about your knave's coxcomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de Jarretière, 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.


[Forgetful.
Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.
Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Gar-ter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machia
vel? Shall 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 provosts and the novices.—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.
Shall. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.
Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!
[Exeunt Shallow, Slenker, Page, and Host.
Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat! have you make-a
de*ot of us? ha, ha!
Eva. This is well, he has made us his cloutino-
stok.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us make our paynins together to be revenge on this same scall, erry, coggling company, 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 nods-d.—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?
Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had of him,—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?
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 piece-outs his wife's inclination; he gives her false 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!—

Fool.—Floating-stock; laughing-stock.—Scold's head, a term of reproach.—Wheeling: cheating.

they are hid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeing mistress Page, divalde Page himself for a secure and wilful Acton; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry 'aum. [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, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Page, Shal., &c. Well met, master Ford.
Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.
Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.
Slen. And so must I, sir: we have 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.
Slen. 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 maid is loves-me: my nursh-a quickly tell me so much.
Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May, he will carry,' tis 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 Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have wints 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 flier wooting at master Page's.
[Exeunt Shallow and Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.
[Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.
[Exit Host.

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?
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. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—
Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

*Acton was transformed by Diana into a stag; the allu-
sion is to the animal's horns. "Cry alms," i.e., encour-
age; applauded. "—Spokes holyday," i.e., in holyday style.
"April and May," i.e., of April and May.—An allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called bachelor's button.
"Of no having," i.e., of no fortune, possessions; not wealthy.—"In pipe-wine," i.e., in wine from the pipe.
Enter 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 hurry'd up.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggerring) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the *whistlers in Datchet mead, and there empty 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. [Exit Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my b'cyns-musket? 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 everlastings liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. 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 your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, kiss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery dampness:—we'll teach him to know turds 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!

Fal. 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 your 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 tire-valant, 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-circular *farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not, nature thy b'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 many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklesbury in *simple-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Countess, which is as hateful to me as the neck of a time-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it out.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will enclose me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.—[Falstaff hides himself.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistaken in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; let think you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to *bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

---

*a Bleachers of linen.  
*b Young sparrow-hawk.  
*c A stuffed puppet, thrown at in Lent, as cocks were at Shrove-tide.  
*d Turtles from jays.  
*e, e. honest women from loose ones.  
*f A doublet of Venetian fashion.  
*g A head-dress of Venetian fashion.  
*h Nature thy friend.  
*i. i. nature being thy friend.  
+j Bucklersbury was a place chiefly inhabited by druggists.  
+k Simple time.  
+l Simple.  
+m Counter.  
*n Tapestry.  
*o To bucking.  
*p Whiting-time.  
*q Bleaching-time.
Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

-Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. Why, I carry 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, 1 and falls over: they cover him with foul linen.


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? Stern. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do with thither 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. [Exit 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 warm it, we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—so, now is uncape.

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.]

Eva. This is very fantastical humors, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de' fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [Exit 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 sinrin 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 jealous till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his distempered disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

* A cowl-stuff—A staff with two handles, used for carrying a large basket.—b "How you drumbe," i.e., how sanguinely you move.—c "Uncense," i.e., let lose the game.—d Character; disposition.—e Violent.

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 bragged 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. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the cellars, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page.ie, he, master Ford: are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your dissembler 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 a women as 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 is 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 knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fentos 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 wou'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.

Manner; way.—i.e., Scoffs.—Estate.
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. Be not dismay'd.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice. Oh, what a world of vile ill-favor'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 hast 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 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

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.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Ah, lady! had rather be set quick 't' the earth,

And bow'd to death with turnips. [master Fenton, Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

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.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

Fenton. 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. — night

Fenton. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to—

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

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 I 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 specially for master Fenton.

Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to 8 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 husband of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slyed me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen of '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 down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy 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.

Anne. Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

4 Excuse; palliation. — Allive.— "Once," i.e., some time. — Especially.— "Neglect," i.e., Pity.
Pal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a pot of sack finely.

Ford. With eggs, sir?

Pal. Simple of itself; I'll no puppet-sperm in my broth. — [Exit BARD.] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Pal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they should seek her correction.

Pal. So did I nine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yean 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 amends, I warrant you.

Pal. 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.

Pal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, indeed, sir.

Pal. Well, he may: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. — [Exit.

Pal. 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.

Pal. Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Pal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Pal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Pal. No, master Brook; but the peaking c ornamento her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual lurum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and said farewell, spoke the prologue of our comedy, and at his heels a rabbie of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his dissembler, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were there?

Pal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Pal. You shall hear. As good lack 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!

Pal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, soaks, fool 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?

Pal. 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 knives, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Dutchet-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 luscious knife would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on we went for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three 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, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted 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 horseshoe; think of that,—bisecting, —think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Pal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, 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.

Pal. Is it? I will then 'address me to your 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! la! 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 have linen, and buck-basket.?—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the feacher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis 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 to 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 presently; 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

4 "Detected with," i. e., suspected by. — "a billbo" is a Spanish sword-blade of great flexibility.— "Address me," i. e., make myself ready.— "Outrageous."
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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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 Slender 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 accidence.

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 lapsis, William?

Will. A stone.

Quick. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Quick. Well, you are a very simple 'oman:—What is the accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: accusativo, hinc, hang, hog.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prattles, 'oman.—What is the locative case, William?

Will. O—locativo, O.

Eva. Remember, William; locativo is, caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitivo case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitivo,—horum, horum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on you!—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 kick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum,—fie on you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunaticks! hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers 2 and the genders? 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. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is qui, qui, quod; if you forget your qui, your ques, and your quods, you must be 1 preaches. 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.

[Exit.]

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 6 obscureous 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 birling, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What hou! gossip Ford! what hou!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Page. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, I'll tell you. [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 4 lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eva's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Poor-out, 3 Poor-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to 2 this disturber 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?

Re-enter Falstaff 4 in fright.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Aha, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what 'make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

* Breched; i. e., flogged.

3 Quick; alert.—Surrowful.—Dumsey; frenzey.—"Poor-out!" an allusion to the sports of children, who thus call on a small to push forth his horns.—Do.
Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birthing-pieces. Creep into the klin-hole. 

Petr. Where is it? 

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. 

Petr. I'll go out, then. 

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir 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. 

Petr. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief. 

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 thum'd b'lut, and her cuff'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. 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 will 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. 

[Exit. 

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; 'Tis old but true, "Still swine eat all the 4'draft."

[Exit. 

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 bear so much lead. 

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, 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 panderly rascals! there's a knot, a f'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; I have the tealings. 

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned. 

Ford. 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; hold 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. 'Tis 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 sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen. 

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a thief's death. [All Clothes thrown out. 

Page. Here's no man. 

Shal. By my fulcility, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you. 

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies. 

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 a color 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 k'eman."

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 k'eman, an old cozening k'eman! 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 a daubery as this; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you bag her 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. 

*Inventory: list.—A "thurum'd" hat was a last composed of a iufs or thums.—A "muffler" was a part of female attire which covered only the lower part of the face. 

Dregs; refuse — Flimping; punplike.—Gang.
Ford. I'll prat her.—Out of my door, you witch! [beats him.] you rag, you baggage, you pococat, you istryon! 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 you and 'nay, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when 'a omen has a great pearled; I spy a great pearled under her 6 muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no "trail," never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little farther. Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, and Evans.

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 cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er 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 fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will, 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; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unwitful fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no "period to the jest. Should he be not 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 should that be, that 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 scarce them; they have had my house a work at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must 6 come off; I'll scarce 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. [wilt; Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [stand, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor 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 offence;

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 peatan, as an old 'oman: 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. [he comes,

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns; And through he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle; And makes milche-kine yield blood, and shakes a chan: In a most bodes and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know, The superstitious Idle-headed old Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear In deep of night to walk by this Herne'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 Herne, 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, 1 urchins, and faeries, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, And rallets 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 2 diffused song; upon their sight,

We two in great amazement will fly:

Then, let them all encircle him about,

And, fairy-like, 4-toppin the unclean knight;

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,

In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,

Let the supposed fairies pinch him 6 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.

1 "Takes the cattle," i.e., strikes them with disease. — Old people. — Elves ; goblins. — Obscure; strange. — Boil; pinch hard.

8 Many wretch. — Cover for the lower part of the face.

12 "Cry out upon no trull," i.e., bark upon no scent—a hunting word. — "Cry out! — "Cry out! — "Cry out! — "Cry out! — "Cry out! — i.e., by destroying our reputation. — "No period," i.e., no right period, or proper catastrophe. — "I'll scarce them," i.e., charge them at a high price. — "Come off," i.e., come down; pay down a sum of money.
Ford. The children must be practis’d well to this, or they’ll ne’er do’t.

Exit. I will teach the children their behaviors; 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 a vizards. Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the Fairies, and I will make the little ass a very pretty woman. [Aside.] Page. That silk will I go buy. [Aside.] 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 b prop, and tricking for our fairies. [Exit."

Exit. Let us about it: it is an 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.

I’ll to the doctor: he hath my good will, and none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well banded, is an idiot; and ’tis 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."

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discourse; brief, short, quick, snappish.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There’s his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: ’tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he’ll speak like an Anthropophagian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There’s an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: ’tis to be so bold as stay, sir, till she comes down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I’ll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesius, calls.

Fal. [Above.] How now, mine host?

Host. Here’s a Bohemian Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend! my chambers are honorable; lie! privacy! fie! enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she’s gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was’t not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it? muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nyn, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her, too, from him.

Host. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Fal. You may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them; and thou disgorgeth. Sim. Ay, were they nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master’s fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. ‘Tis, ‘tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir, fikie, who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art a clerk, thou art clerkly, sir John.

Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it, neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage! Host. Where be my horses! speak well of them, ivalletto.

Bard. Run away with by the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mine; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fussiers.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fied: Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town this me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and violent-stogs, and ’tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarrettière?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful readiess.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tall-me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my troth, dere is no duke, dat de count is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit Host and Bardolph.

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 cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen’s boats with me;
I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forsook myself at *Primero. Well, if my wind were but long ¹ 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 inconsistancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

**Quick.** And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; ² speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

**Fal.** What tells thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like 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 in the stocks, ³ i.e., 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 heavens! 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 over all.

**Pose.** Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my pur- ² and, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee And a hundred pound in gold more than your 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; ⁴ Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser) Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The which whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both; ⁵ wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[**Showing the Letter.**

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host: To-night at Herne'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. Cuius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shille her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the dearness, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white;

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*¹ Primero* was a fashionable game at cards.—² Especially.

*² Hero,* i.e., in the letter.

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 ⁶ quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendant, flaring '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 procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And in the height 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 recompense. [*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 this is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—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 'mince. [*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 you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knife, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed freency. I will tell you.—He host me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a ⁷ shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked ⁴ 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 his wife into 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 couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

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*⁴ Fantastically.—⁵ "Hold," i.e., keep to the time.—⁶ Walk; begone.—⁷ An allusion to the Book of Job: " My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."" Plucking live geese of their feathers was formerly a barbarous sport among boys.
Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a "may-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.

Shal. 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 6 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 your 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 chace at the doctor, 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?

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 lie be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such weaslers and their lechery,

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.

Eca. 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 Europa; 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, 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, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-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 4 scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes, and let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves,"—ball kissing-comfits, and snow 5 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 'brice-buck, each a launch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the 6 felloe of this walk, and my horns I bequeath you your husbands. Am I a 6 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. Mrs. Page. 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. Quick- ly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with wazon tapers on their heads.

Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You 6 pair-brothers of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your 6 quality.

Crier Hogobelin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys! Cricket, to Windsor chimneys 2 when thou'st leapt, Wherefore thou find'st unfrakk'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the maid's as blue as billyberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttrey. Fal. They are fairies; be, that speaks to them, shall die: 3 To himself. I'll wink and cough. No man their works must eye. [Lies down upon his face. Ena. Where's Bead?—Go you, and where you find a maid, That, o'er she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, 4 Rouse up the organs of her 6 fancy, Sleep she in sound or careless infancy. But those 6 that sleep, and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and Queen. About, about! [shines. Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out. Strew good luck 'omphes, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit; Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm, and every precious 6 flower: Each fair instalment, cont, and several crest, With loyal blazon, ever more be blent! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring: Th' expression that it bears, green let it be,

4 Tail.—"Fringo" is the popular name of the sea-holly; "kissing-comfits" were principally made of potatoes and eringoo roots, and were perfumed to sweeten the breath.— 5 A "brice-buck," i.e., a buck sent as a bribe.—Keeper. 6 A Sportsman; hunter. —For orphan Warburton reads oph en, or elfin. —Profession. —The "billyberry" is a species of wortleberry.— 7 Rouse up the organs of her fancy, i.e., arouse her mind with some delightful vision.— 8 Fairies, elves. —Articles of furniture were anciently rubbed with aromatic herbs, to drive away evil spirits.—Impression.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

More fortify-fresh than all the field to see;
And, 

And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood’s bending knee:
Fairies, use flowers for their *character*.
Away! disperse! but, till ’tis one o’clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Hermo the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. 1. Lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay! I smell a man of middle *earth.*

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy,
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

2 To himself.

Pist. Vile worm, thus wast *o’look’d* even in thy birth.

Queen. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[They burn him with their topers.]

Oh, oh, oh!

Queen. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song, by one.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
(Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Chorus.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villaining;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-lights, and moon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff: Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page.

A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck’s head, and rises.

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 Hermo 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 back-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 *toppery* 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 ’tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse 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 over-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a cocoborn of e’erise? ‘Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Scence is not good to give puffer: your belly is all puffer.

Fal. Scence 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 scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a *hog-pudding*? a bag of flux?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Cold, old, withered, and of intolerable en- trails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous 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 methcgliss, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and piddles?

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 pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

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 shath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius’ wife.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

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[Aside.

Enter Slender, *crying*.

Sten. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

Sten. Despatched! — I’ll make the best in Gloucestershire know on’t; would I were hanged, h. e.,

Page. Of what, son?

Sten. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress

* Folly: footloose. — *Jack-a-lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent.— *Fool’s cap.* — *Is a plummet o’er me,* i. e., weighs me down.

Charactery is a writing by characters. — *A man of middle earth,* l. e., a mortal man.— *O’crlook’d,* l. e., bewitched; looked on by an evil eye. — Horns.

Sci. Trommy Trommy Trommy Trommoddum.
Anne Page, and she's a great lubbery boy: if it had not been for the church, I would have cozened him, or he should have cozened 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; and 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 an garson, a boy; un poison, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy; by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit Caius.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton! [They kneel.

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

Page. Why, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit失去 the name of craft,

Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy. — In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state: Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced. Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy. What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no farther. — Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days. Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. — Sir John, To master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford. [Exeunt.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act IV.—Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.¹
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas, Two Friars.
Peter, Two Gentlemen.
A Justice.
Elbow, a simple Constable.

Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clown.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute Prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistress Over-done, a Bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus!
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,

From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[Exit an Attend-
What figure of us think you he will bear?
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 honor,
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. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings

¹ Knowledge.—² Bounds.—³ Ready.

⁴ Endowments.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

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 themselves; for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere 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 take a thrifty 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: 1 Tendering his commission.
In our $remove be thou at full selfeur; 2 Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy $secondary:
Take thy commission. 2 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 honors.
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 concerns shall $importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know,
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hoped execution 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 honor, have to do
With any scripul: your $scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage to my own eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and $veheement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does 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 not yet 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 honor. [Exit.

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, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious 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? 'twas 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 petition 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. I 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 between 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-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art $pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

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 talented, 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; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most profound scintics?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one youder 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 is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this foolish, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

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SCENE III. 

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta 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 proclamation.

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 gallowys, 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?

Bawd. Gropping for trouts in 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. Have you not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. 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 burgler 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 commonwealth! 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.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers.

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio. Thus can the demi-god, authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, 'so: yet still 'tis just.

[Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? I whence comes this restraint?

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every escape by the immediate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,

a "The sweat," i.e., the consequences of the curative process then in use for a certain disease. b Joller.— An allusion to a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy."—A Veraciously devour.
SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thou thoughtst
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life 4remov'd;
And held in idle place to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless 6bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of 4stricture, and firm abstinance)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most bitten laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds)
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cage,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning wings of birth
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, 5in time the rod's
More mock'd, than fear'd; so our just decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil reasons have their permisive pass, 8[father,]
And not 6due punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never 3in the sight,
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 precise;
Stands at 4guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to breed than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seeming be.

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. 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?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
For I may not; you are yet unknown.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the priestess:
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 is that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those choicer roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so steal me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unlady 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. 1

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be wary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your 9sorcer. 1[iarnel sin
Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my
With maid's to seem the 6apting, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enky'd, andainted
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and 9truth,
your brother and his 8lover have embrac'd: 9[ius:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the 6seedling the bare foolows brings
To teeming fowson, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full 8thilth and husbandry. 9[Juliet?

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin
Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She is it.

Isab. O! let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke, 4who'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-recent 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 reject and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to 9sense and liberty,
Which have for long rage by the fiscous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an nat,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,

[An old proverb reads: "The leaping crics most, farthest
From her nest," i.e., tongue far from heart.—2 Fewness and
truth," i.e., in few and true words.—3 Mistress.—4 Teeming
fowson, breeding plenty.—5 Tilling.—6 Extrod.—7 Male
doll.—8 To give fear to use, i.e., to intimidate me, on
practices long countenanced by custom.

1 A complete bosom," i.e., a bosom completely arched.
2 Retired.—3 Bravery" is showy dress.—5 Strictness.—6 At

a guard," i.e., on his defence.
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 pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has he counsel'd him Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor unction's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Essay the power you have.
Isab. My power, alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors, 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 your 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.

ACT II.

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
Their perch, 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.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strict in virtue,) That, in the working of your own affections,
Had I, bethinking me, with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' 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 know not,
The jury, passing on a prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two [tie,
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to just-
That justice seiz'd: what know the laws, [nent,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We read 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 honor.
Ang. See that Claudio be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd, [vest.
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Prov.
Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall!
Some enter from 2breaks 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-heel, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.
Ang. How now, sir? What's your name, and what's the matter?
Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?
Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profimation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off [well: here's a wise officer.
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, pull'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 detain before heaven and your honor,

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. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman curiously given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?
Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

Escal. [To Angelo.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honor's reverence) for stew'd prunes: we, sir, 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 honors have seen such dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

* "Comes off well," I.e., is well told.—Partly bawd.—
* "Professes a hot-house," I.e., keeps a bagnio.—Protest.
Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.
Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein 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 pence, 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 foresaid pence.
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 care 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 honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, say not so, sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor'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.

Escal. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a "lower chair," sir;— 'twas 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. Aug. 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. [Exit Angelo.

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 honor, 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 honor; 'tis for a good purpose. Dost your honor mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honor 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 honor.

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.

Clos. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.
Elb. Violent, 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 varlet! O thou varlet! O thou wicked "Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duchess'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 varlet?

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 know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Now, thou varlet, 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 had 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 you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never could come into any room in a taphouse, but I am 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. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Trophy, and your bum 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

4 "Justice or Iniquity?" i.e., constable or clown.—"Cannibal."—"To take order is to take measures, precautions.
Scene II. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Ang. 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 spare'd.

Prov. I crave your honor'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.

Scre. 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 fornicatrice be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honor! [Offering to go.

Ang. Stay a little while.—[To Isab.] Y'are welcome:
what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor 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 justice,
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. Lucio, 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 honor!

[Going.

Lucio. [To Isab.] Gi'yt not o'er so: to him again,
intent him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tane a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, 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.

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 touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. Lucio. 's he sentenc'd: 'tis 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 deputed 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 alit 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 ’twere 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 forfeit once; And he that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If he, which is the 1 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, fair maid. 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.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath Those many had not dur’d to do that evil, [sleep: If it had, it were to one, that did it edict infringing, Had answer’d 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 new-contrived, And so in progress to hatch’d and born, Are now to have no successive degrees, But ere they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice; For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismissal of offence would after gall, And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong, Lives not to act another. Be satisfied: Your brother dies to-morrow: be content. [tence, Isab. So you must be the first that gives this season, 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 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne’er be quiet, For every pet, petty officer Would rise his beast, that did thee labouring, Nothing but thunder. Merrifull heaven! Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt Split’st the unedgeable and gnarled oak, Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man! Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he most assur’d, His glassy essence, like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks he knows not heaven, As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens, Would all themselves laugh as mortal.

Lucio. [To Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench! He’s coming! I perceive’t. [will relent.

Pros. Why, [Aside.] Pray heaven, he win him! Isab. Yes! You cannot weigh our brother with yourself: Great men may jest with saints: ’tis wit in them, But in the less foul profanation. [o’ that.

Lucio. [To Isab.] Thou’rt in the right, girl: more Isab. That in the captain’s but a cholerick word, Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [Aside.] Art advis’d o’ that? more on’t.

Ang. 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 it doth know That’s like my brother’s fault: if it confess A natural guilliness, such as is his, Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue Against my brother’s life.

Isab. [Aside.] She speaks, and tis Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [To her.] Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Huck, how I’ll brieve you. Good my lord, Ang. How! brieve me? [turn back. Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [Aside.] You had marr’d all else.

Isab. Not with fond rings circles of the test 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 delicate To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.


Isab. At what hour to-morrow shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time ’fore noon.

Isab. Save your honor! [Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost. Ang. 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 death she tempts; 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 enough, Than woman’s lightness! Having waste ground Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our floats there? O, fie, fie, fie! What does thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her fouly for these 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 on? Or cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous Is that temptation, that doth good us on To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet, 1

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1 "Overvalued.—Attested; stamped.—"Preserved" from the cowrie, in a future age.—"The carrion grows putrid by those beams that increase the fragrance of the violet.—" Sense" for sensual appetite."
SCENE IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Even from youth till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how. [Exit.

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 afflict'd 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. [needful.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were

Enter JULIET.

Look; here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bluster'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. [As I do think, to-morrow.—
[To JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juli. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. 'Tis well. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
And try your penitence, if it be sound, [conscience,
Or hollowly put on.
Juli. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juli. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most officious act
Was mutually committed?
Juli. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juli. 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,
Shewing, we would not serve heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.
Juli. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There's rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.
Juli. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That compasses a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror! [conscience.
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

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 'tention, 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 "seer and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with "boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for "vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy "case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good "angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis 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 SERVANT
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making it both unable for itself,
And disposing all my other parts
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 grave, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own path, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untought 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 honor! [Going.
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 pozze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
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 'accompot.
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:

9 Profit.—" For vain," I.e., for being vain. Outside.
10 "Let's write good angel," &c.; i.e., Though we should
write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his
nature, or give him a right to exhibit an angel for his crest.
—Crows.—" The general," i.e., the people; the multi-
tude.—"I, e., that hath killed a man. This, a sins of compul-
sion are not imputed to us by Heaven as crimes.
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Ibad. Please you to do, I'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Please'd you to do, at peril of your soul,
Were equal piteous of sin and charity.

Ibad. 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 a-answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me. Your sense pursu'd not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or else to make it up, & that is not good.

Ibad. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an 'insin'dl beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display.—But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.

Your brother is to die.

Ibad. So.

Ang. And his offence so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that a-pain.

Ibad. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the a-force of a-question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this a-suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Ibad. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must
Your brother die.

Ibad. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel, as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Ibad. Ignomy in rasonm, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Ibad. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
Something do excuse the thing I hate, [mean.
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ibad. Else let your brother die,
If not a fooleary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed this a-weakness.

---

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Ibad. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by 'em. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our compliances are,
And credulous to false a-pruits.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destit'd livery.

Ibad. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.

Ibad. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Ibad. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on a others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.

Ibad. Ha! little honor to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose:—To seeming, a-seem'd
I will the fore, Angelo: lord, for
[Ing!—
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsold'ne name, the austereness of my life,
May vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stoop in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensal race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
By all nicety, and a-prolifickoes blushes,
That banish what they see for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But the kindness shall his death draw out
To lagering suffrance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Ibad. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approbation,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hanging both right and wrong to a' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by a prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So then, you hope of pardon from lord
Claud. The miserable have [Angelo?]
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,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That now my heart would keep; *keep a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyly influences,
That I do this habitation, when thou *keep’st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death’s fool;
For him thou labor’st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run’st towards him still: thou art not noble;
For all th’accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nur’d by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost bear 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 striiv’st to get,
And what thou hast forget’st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou’rt poor,
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee: friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper lons,
Do curse the gout, *serpigo, and the rheum. [age,
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor
But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep,
Dreaming of both; for all thy *boasted youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of pal’d flesh: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, 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 evil.
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! [a welcome.
Prov. Who’s there? come in: the wish deserves
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
Duke. Provost, a word with you. [your sister.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may
be conceal’d. [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 I will compel it, he’ll you immolate,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,
Though all the world’s *vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to it,
Would bate your honor 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,
Last thou a feverous life *wouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor heedless, that we tread upon.
In corporal suffering finds a pang, as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowerly tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. [grave
Isab. There spake my brother: there my father’s
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to deserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth *the head, and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His faith within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
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 *thee from this rank
So to offend him still. This night’s the time *[offence,
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do.
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 he for the momentary trick
Be *perdurably in’d? — 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 sink 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  
The pendulous world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine bowling!—tis too horrible.  
The weariest and most bottomed worldly life,  
That rage, ache, pain, 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,  
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 downward  
Reprive 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. Thy sister's not accidental, but a trade.  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bane;  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.  
Claud. [Going.] O hear me, Isabellla!  
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 taken out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.  
Duke. [To Claudio.] Son, I have overheard what hath past 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 her honor, 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.  
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 less shall touch her by my company.  
Prov. In good time. [Exit Provost.  
Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodliness that is chief in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness: last grace, being the soul of your complexion, 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 lives in a common 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 wrong'd lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, out of ventur'd, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. Isab. You have me with your speech. I have to do anything that appears not feel 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. Suppose she should this Angelo have married; he was allied to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love to her ever most zealous, àSingle; with them the portion of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combine husband, this well-seeming 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 dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own inamration, which she yet wears for his sake, and, 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 dishonor 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: an answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree

1. "In good time," i. e., à la bonne heure; very well; so be it.  
2. "Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own inamration, which she yet wears for his sake, and, as marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. Go you to Angelo: an answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree
with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this 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 steal up to your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will 1 frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. Will this think of it? I am.

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 mosted stage, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. I am.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good 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 need buys 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. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usances, the merriest was put down, and the worser 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 maw, or clothe a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touchings 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 doth stick in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove it. [sin.

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for Thus 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 whore—

master: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go 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 feord, sir.

Clo. I spy 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, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd? the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, Sir 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 morse, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her mutton, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: over your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an 'unshaven'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. What, are the prison him. If imprisonment be the dunce of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawdborn. 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 call 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. And now, Pompey. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, 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. Never dodo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't. 1

1 i.e. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord.
2 Newly made woman, I.e., now courtesan. — The method of cure for a certain disease was called the pendering-cob. — Inevitable. — Keep the house, i.e., stay at home: alluding to the etymology of husband. — Fashion.
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 a 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-meal spawned him: some, his birth was between two stock-fishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true; and he is a motion ingenerative, that's inflamable.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apiece.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cold-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.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. Once he 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 clack-dish. The duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an favourer of his. A shy fellow was I, sir, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—parbleau:—tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaken: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath shelled, 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 curios 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 returns (as our prayers be he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spake, 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 unfruitful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd 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 'ngerit'id agent will unpeople the province with continency: sparrow must not build in his house-eaves, 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! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for mistrusting. 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 smells brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell.

[Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can cease 'scape back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But well for thee, if thou art elinched way.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor 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 lordship?

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 license; 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; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother 's withheld by my pitty, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar 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? [Now.

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is 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 i' 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 accurs'd. Much upon

*Motion ingenerative." I e., a puppet without the power of generation."—Accused.—A "clack-dish" was a wooden dish with a movable cover, carried by beggars, which they could put to their noses! it was empty.—"The greater file of the subject." i.e., the majority of his subjects.—Inconsiderable.—Guided; managed.

1 opponent.—Emasculated.—2 Smelt of.—3 Transgress; offend.—4 An allusion to the saints' days, Philip and James, or Jacobus. "Wrought by." i.e., were actuated by.—The allusion is to those legal securities into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other.
SCENE I.—A Room at 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:

*Satisfied.—Appearance.—Trained.*

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry thee mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My music 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.

[Exit DUKE.

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 4 circumjunct'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a *planchet* 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.

[Exit ISAB. But shall you on your knowledge find this ISAB. I have tuition 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 i' 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 Marianna 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 trier, 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'please you walk aside?

[Exit 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?

4 Wallled around.—Wooden; planked (from the French *planches*).—Informed.—Waits.—Inquisitions; inquiries.—Sallies.
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 present servitude; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an undoubted liberty.

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, Abhorson! 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. Prov. sir, by your good favor, (for, surely, sir, a good favor 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?

[Since.—*Gild, or varnish over.—*Petters.—*Countenance.—*Honest.]

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe 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 very; for, truly, sir, for your kindliness 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.

Duke. The best and wholesome'st spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late? Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. There will then, er'et 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 abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To qualify in others: were he meal'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 steedle gaoler is the friend of men. [Knocking. How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,

That wounds the resisting pannier with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. [Speaking to one at the door.] There he must stay, until the officer

Arie 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 Professor'd the contrary.

[Handy; ready.—Strongly.—Temper; moderate.—Determined.—"Seldom," i.e., seldom is it; it seldom happens.—Perhaps.—Scant.
Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mrs. My lord hath sent you this note: 

[giving a paper] 

and by me, and this further charge, that you swear not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. 

[Exit Messenger.]

This is his pardon; purchase'd by such sin,

For which the pardoner himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is born in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault of 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 unwarranted 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 contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me first. I take it as it is duly sent; 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 executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years' old. Duke. Whom came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliv'red him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprehises for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Why did he not come himself? penitently in prison?

How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately 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 awakened him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: he 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 beguil's me; but in the baldness of my cursing 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 fault.

Duke. Of death's a great disquieter, 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 bared 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 dealing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my count, integrity, nor 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; perchance, 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. But not yourself into amazement and how these things should be: all difficulties are easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

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 hero be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr. Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, 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-color'd satin, which now reaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dicy, and young Mr. Deep-you, and Mr. Copper-saur, and Mr. Starve-lackey, the raper and dagger-man, and young

-- Countenance. — Practice. — Vindicate. — Fearful. I. e. so fearful; so apprehensive. — Attempt. I. e. temp. -- Over-read it. I. e. read it over. — What is writ? I. e. what is here written (the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand). — Should be. I. e. can be. — A present shift. I. e. a present concession. — Consequence. An allusion to the practice of money-lenders, who make advances partly in insalubrious goods—such as brown paper and old ginger, and partly in cash.—Impeaches.

NOTE,—This passage is a great abridgment, and the author could have given us a far better picture of the messengers, than he does. He could have presented a tolerable number of them, and made the scene rich with lively and interesting incidents. As it is, there is a great deal of hurried and forced acting, and the scene is not much to be desired.
Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Mr. Fortright the tilter, and brave Mr. Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-cane that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter Arbionso.

Abbor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.
Clo. Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abbor. What, ho, Barnardine! Barnar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! What makes that noise there? What are you? Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abbor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.
Abbor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abbor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Arbionso? what's the news with you?
Abbor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O! the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abbor. 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 I 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.

You, Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech 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 any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit.

Enter Provis.


[Re-enter Arbionso and Clowns.


And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Provis. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his color. What if we do omit This reprobat, till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage

* Alluding to the custom of prisoners begging "for the Lord's sake."--Spirituals. -- I, e., remove him from one world to the other.

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Despatch it presently; the hour draws on, Prexid' by Angelo. See, this be done, And plant according to my command, whilsts I persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Provis. 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 manifested.

Provis. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provis.

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 injuctions I am bound To enter publickly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced' form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provis.

Provis. 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.

Provis. I'll make all speed. [Exit Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here! Duke. The tongue of Isabell--She's 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 Isabella.

Isab. Ho! by your leave. [Laughter.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious 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, Isabell, from the world. His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. [ Catching her.

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 Isabell! 4Perjurious world! Most damned Angelo! Duke. This nor 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 day comes home to-morrow:--nay, dry your One of our convent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried Notice to Escalio and Angelo, Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, [Wisdom There to give up their power. If you can, pace your In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your bosom on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, And general honor.

4Dally (from the French journalier).--I, e., the antipoetes. Information.--II, Direct. -- I, e., your heart's desire; your wish.
Enter 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 fain 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 I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

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 fain 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'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of bumb; I shall stick.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escalus. Every letter he hath writ hath a 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?

Escalus. 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?

Escalus. 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.

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 yours I'll peremptorily 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. b Wond 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 fain 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.

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[Going]

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[Going]

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of bumb; I shall stick.

[Exit.]

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:

Betimes 't the morn, I'll call you at your house.

Give notice to such men of sort and suit,

As are to meet him.

Escalus. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshames 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,

[no; How might she tongue me! Yet reason 'dares her:

For my authority bears such a credent bulk

That no particular scandal once can touch,

But it confounds the slanderer. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

For so receiving a dishonor'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 6them.] The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to your special drift,
Though sometimes you do 'blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice Unto Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Peter.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk: there's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
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 'vauntful 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 'tis 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
The generous and grave citizens oundsoundsend Have 'chent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away.

[Exit.]

\[\text{\footnotesize \textit{\# Sort and suit,} i.e., figure and rank; \# Unready; un-prepared. \# Challenged: inchless. \# Creditable; unquestionable. \# Private. \# Utter. \# A Bunch, i.e., start off; by off. \# Available; available. \# Generous and grave, i.e., most liberal, highest in rank, and most respect- ed. \# A Bent, i.e., taken possession of.}\]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

Mariana, (voile'd,) Isabella, and Peter, at a distance. Enter at several doors, Duke, Varrius, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, 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 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, For running more a requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater. Duke. Of your desert speaks loud; and I should To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, [wrong it, When it deserves with characters of brass A fortified residence against the tooth of time, And raze of oblivion. Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fail proclaim Favors 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 1 Knelling. Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince! dishonor 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! Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice: [Be brief. Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Duke, O, worthy duke! 2 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! 3 Knelling again. Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother, Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Duke, By course of justice! 4 Rising. Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strangely.

Isab. 5 Most strangely, yet most truly, will I speak. That Angelo's forsown, is it not strange? That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgin-violator, Is not strange, and strange! Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange. Isab. Duke, 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 in th' infinitness 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 opinion

That Jilt touch'd with madness: make not impossible That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible, But one, the wicked' st castiff on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute, As Angelo; even so may Angelo, In all his dressing, characters, 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 '2 incredulity; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear, where it seems hid, And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many are not mad, Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, [say] 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, an't like your grace. I came to her from Claudio, and desist'd her To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo, For her poor brother's pardon.

Duke. That's he, indeed. Isab. Duke, 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 honor. 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 porocious, Caitiff deputy. Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it: The phrase is to the matter. Duke. Mended again: the matter?—Now proceed. Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, How he 'refus'd me, and how I replied, (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 concupiscible temperate heart, Release my brother; and, after much debate, My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor, And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes, His purpose surfet'ing, 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 speakest.
SCENE 1.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor,
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.

Duke. 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
[woe,
In 8 countenance.—Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved 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?

Tab. 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 8 w'd 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 found.

Lucio. But yestreen, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurv'y 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 scurv'y, nor a temporary 7 meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my 1 truth, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, mariorp 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 4 more request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst 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,
Whensoever he's convenient. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So 8 vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to your 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 you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. 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. [cause
Duke. Silence that follow: I would, he had some
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'twould thou wert
so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabella's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou'swert, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabella,
And did supply thee at thy 'garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off;
Partly, for that her promised proportions
 Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

Mari. Noble prince, 1 [Kneeling.
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

1 Summer-house.—Her fortune, which was promised proportionate to mine, fell short of the composition, i. e., contract or bargains.
Duke. Respect to your great place! 2 then let the devil
Be sometime honor’d for his burning throne.—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.
Escal. The duke’s in’s ear, and we will hear you speak:
Look!—you speak justly.
Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls!
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 will no sooner come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the racial: this is he I spoke of.
Escal. Why, thou unrenervend and unhallow’d friar!
Is’t not enough, thou hast subst to 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.—We’ll torture
you.
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.—
What! unjust?
Duke. Do 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 you; no, you; nor three, nor four.
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 stow: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong stattons
Stand like the forrets in a barber’s shop,
As much in mock as mark.
[prison.
Escal. Shland to the state! Away with him to
Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior?
Is this the man that you did tell us of? [Lucio?
Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman
bald-pate: 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 notedly, 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, are
you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of
him; and much more, much worse.
Lucio. O, thou 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 6 gloze now,
after his treasonable abuses.
Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk’d withal:—
Away with him to prison.—Where is the provost?
—Away with him to prison. Lay bolls enough upon
him; let him speak no more.—Away with those
migglets too, and with the other confederate com-
panion.
Duke. Stay, stir; stay a while.
Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; fo’h, sir.

# Footnotes:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Witness of his proper ear, i.e., hearing of his own ear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Read; fear. — Nor here provincial, i.e., nor of this province. — Barbiers’ shops were numerous places of great resort, and to enforce order, the violation of certain written laws, usually hung up, was punished with forfetta, which were then called in stock as much “because the barber had no authority to enforce them.” — “Gloze” is to flatter, to wheedle. — Wantons.</td>
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Scene I.

Measure for Measure.

Why, you baid-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 hang’d an hour. Will’t not off? [Pulling off the Duke’s disguise.

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e’er made a duke.—[All start and stand.

First, provest, let me bait these gentle three.—Snack not away, sir; [To Lucio.] for the friar and Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him. [you

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What have you spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [To Escalus.

We’ll burn place of him:—Sir, by your leave.

[To Angelo.

Hast thou 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.

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 2 sequent death, Is all the grace I beg. Come hither, Mariana.

Say, wast thou e’er contracted to this woman? [ly.

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consume, Remove him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz’d at his dishonor, 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 though you may marvel, why I obscur’d myself, Laboring 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, [him! That 2 brain’d my purpose: but 2 all peace be with 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 2 suit imagination yet hath wrong’d Your well-defended honor, you must pardon For Mariana’s sake. But, as he adjug’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 2 proper tongue, “An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!”

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure, Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault’s thus manifested, [tage.

Which, though thou would’st deny, denies thee — We do condemn thee to the very block [haste. — Where Claudio stoop’d to death, and with like 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 honor, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come. For his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and 2 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 2 definitive. [Kneeling.

Mari. Gentle my liege, —

Duke. You shall but lose your Provost. Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [To Lucio.] to you. [part:

Mari. O, my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my Lend me your knees, and all my life to come, 2’l lend you all my life to do you service. [Duke. Against all 2 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 moulded 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 lead a knee? Duke. He dies for Claudio’s death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling. Look, if it please you, on this man condem’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, 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 buried 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 unprofiable: 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 2 advice;


"Following," Consummated; completed. — Adventuring and holy," i.e., attentive and faithful. — Generous, i.e., pardon us, as we have pardoned you. — "Brain’d," i.e., thwarted. — Salacious; lecherous.

"Own. — i.e., "To deny which will swallow thee nothing." —

Endow. — Positive. — "Against all sense," i.e., against reason and affection. — "In mercy of this fact," i.e., bequeathing mercy for this deed, the execution of Claudio. —

"More advice," i.e., more mature reflection.
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 had'st 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 mere 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 apprehends no farther than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned;
But, for those 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 3 him.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [To Isabella,]
for his sake,
Claudio and Isabella embrace.

Is he pard'nd; 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: [exyours.—
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth

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
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman: [coward,
Wherein have I so well reserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Tis, 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's wronged 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
with 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 honor, 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. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Marianna!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Esclus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratuitous.
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' effence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto 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.
[Exeunt all.

4 Incontinence.—Thougthless practice.—Punishments.
5 More gratuitous; I, e., more to be rejoiced in.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAVATIS PERSONAE.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.
^Egeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, 1 Twin Brothers, Sons to Antipholus of Syracuse, 2 ^Egeon and ^Emilia.
Dromio of Ephesus, 3 Twin Brothers, Attendants.
Dromio of Syracuse, 4 on the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a Merchant.
Angelo, a Goldsmith.
A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Pinch, a Schoolmaster.
^Emilia, Wife to ^Egeon.
Adriana, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Lucce, 5 Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.
Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.
SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT II—Scene 2.


Enter Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, ^Egeon, a Merchant of Syracuse, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

^Ege. 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 cunty 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 sent'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy sedulous countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at^Egeon's mart 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.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die, [done,

^Ege. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departest from thy native home,
And for what cause thou canst to Ephesus.

^Ege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than 1 to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by 6 fortune, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wod
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguishing but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman and importune, I,
Of such a burden, made twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!
A league from Ephialdamus had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep,
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscure light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gently have embrac'd,
Yet fear instilling the want weeping of dire news,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mou'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
For'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the horn-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 dispos'd, 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, obelisk to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapors that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas was calm, and we discovered
The ships from far making amain to us.
Of Corinth that, of Epidamnum the like,
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
Worthily 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 burdensome
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 seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have sent the fishers of their prey,
SCENE I.  

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  

When I am dull with care and melancholy, 
Lighten my humor with his merry jests. 
What, will you walk with me about the town, 
And then go to my inn, and dine with me? 

 Merc. 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 you upon the mart, 
And afterwards *consort you till bed-time: 
My present business calls me from you now. 

Ant. S. Farewell then. I will go lose myself, 
And wander up and down to view the city. 

 Merc. Sir, I commend you to your own content. 

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 returned so soon? 

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too 
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, *late. 
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; 
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 *penitent for your default to-day. 

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray; 
Where have you left the money that I gave you? 

Dro. E. Of *sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last 
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper. 
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not. 

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now. 
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money? 
We being strangers here, how dar'at thou trust 
So great a charge from thine own custody? 

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner. 
I from my mistress come to you in post; 
If I return, I shall be post indeed, 
For she will score your fault upon my pate. 
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock, 
And strike you home without a messenger. 

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season: 
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this. 
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 

Dro. E. To me, sir! why you gave no gold to me. 

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness, 
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge. 

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart 
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner. 
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you. 

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me, 
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money, 
Or I shall break that merry *dance of yours, 
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd. 
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me? 

* Soon st*; i.e., about.— * Accompany. — * Lose. — * The almanack of my true date," i.e., because he and Dromio were both born in the same hour.— * Are penitent," i.e., are doing penance.— * Head. 

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate; 
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders, 
But not a thousand marks between you both. 
If I should pay your worship those again, 
Perchance you 'would not bear them patiently. 

Ant. S. The mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, 
last thou? 

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix; 
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner, 
And prays that you will have you home to dinner. 

Ant. S. What, wilt thou *flout me thus upon my face, 
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. 

[Strikes him. 

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands. 
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. 

[Exit 2 running. 

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other 
The villain is *o'er-raft of all my money. 
They say, this town is full of cozenage; 
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye, 
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind, 
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 
Disguised cheats, praying mountebanks, 
And many such like *libertines of sin: 
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner. 
I'll to the Dromio, to go seek this slave: 
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. 

[Exit. 

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 door he's somewhere gone to dinner. 
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret. 
A man is master of his liberty: 
Time is their master; and, when they see time, 
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister. 

Adr. Why should their liberty thus ours be more? 
Luc. Because their business still lies out of 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, head-strong liberty is lash'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 masters' subjects, and at their controls. 
Men, most divine, the masters of all these. 
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas, 
Indulged 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. 

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 sway. 

Luc. Erô I learn love, I'll practise to obey. 

* Mock; insult.— * Overreached.— " The " Centaur" was the sign of the inn where he was entertained.— * i.e., woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT II.

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 urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience 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.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so? doubly, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubly, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?

It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desist'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:

Will you come, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain? The pig, quoth I, is burnt; my gold, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress! I know not thy mistress: cut out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress.

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders:

For in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch my master home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home.

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other

Between you I shall have a holy head.

(Beat. Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.)

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me, That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither: of I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatient lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his miscreants grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a receipt, when he hath homely age th'alluring beauty took

From my poor check; then, he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bate?

That's not my fault; he's master of my state.

What rains are in me, that can be found

By him not rul'd? then, is he the ground

Of my misfortunes? My decayed 8 face

A sunny look of his would soon repair;

But, too unruly dear, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home: poor I am but his 9 stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—he! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other where,

Or else, what 8 lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty: yet though gold 9 hides still,

That others touch, 9 and often touching will

Wear gold; and so man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that your beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.

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 humor alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? You receive gold no?

Your mistress seat to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phoenix! Wast thou mad,

That thus so madly didst answer me? [word

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a 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 disd'nest the gold's receipt,

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou felt'st at 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. Ye, dost thou jest, and flout me in the teeth!

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Drownings him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest

Upon what bargain do you give it me? [is earnest:

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish grates make sport,

But creep in wrens within my gilded beams.

If you will jest with me, 9 know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanor to my looks,

9.a "Some other where," i.e., somewhere else. The meaning is, "If your husband start in pursuit of other women?"—b "Though she pause," i.e., though she be quiet.—c "No other cause," i.e., no cause to be otherwise.—d "Idiotic.—e "Stand under."—f "Round" is unpleasant: Dromio uses the word in a double sense, alluding to the football.

9.a "Defeats," i.e., change of features; loss of comeliness.—b "Fruitful fair,"—c "Stale," i.e., cast-off favorite.—d "Hinders," i.e., that he would keep the chain alone from me.—e "And" is used here, probably, for an.—f "I, i.e., intrude on those when you please. —g "Know my aspect," i.e., study my countenance.
Or I will beat this method in your scence.  
Dro. S. Scence, call you it? so you would have battering, I had rather have it a head: as you use these blows long, I must get a 9scence for my head, and inscense it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?  
Ant. S. Dost thou not know?  
Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.  
Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?  
Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.  
Ant. S. Why, first,—for flattering me; and then, wherefore,—for urging the second time to me.  
Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season, [rhyme nor reason]—Whom, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither 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, 'tis not for nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner time?  
Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I love.  
Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?  
Dro. S. Basting.  
Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.  
Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.  
Ant. S. Your reason?  
Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry 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 it so plentiful an inexhaustible thing?  
Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scantled 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 hairyn men plain dealers, without wit.  
Dro. S. The plain dealer, the sooner lost: yet he lost 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 one of them.  
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing b 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 bauld, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bauld followers.  
Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who 'wafts us yonder?  

Enter Adriana and Luciana.  

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown: Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  

Dro. S. Thus was the time once; when thou urm'dst wouldst vow That never words were music to thine ear, That never objects pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savor'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, unoblivious, incorporate, Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me; For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulph, And take unmind'd thence that drop again, Without addition or diminishing; As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
How clearly would it touch thee to the quick, Should'st thou but hear I were licentious, And that this body, consecrate to thee, By ruffling lust should be contaminate!  
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me, And hurl the name of husband in my face, And tear the stain'd skin off my hard-brow, And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring, And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: For, if we two be one, and thou play false, I do digest the poison of thy flesh, Being starved by thy contagion.  
Keep thou thy league, and trace with thy true bed, I live unfast'n'd, thou undishonoured.  

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you in Ephesus I am but two hours old, As strange unto your town, as to your talk; Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd, Want wit in all one word to understand.  
You! Luc. Fri, brother! how the world is chang'd with When were you want to use my sister thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.  
Ant. S. By Dromio?  
Dro. S. By me?  

[ihim,—  
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows Denied my house for his, me for his wife. [woman?  
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle- 
What is the course and drift of your compact?  
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.  
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.  
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.  
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names, Unless it be by inspiration?  
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt;
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an em, my husband, I a vixen,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If I might possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss.

What bloody hand, for want ofperforming, with intrusion
Infest thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme]

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she means me for her
What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error draws our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the 2 proffer'd fulfily;
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O, splice of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and 4 elves and sprites.
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our blood, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why put'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dro. Now, Dro. Dromio, thou art, thou art, thou art not!

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 no ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. N. I put not of thee, and thou shouldest, thou shouldest not!

Luc. Thou art transformed, master, am I not?

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. [Within.] *Mome, malt-horse, capon, cokcomb, idiot, 1 patch!

Luc. Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dro. S. Thus thou conjurest for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

Ant. S. When one is one too many?

Dro. S. 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's feet.

Ant. S. Who talks within there? ho! ho! I shall open the

Dro. S. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. S. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you must.

Ant. S. What art thou that keep'st me out from

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

Luc. [Within.] What a b 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 you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my stuff?—
Luce. Have you at another: that's,—when can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us

Luce. I thought to have asked you. [in, I 4 trow]

---

*And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunken, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know.

[show:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
If my skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,

[what I think.
Your own hand-writing would tell you for certain

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it 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, signior Balthazar: pray God,

Luce. May answer my good-will, and your good welcome

Bal. Hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior 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

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's
nothing but words.

[least.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing

guest;

[part;
But though my cates be mean, take them in good

Better cheer may you have, but not with better

heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,

[Calling.

Dro. S. [Within.] *Mome, malt-horse, capon,
cokcomb, idiot, 1 patch!

Luc. Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dro. S. Thus thou conjurest for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

Ant. S. When one is one too many?

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's feet.

Ant. S. Who talks within there? ho! ho! I shall open the

Dro. S. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. S. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you must.

Ant. S. What art thou that keep'st me out from

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

[office and my name:

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine

The one ne'er got me credit, the other nickname. bliss.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have changed thy face for a name, or

thy name for 10a face.

Luce. [Within.] What a b 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 you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my stuff?—

Luce. Have you at another: that's,—when can you tell?

[last answer'd him well

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us

Luce. I thought to have asked you. [in, I 4 trow]
Dro. S. And you said, no.
Dro. E. So; come, hop! well struck; there was
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in. [blow for blow.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down. [the town?
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in
Adv. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise?
unruly boys.
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have
been here before, and seen the door.
Ant. E. Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the
Dro. E. If you went in, pain, master, this knave
would go sore. [would fain have either.
Ang. Hero is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall be
part.
with either.
[welcome hither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we
cannot get in.
[were thin.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in
the cold:
[and sold.
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something: I'll break ope
your knave's pace.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir,
and words are but wind; [behind.
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not
Dro. S. It seems, thou wan'tst breaking. Out upon
thee, hind! [thee, let me in.
Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray
Dro. E. That woman fowls have no feathers, and fish
have no fin.
[crow.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go, borrow me a
Dro. E. A crow without feather? master, mean
you so?
[feather.
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow to-
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
and draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober victory, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
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 ungauged estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lies upon succession,
For ever housed, where it gets possession.
Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mish, 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 within:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain by "this, I know: it's made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
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 disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some ex-
pense.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Luciana, and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall I unkink debate
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so 4ruinate?
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 thy eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty:
Apparel vice like virtue's harbiager:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What sin can thief bring of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your trust.
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 3credit, 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.
'Tis holy sport to be a little 5vain,
When the sweet breath of cattory 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:
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, fierce, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labor you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me now?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I incline—
O, train me not, sweet 6mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will note:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

[7 Part," i. e, have part.—k Bought and sold," i. e, over-
reached by foul practices.—k Once this," i. e, once for all.
Made," i. e, made fast.
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die;
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Look! What! are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Nay, man; but 'tis none: low, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight. [night.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mien eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, running.
Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Dro. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Merry, marry, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Merry, marry, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
Ant. S. What is she?
Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, an reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro. S. Merry, marry, 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 Parnes 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 to morrow show 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 hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?
Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.
Ant. S. What part of her body stands Ireland?
Dro. S. Merry, marry, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bags.
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, making claim against her 14th heir.
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 rheum 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, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of ear-racks to ballast at her nose.
Ant. S. Where stood Belicia, the Netherlands?
Dro. S. Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was 'assur'd 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, amaz'd, 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 cart-tail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.
Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road, And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbor 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, 'Tis time, I think, to trade, 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. [Exit.
Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here, And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul Dost 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 ta'en you at the Forcupsing; 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 bespoke it not.

48 Against her hair," i. e., against Henry IV. of Navarre, whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant.—" Carrack's," i. e., large ships of burden.—Affianced.—" Made of faith," an allusion to the popular belief that great faith was a protection against witchcraft.—" Turn i' the wheel," i. e., became a turnspit.
**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
To Persia, and want gliders for my voyage:
Therefore, make present satisfaction,
Or I’ll attach you by this officer.

**Ant.** 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.

**Ang.** Please you, that I walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,* 1 from the Courtezean’s.

**Off.** That labor may you save: see where he comes.

**Ant. E.** While I go to the goldsmith’s house, go
And buy a rope’s end, that I will bestow [thou
Among my wife and 2 these confederates,
For locking 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? [Exit.

**Ant. E.** A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promis’d 4 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 humor, here’s the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost 5 carat,
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 discharg’d,
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 this 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.** Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about

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1 Accrual; growing due.—2 Carat.—5 “Will” for shall.

3 Freight; cargo.—4 Mad; foolish.—5 Carriage.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.    
ACT IV. 

Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we din'd, 
Where Dowseshel 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 fulfill. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. 

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so? 
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye 
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no? 
Look'd he or red, or pale if you could, or merry? 
What observation madest thou in this case, 
Of his heart's meteor's tilted 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 
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 praise my beauty; then, my speech. 
Adr. Did'st 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 bare, 
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; 
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind, 
*Stigmatical in making, worse in mind. 
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one? 
No evil lost is wall'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: 
A devil in everlasting garment hath him fell, 
One whose 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; 
*And at the back, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter— 
The passages and alleys, creeks and narrow lands: 
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws the dry-foot well; 
*And to do well. 
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to 
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter? [the case. 

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on 
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? [gone; 

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. Tie time that I were 
It was not, then him, and now the clock strikes one. 
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear. 

Dro. S. O yea; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear. 
*Reason! 

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou 
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 sergeant in the way, 
Hath he not reason to turn back 8 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. [Exeunt. 

SCENE III.—The Same. 

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, wearing the chain. 

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth saluteme, 
As if I 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 kindnesses; 
Some offer me commodities to buy: 
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop, 
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me, 
And, therewithal, took measure of my body. 
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 
And Laphant sorcerers inhabiting here. 

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? 

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-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 thee 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 fob, 
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. 

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer? 

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant 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!"

1 Band, "Conceit," i.e. fanciful conception. — 2 To set up one's rest, signified to be firmly resolved to do a thing. — 3 A "morris-pike" is a Moorish pike, used in the 16th century. 

a An allusion to the northern lights, which have the appearance of armies meeting in the sky. — Dry; withered. 
* Stigmatical," i.e. stigmatized or marked by nature with deformity. — The lapwing is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. See Measure for Measure, Act I. Scene S. — The buff or leather jerkin of the sergeant is called an everlasting garment, because it was so durable. — To run counter, in sportman's phrase, signifies that the hounds, mistaking the course of the game, run backward; to draw dry-foot was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon the word counter, which points at a well-known prison in London, so called. — "Hill" was the cant term for a priory.
Scene IV.
The Comedy of Errors.

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. 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 hoy 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 from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoids! 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 merr'd our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, be-speak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. [supping] Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of 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. [sail, Dro. E. Fly, Dromio, says the peasant, mistress, thus 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 promis'd me a chain: Both one and other he denis 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 house to his, 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 Jailer.

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 lie 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 walk'd with it, when I sleep; mis'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar's widow her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and a schoolmaster called Pinch.

Ant. E. Mistress, respite factum, respect your end, or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "beware the rope's end." Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad? A'dr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will give you what you were demand.

Luc. Alas, how fery 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, hou'd within this man, To yield possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darkness his three straight: I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

A'dr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul! Ant. E. You minion, you; are these your customers? Did this companion with the saffron face Revell and present it at my house today, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, And I denied to enter in my house? [home; A'dr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at

* Long from frequent pulling.—b "Wont," i. e., is wont, accustomed to. This tremor was scantily thought to be a sure indication of demonic possession.—c "Customers," i. e., familiars; intimates.—o "Companion," a word of contempt, anciently used as we now use fellow.
Where 'would you had remin'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, 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. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.  
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rile, taunt, and scorn me?  
Dro. E. *Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd  
And did not in rage depart from thence!  
Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,  
That since have felt the rigor of his rage.  
Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?  
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.  
[Inc.  
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest  
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  
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.  
[might!  
Ant. E. Went'st not thus 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 bear me  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!  
[woman,  
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed:  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.  
They must have bound, and laid in some dark room.  
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?  
To-day?  
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.  
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.  
[both.  
Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in  
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,  
And art confederate with a dammed pack.  
To make a leathern, alibi scorn of me;  
But with these nails I'll pluck out 3 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.  
[him.  
Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within  
Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.  
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jiloth,  
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 4 peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displacery 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 5 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 trumpet!  
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.  

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*a Perdy," a corruption of the French oath, par Diez.—  
b Certainly; in truth. — Mad; foolish. — c How the debt grows," i.e., how it has accrued. — Unlucky; mischievous.  

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

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 reverence reputation, sir,  
Of 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 foresaw 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:  
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
5 Becomes,—Baggage.
SCENE I.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

99

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
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st [thee].
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impiate me thus.
I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand. [draw.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They
Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezen, and Others.

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is
mad.—
Some get 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
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd. [harp.

[Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO to the Abbey.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore thron'g 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 not 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
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 oft 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. Happly, 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 glanc'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 clamos of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleep's were kind'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was suè'd with thy upbraiding:-
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 bravails:
Sweet recreation bar'd, what doth cause,
But the body already dull melancholy?
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale diastematures, 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 scar'd th' husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reproach'd 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 wits again,
Or lose my labor in essaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Dit' his sickness; for it is my office,
And will have no usurper 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.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill doth beseech your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. 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 perforce 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,
Behended publicly for his offence. [death.

Ang. See, where they come: we will behold it.

Luc. Guide to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE attended; ENEON bare-headed; with
the Headman 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.

Adr. 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.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had, [husband,
To 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.

4 Substitute.—I. e., to bring him back to his senses.—H. Impor-
tunate.—3 To take order; i. e., to take measures.
Anon, I 2 was 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 fierce passion, 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 hither. Nor sent him forth, that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help. Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my And to thee engag'd a prince's word, fars, 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 maid's 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 pails of puddled mire to quench the hair. My master preaches patience to himself, and the while His man with scurvy's nicks him like a fool; And, sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer. 

Adr. 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 cri'd for thee, and vows, if he can take you, To search your face, and to disfigure you. [Cryethis.

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you, That he is borne about invisible:

Even now he hou'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 Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I besw'rd 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, 

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio! [there! Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife, That hath abused and dishonor'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 harlot's festness in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister, To-day did dine together. So befal my soul, As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, or sleep on night, But she tells to your highness justly simple truth. 

Ant. E. My liege, I am advis'd 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 look'd me out this day from dinner: That goldsmith there, were he not 5 pack'd with her, Could witness it, for he was with me then; Who partook with me to go fetch a chain, Promising to bring it to the Porcupine, 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 this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which, He did arrest me with an officer. I did obey, and sent my peasant home For certain ducats: he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespeak'd the officer, To bring a person with me to his house. By the way we met My wife, her sister, and a rabble more Of vile confederates: along with them They brought one Pynch, a hungry lean-face'd villain, A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller, A newly-shaven'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 face, as 'twere, out-facing me, Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence, And in a dark and dankish vault at home They 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 shames, 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 With that man 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 confess you had the chain of him, After you first foresaw it on the mart, 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 did't 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 innate [impeach is this! I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup. If here you house 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? [pine. 

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her, there, at the Porcu-Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure as my life, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbes.
I think you are all 3 mated, or stark mad. [Exit an Attendant.]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a
Heply, I see a friend will save my life, [word.
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, gaw'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? [well.
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
Æge. O! grief hath charm'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's 6 deformed hand,
Have written strange 6 defiances 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 whensoever a man denieth, you are now 6 bound
to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd 1 my voice, split my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untum'd 6 cares?
Though now this 7 grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's dizzled 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 shams'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, Syracuse, 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
Adm. 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 decipher 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 bind his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had a wife once call'd Amelius,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
Of these! If thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Amelius!—
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Amelius.
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, 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 in me.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides 8 his urging of this one's wreck at sea;—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together,
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this my gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was taken for him, and he for me,
And therupon these errors 9 all arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here.
And hear at large, how you have discovered all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's 
Error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I been gone in travail
Of you, my son; and at this present hour
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the 6 calendars of their nativity,

4 The morning story is the story that Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of the play.—I. e., the two Dromios.
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me:
After so long grief such nativity!

_Duke._ With all my heart: I'll gossip at this feast.

_[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelio, and Attendants._

_Dro. S._ Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship board?

_[Burked._

_Ant. E._ Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou em-

_Dro. S._ Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

_[Dromio._

_Ant. S._ He speaks to me.—I am your master,
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

_[Exeunt Ant. S. and E., Adr., and Luc._

_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. _[brother:_
_Dro. E._ Methinks, you are my glass, and not my 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.

Act III.—Scene 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.
John, his bastard Brother.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence.¹
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua.²
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Antonio, his Brother.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, followers of John.
Conrade,
Dogberry, two Officers.

Friar Francis.
³ A Gentleman.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Gentlewomen attending on Hero.
Ursula.
⁴ Watchmen, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s House.
Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Gentleman.

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 honor on a young Flor--centine, 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 Montanto 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.

¹ "In great measure," i.e., in abundance. ² Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school; a title humorously given to one whom she would represent as a bravado. ³ Rank.
Gent. O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messinia, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's foot, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—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 mostly 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 man?

Gent. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honorable 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 halting 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 difference between himself and his horse; for it is 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.

Gent. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Gent. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Gent. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the tale bears presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Gent. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Gent. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, John, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you 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.

D. Pedro. 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.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Leon. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have her shoulders for all Messinia, as like him as she is.

Bene. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Bene. Is it possible disgrace should die, while she hath such a meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disgrace, if you come in her presence.

Leon. 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 be more concerned with a pernicious sailor.

Gent. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humor 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 'scape a prodestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere 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 o' God's name; I have done.

Bene. You always end with a joke's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all.—Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace, lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together. [Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, if faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little
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for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport: | I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.
Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?
Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the floating Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Volcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.
Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, as she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.
Bene. Is't come to this, 't faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion! Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, 't faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?
Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.
Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance,—
He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short the answer is:—
with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor was 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.
Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.
Bene. 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.
Bene. 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.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a reckone

winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric, 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 which the I may go the fonder) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.
Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me on the beam of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.
Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that first hits me, let him be chapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. 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."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be born-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.
Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours.
In the mean time, good signior 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.

Bene. 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 of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly based on neither: ere you float old ends 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
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—

*"To go," l. e., to join.—"Wear his cap with suspicion," l. e., to affect the head to the disquiet of jealousy.—"A reckone" is a huntsman's blast of the horn, to call off the dogs.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.


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. Wast 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 let no liking might to too sudden acme, I would have sal'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the fairest ground is the necessity. [The flood? Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest, and I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revellng to-night: I will assume the 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, to her father will I break; and, the conclusion is, she shall be thine. In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

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 strange news that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps 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 thus 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 the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

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 withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if perchance 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 mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill. —Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John and Conrade.

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 sayst thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a mortal 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 stom-

Beat. How tardy 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, or 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 shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore, I will even take sixpence in earnest of the "bearward," and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you 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.

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 overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clog of wayward marl? 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 wo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is 'measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer: for, hear me, Hero; wooling, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first syllable is hot and lisy, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and ancietnity; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink 1a-pace 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, Balthazar; John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and messengers.

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 favor; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[They enter, Hero and Leon.]

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!


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 waggling 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, mum, you are he: graces 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 Tales."—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not, 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 droll fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:

4 Lover.—I. e, God forbid that your face should be as homely as your mask.—Alluding to the fable of Hecules and Philemon in Ovid.—The name of a jest-book in Shakespeare's time.—4 Incredible.

A A bearward is a keeper of bears.—Important.—A measure, formerly, besides its ordinary meanings, signified also a dance.
none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, 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 broke 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 of men, which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partidge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper 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, except 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, 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 enamored 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. 'Tis certain so:—the prince woos for himself. 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. Peace, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Why not?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an amurer'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: turn 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 fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—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:

44 Giving me out," I, o., represents me.—The goddess of discord.
SCENE II. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him *use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, 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 *1 treason a 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 wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will will obtained, name the day of marriage. 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 *2 cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I was but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away 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.

Beat. Ye, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord! for alliance thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech you, grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[Exit Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and walked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She can not endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes oncrutch-

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer our mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go duly by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Horace's labors, which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulluest husband that I know. This far can I praise him: he is of a noble *5 strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his *6 uneasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exeunt.

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. Yes, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any how, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes atwart 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 honor in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated estate, such a one as Hero.

*1 A mountain," i. e., a great deal.—Linen.-*2 Squamish; facetious.—*3 An abandoned woman.
John. What proof shall I make of that?
Bona. Proof enough to mislead the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?
John. Only to despite them I will endeavor any thing.
Bona. 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; 9 intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in love of your brother’s honor, 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 wedding: 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 disposedness, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparations 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.
Bona. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.
John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

SCENE III.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Benedick, a Boy following.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it either 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 behaviors to love, will, after he hath laugh’d at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and now a man has fallen in love. 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 armor; 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 turn’d orthographical: 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 is 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 that color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music? [As. Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening As hush’d on purpose to grace harmony! [self?]

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself. Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We’ll fit the 4-hid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter Balthazar, with 3 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 woover doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes, 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 notion. D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks! Note notes, foregoth, and nothing! [Musick. Bene. [Behind.] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish’d!—Is it not strange, that sheeps’ guts should hale 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 acheivers 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 kisthe and bonny, Converting all your sounds of woe Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo. Or dumbs so dull and heavy; The 3 friends of men were ever so, Since summer first was heary. Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my truth, 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 bore no mischief! I had as lief have heard the 3-night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yes, 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. I will do 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
SCENE III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

Benc. [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. [Aside.] Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she? [Aside.] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit with 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.

Benc. [Behind.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow spoaks 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 writ a sheet of paper 3 full.—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 4 sheets?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand 5 half-peices; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would not flout her:"I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobbs, 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 overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by 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. As 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 half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what 'twill 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 probable she'll scorn 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 Benedick.

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 he 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 farther 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 on 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.

[Exit Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

Benc. [Advancing from the Arbor.] 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 cenured: they say, I will hear 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 mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can hear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot *reprove it:—

* Fondness.—Daff'd; put aside. — Contemptuous; scornful. — Alms-deed. — Dote. — Elegance; grace. — Contemptible. — Sad- ly borne. — Lord, seriously carried on; — Disprove; refuse.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor; 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
Is all of her: say, that thou overheard’st us; And bid her steal into the bower we set up, Where honey-suckles, ripen’d by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.—There will she hide
To listen our purpose. This is thy office; (Her,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I’ll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy 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.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference. Urs. The pleasantst angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ears the silver stream,

*Conversing.—* Platted; interwoven.

And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that here we lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disadvised; *A loud.
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As baggers of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-crowned lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it; madam?

Hero. They did intreat 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? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch 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 men else seem weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-encumbered.

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 purely featured, But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac’d, 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 true 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: Oh! she would laugh me Out of myself, presume to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover’d fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling.

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 only, I’ll devise some honest stouter To stain my cousin with. One doth not know, How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O! do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift and excellent a wit, As is pity’d to have) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as sigior 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: sigior Benedick,
SCENE II. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Her*o. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it ere he had it.— What are you married, madam? —

*Her*o. Why, 's I 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 a him'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.]

[Exeunt 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 reporting. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Ped. 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 vonchaufme me.

D. Ped. 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 mirith: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, 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.

Benc. Gallants, I am not as I have been. Leon. So say I: methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Ped. 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.

Benc. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Ped. Draw it.

Benc. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Ped. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humor, or a worm?

Benc. Well, everyone one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Ped. 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, or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slips, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doubt. 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. Ped. 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 stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Ped. 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. Ped. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he went to wash his face?

D. Ped. 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. Ped. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him.

Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Ped. 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. Ped. 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. Ped. 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. Ped. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Ped. In private?

John. If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Ped. What's the matter?

John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Ped. 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 is a dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

D. Ped. 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 is it? 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 wick-
edness: 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 we'll her; but it would better fit your honor
to change your mind.

Cloud. 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.

Cloud. If I see anything tonight, 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 wroufed for thee to obtain her,
I will join with thee to disguise her.

John. I will disparage her no further, till you are
my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and
let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day unfortвроrately turned!

Cloud. 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.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Ye, or else it were pity but they should
suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. 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, neighbor
Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desertful
man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal,
for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath
blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored
man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read
comes by the hand of God.

2 Watch. Both whicht, master constable.

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your an-
swer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God
thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writ-
ing 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 n' will not stand?

Dog. 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 hidden, he
is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. 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.

Dog. 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?

Dog. Why then, let them alone till they are so-
ber: 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.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him,
by virtue of your office, to be no 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. We know him to be a thief, shall we
not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think,
you that touch pinch 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, master.

Dog. Dogberry. 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 us?

Dog. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child
wake her with crying; for the ease that will not hear
her lamb when it bates, will never answer a call when
he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, con-
stable, 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.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man who
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, he be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night:
an honest man is but a matter of weight chances, call
up me. Keep your follow's counsels and your own,
and good night. Come, neighboring.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let
us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and
then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray
you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the
wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great
cold to-night. Alidius, be vigilant, I beseech you.

Verg. [Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [Behind and 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 be 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 pent-
house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true
drunkard, utter all to thee.


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*a Dogberry is the name of a shrub very common in Eng-
land; Verges is the provincial pronunciation of sorjuice.*

b "Billy" were a species of axe carried by watchmen.

c "This charge is doubtless a satire upon the police regulations
of London, entitled "Statutes of the Streets."—D. Buste; 
"Thus, in the true drunkard." Borachio quibbles upon
his own name, which in Spanish signifies a drunkard.
**SCENE IV.**

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

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 should'lt 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 coat, 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. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

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: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? I mean, didst thou not hear about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the 6reechy 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 cod-piece seems as maesy as his chaps.

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou 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 this tale viley:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they 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; aware 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 received all the dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a wears 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 godly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

**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 'mbato 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 exceedeth, 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 bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten oun'.

Hero. Go, give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable 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 the heavier 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 morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—"Light o' love!" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, "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. 'Tis 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?

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*"Unconfirmed," i. e., unpractised in the ways of the world.—"Roochary," i. e., rooky; discolored by smoke.—*Sailed.*

4 A quibble upon the word *bills*, which was sometimes used in the sense of bond.—*""* In question," i. e., on examination or trial.—"Barns," a kind of ruff,—"Broom-dress," i. e., "Side sleeves" were long or full sleeves.—*Nasty* pretty.—*"Light o' love" was the name of an old dance-tune.—*A quibble between *barns* and *bairns* (children).
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, *H.*
Morg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there’s no more salting by the star.
Beat. What means the fool, *trow* ?
Morg. 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 stufed, cousin; I cannot smell.
Morg. A maid, and stufed! there’s goodly catching of cold.
Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess’d apprehension?
Morg. Ever since you left it. Doth 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.
Morg. Get you some of this distilled carduus *benedictus,* and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

**Hero.** There thou prick’st her with a thistle.
Beat. Benedicts! why benedicts? you have some moral in this benedictus.
Morg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by’r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes, as other women do.
Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
Morg. Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter Ursula.*

**Urs.** Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signor Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

**Hero.** Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

**Leon.** What would you with me, honest neighbors?
Dobg. Marry, sir; I would have some confidence with you, that decency you near you.
Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.
Dobg. Marry, this it is, sir.
Leon. Yes, in truth it is, sir.
Dobg. What is it, my good friends?
Dobg. Goodman Verges, sir, thanks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.
Leon. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living; that is an old man, and no honeeter than I.

**Dogb.** Comparisons are odorous: *plobaras,* neighbors.
Leon. Neighbors, you are tedious.

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**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 Vive a thousand pound more than ‘tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, 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 ta’en 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, neighbor 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 neighbor!

**Leon.** Indeed, neighbor, 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 auspicious 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 Seacon: bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail: 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 now core; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

*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 impedi-

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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 talk'd 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 maid—.Leonato,  
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honor,  
Myself, my brother, and this grieved 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 libelvn 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 haddst 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 simplicity, and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eye-lids 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?  
**[light.**  
**John.** Come, let us go. These things, come thus to  
Smother her spirits up.  
**[Exeunt Don PEDRO, JOHN, and CLAUDIO.**  
**Bene.** How doth the lady?  
**Beat.** Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—  
**Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—**  
**I am friar!**  
**Leon.** O 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?  
**Friar.** Yea; wherefore should she not?  
**Leon.** Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly  
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
That story that is printed in her blood?—  
Do not live, Hero; do not one thine eyes;  
For did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,  
Myself would, on the hazard of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I, had but one  
Child I for that at frugal nature's down?  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;  
Who so smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,  
I might have said, "No part of it is mine,  
This shame derives itself from unknown lords?"  
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,  

* A quotation from the "Accidence." —Lascivious. —Licentious. —So wide,‖ i.e., so remotely from the business in hand. —Prostitute. —Natural.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV.

And salt too little, which may season give
To her soul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. [made
Leu. Confirm'd, confirm'd? O, that is stronger
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence! from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this 2 crosses of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, beat away those blusses;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool; Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental sooth doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverend calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some blighting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she does not deny it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me: I know none.

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy—I, O, my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death. [princes.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
Bene. These of them have the very bent of honor;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in fraud and villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall bear her: if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a cause,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter, here, the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Let us What of this? What will this
Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lumented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it, but being lost and lack'd,
Why, then we crack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accuses her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let him be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event that in better hope,
Than I can lay it down in likeliness.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some exclusive and religious life.
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away,
For to strange sorely strangely they strain the
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day, [cure."
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 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 I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest 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.

* "Rock," i. e., raise to the utmost.—* "Upon," i. e., by; upon the occasion of.—* "The litter was actually supposed to be the seat of love.—* "I. e., than I can make it appear probable,—* intimacy.
Scene II. Much Ado About Nothing.

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. He is not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scornd, dishonored my kinswoman? — O, that I were a man! — What! bear her in chaste? that I come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmigliated rancor, — 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 slandered, she is undone. 
Bene. Beat— 
Beat. Princes, and 4 counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confess; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesy, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and ftrimes 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 Conrade and Borachio. 
Dogb. Is our whole discompos'd appeared? 
Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton. 
Sexton. Which be the malefactors? 

Dogb. Mary, 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 Conrade. 
Dogb. Write down master gentleman Conrade.— Masters, do you serve God? 
Con. Boras. Yen, 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 little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 
Con. Marry, 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 best 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 that purgery, to call a prince's brother villain. 
Bora. Master constable,— 
Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee. 
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 burgurgy as ever was committed. 
Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is. 
Sexton. What else, follow? 
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 him their examination. [Exeunt.] 
Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned. 
Verg. Let them be bound. 
3 Bora. Hands off, coxcomb! 
Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them. — Thou naughty varlet! 

Footnotes:
1 If the "I am gone," I.e., my heart is gone from you—"I approved in the height," I.e., proved in the highest degree—"I bear her in hand," I.e., I deicide her with false hopes.—4 Counts: lord.—"Count confess," I.e., a sugar-candy count.—6 Nice.
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 no more counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear.
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov’d his child,
Whose joy of her is overthrow’d like mine,
And bid him speak to me of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Call sorrow joy; cry hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with powders; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him to you to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm nee 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 grief’s cry louder than a advertisement.

Ant. Thence 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 style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufficiency.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too. [so.

Leon. There thou speak’st reason: say, I will do
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied.
And that shall Claudio know: so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonor her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good day, good day.

Claud. 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,
your lord.

Ant. Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one. [man.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?—

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembl

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man! never fleer 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 grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belie’d 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 her’s, framed by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. Nay.

Ant. First, I say you are not right, old man.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Ant. Of 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 buff me? Thou hast kill’d my
If thou kill’dst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man. [child:
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,—[me.
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow
Sir boy, I’ll whip you from your joining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Come, you yourself. God knows, I lov’d my
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, baggards, Jacks, milk-supas!—

Leon. Brother Antony—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them;
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scurrying, out-facing, fashion-mong’ring boys,
That lie, and e’er, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all!

Leon. But, brother Antony—

Ant. Come, ’tis no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [patience.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not awake your
My heart is sorry for your daughter’s death;

4 Good day—"ill bide," —"Active practice," i. e., skill in fencing, etc.
"Do as I do," i. e., put me off,—"Thieving,—Shuffling,—Fluttering,—"Wak’d," i. e., rouse; stir up; convert your patience into anger by longer reasoning.
Much Ado About Nothing

But, on my honor, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord!—

D. Pedro. 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.

[Exit 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 been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I 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 out. 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 please us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.

—Art thou sick, or angry?

Bene. 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, an you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke into a 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.

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 cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf’s head and 1 eapers, 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 praises 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 tongue;” “That I believe,” said she, “for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore 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 went 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, God saw him when he was left 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!”

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, you never do.—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.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

[Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall no worse weigh more reasons in her balance.

Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother’s men bound! is it so?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are sadders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done? thirdly, I ask thee, what’s their offence? sixth and lastly, why are they committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Highly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there’s one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What’s your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this court kill me.

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1. "Draw, as we do the minstrels," I.e., as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles.
2. "The allusion is to tilting.
3. "The woodcock was supposed to have no brain, and was therefore easily caught in a trap; the allusion is to the plot against Benedick.
4. "Wise gentleman" is used ironically, as we say a wise-axe.
5. "Pluck up, my heart, and be sad," I.e., rise thee, my heart, and be serious.---"Well suited," I.e., put into many different dances.
I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother, 

*in*consed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; 

and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. [your blood?]

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this? Bora. Yes; and paid me richly for the practice of it. [ere.—

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treach- 

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thine image doth appear 

In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come; bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, Antonio, and the Sexton. Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes, That when I note another male like him, I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wrangler, look on me. [kill'd

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yes, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself: 

Here stand a pair of honorable 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. Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself; 

b Impose me to what penance your invention 

Can lay upon my sin: yet sim'ld 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 cause my daughter live; 

That were impossible; but, I pray you both, 

c Possess the people in Messina, here,

How innocent she died: and, if your love 

Can labor aught in such invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, 

And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.— 

To-morrow, bringing 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's 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 henceforth 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'rd to it by your brother.

Bora. 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.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the officer, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remem- 

bered 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.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and 

I thank thee.

Dogb. 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, neighbor.

[Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell. 

Ant. Farrowell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, 

How her acquaintance grew with this 5fellow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, desire 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, thou dost excel 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. 

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

"Past," i. e., a party to the past; an accomplice.—"God save the foundation!" a phrase used by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.—"Knave."—"I give thee the bucklers," i. e., I yield.
in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for widows.

Marc. 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, Leonor 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.——

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O! sing but till then.

Beat. "Then" 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 but is foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened 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 good parts didst 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 spite it for my sake, I will spite 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 wise man among twenty who will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors; If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ore 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. 4Question—why an hour in clamor, and a quarter in rhyme: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praises.

* "Festival terms," i. e., holiday phrase.
* "Undergoes my challenge," i. e., is under challenge.
* "Question," i. e., that is the question.

---

ing 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 hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled 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.

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SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and ATTENDANTS, WITH MUSIC AND TAPERS.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Att. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads.]

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues

WAS the Hero that here lies;

Death, in 'garden 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 noon;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graces, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered, heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite. [out.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Day, 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 not tell.

[Exeunt Torch-bearers.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other

And then to Leonato's we will go.

[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 accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

14 "Old coil," i. e., great confusion.—RCompenes.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT V.

Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enuio'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlemens all,
With draw 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.

And, as I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think,
Frier. 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 favor.

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 conj'in'd
In the state of honorable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my help.

Here come the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Clau.
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd [Do:
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind was she an Ethiop.
Leon. Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's
That you have such a February face, [the matter,
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 brow;
And some such strange bull lep'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that some noble fear;
Much like to you, for you have just his blee.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other mask
Which is the lady I must seize upon? [enings.
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.
Her. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

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
Bene. Do not you love me! [is your will?] 

Beat. 3Why, 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. 3Troth, no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived; for they 'sware, you did. [me.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead
for me.

Bene. It is no 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't, 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.

Her. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n 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 light,
I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not dey 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 consump-

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
rackers cannot flout me out of my humor. Dost thou
think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No:
if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear
nothing handsomest about him. In brief, since I do
purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any pur-
pose that the world can say against it; and therefore
never fear but 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 a thou art like to be my kinsman,
live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have de-
died Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled 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' heela.

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 ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll de-
vise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up,
pipers. 

[ Dance of all the Actors.

* Because,
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Act III.—Scene I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre.
Biron, Lords, attending on the King.
Longaville, Lords, attending on the Princess.
Dumaine, Fellow-scholars, a Schoolmaster.
Boyet, Mercade, of France.
Don Adrian de Armado, a Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.
Costard, a Clown.
Moth, Page to Armado.
A Forester.
Princess of France.
Rosaline, Ladies, attending on the Princess.
Katharine, Jaquenetta, a country wench.
Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

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 corromant devouring time,
'Tis endeavor of this present breath may buoy
That honor, which shall bathe 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, [it.
That are recorded in this schedule here: 4[Showing

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honor down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep 3 oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolvd: 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

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 and die,
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 enclosed 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, as 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 may, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know? [know.
King. Why, that to know which else we should not
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,
Which the mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard—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.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
Which, with pain purchase'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 beguile.
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 fairey ear;
Who dazzles so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blin'ded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plunders ever won,
Some have been author'd with other men's.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and yet 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 read-

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still let's grow the weedings.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

King. Something, then, in rhyme.

Biron. Like an envious snipping 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 shows;
But like of every thing that in season grows.

So you, by study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.

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 rescues 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 devis'd 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 5 garrulity!

[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 embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrèpit, sick, and bed-ridden father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess 6 rather.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite Biron. So study overmore is overshot: [forgot.
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 forsworn
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak;
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 forewarned 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 attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
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
With a refined traveller of Spain; [haunted
A man in all the world-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 9 complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado 9 hight,
For interim 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,
6 Reside,—Affections —7 Temptations —8 Lively — sprightly, — Accomplishments.— 9 Armado hight; 1. o. is called Armado.
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And will I use him for my minute's play.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wise patron,
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 would'st?
Dull. I myself apprehend his own person, for I am his grace's chamber-bearer; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arm — Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contents thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificient Armado.
Biron. How low sewer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low-sounding God grant us patience!
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 scheme in in the manner.
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 wellkin's viscount, 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, besieged with sable-colored melanchooly, I did commend the black-oppressing humor 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 ebom-colored ink, which here thou viewest, behold'st, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where?—it standeth north-north-east and by east 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, bight Costard,"
Cost. Of me.
King. "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canons, with — with— with — 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-esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, hearing, 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 damsel.
King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.
Cost. This was no damsel 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 deliv'rd o'er: —
And go 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.
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 pros-

* For my minstrelsy:" I.e. instead of a minstrel. — Fellow. — Grand-new. — Third borough, a peace-officer. — * * With the manner," i.e. in the fact.
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

ACT I.

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 loves 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 can thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my touch senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epithet 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.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying 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 condign 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 hearest 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 thiree told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapaster.

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.

Arm. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

Now, here is three studied ere you'll thriće wink;

And how easy it is to put years to the word three,

And study three years in two words, the dancing d'horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [Aside.] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and, as it be base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the honour of affection would deliver me from the reprobe thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to my 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. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—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 excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou dist 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 complexities?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the color of lovers; but to have a love of that color, 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 colors.

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 poetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing checks 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, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind 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 bepast.

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, nor no penance; but a must fast three days a week.

*boy.—Youth.—The "crosses" alluded to were pieces of money stamped with a cross.—This allusion is to a celebrated horse, remarkable for his sagacity, belonging to one Baskets.

"The allusion, probably, is to the willow. —Impure. —"Which native she doth owe," I. e. of which she is naturally possessed. —See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. —Transgression. —Poor.
For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the 2 day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's b 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!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I think God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth trend. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love; 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 c passado he respects not, the d duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your armiger is in love; yea, he loves. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn 2 sonnet-maker. Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your 2 clearest Consider whom the king your father sends, [spirits.

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 Aquitain, 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 prodigiously gave them all to you. 

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praisem Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapsen'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 fame 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 a 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 solicitor. Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, On serious business, craving quick despatch, Importune personal conference with his grace. Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will. Boyet. Proud of your 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-follows 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 humeours heir Of Jacques Falcolride, 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 will; Whose edge he has power to cut, whose wills will Should none spare that come within his power. 

Prin. Some poor mocking lord, belike; i' sot so? 

Mar. They say so most that most his humors know. 

Prin. Such short-div'd wits do wither as they grow. 

Who are the rest? 

Kath. The young Domaine, a well-accomplished. 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 little 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 nieth, I never spent an hour's talk withal. His eye begets occasion for his wit; 

For every object that the one doth catch, The others turn to a mirth-moving jest, Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

—— — Confident.—Qualified.
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings 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 bedecking 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.

Enter King, Longaville, Du Maine, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
Prin. Fair boy, 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.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. [Exit.
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:
'Tis deathly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beconceemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Gives a paper.
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. ['Reads.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove myne'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't long of you, that spur me with such questions. [tire.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, twill
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 thy 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 begone.
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 his father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receive'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
* Considerates.— Prepared.— Whorone.
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 Aquitin,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he 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,
Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.
Dear princes, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
Prin. We 'llarest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honor, without breach of honor, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, within my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied, free harbor in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[Exeunt King and his train.
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would
be glad to see it.
Biron. I would, you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack! let it blood.
Biron. Would that it do good?
Ros. My physic says, ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Ros. No point, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life.
Ros. And yours from long living.
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Stands back.
Dum. Where I pray you, a word. What lady that is here? [Coming forward.
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.
Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white? [Coming forward.

4 Part with—"seem unseeming," i. e., not seeming; seeming not—"We arrest your word," i. e., we take you at your word.—"No point," (Fr.) no.
SCENE I.

LOVE’S LABOR’S LOST.

Biron. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light. [name.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her

Biron. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Biron. Her mother’s, I have heard.

Long. God’s blessing on your beard!

Biron. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Fal聘用.gh. [Exit Biron. — Ladies unmask.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended. She is a most sweet lady.

Biron. Not unlike, sir: that may be. [Exit Long. Biron. What’s her name, in the cap? [board.

Biron. Katherine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no? [board.

Biron. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.

Biron. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit Biron. — Ladies unmask.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

Biron. And every jest but a word. [board.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Biron. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to

Mar. Two hot sheeps, merry!

Biron. And wherefore not ships?

Mar. No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Biron. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish

Biron. So you grant pasture for me, [the jest?

[Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Biron. Belonging to whom? [board.

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentlemen, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men, for hero ’tis abused.

Biron. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,) By the heart’s still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Biron. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Biron. Why, all his behaviors did make their retire To the court of his eye, peeping a thorough desire; His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed, Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed: His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see, Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be; All senses to that sense did make their repair, To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought, all his senses were lock’d in his eye, As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy; Who, tending their own worth, from where they were glass’d,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass’d.

His face’s own margin did quote such amazes, That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes. I’ll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his, An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss. [board.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Biron is disposed— Biron. But to speak that in words, which his eye and heart disclos’d.

I only have made a mouth of his eye, By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.  

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak’st skilfully. [of him.

Mar. He is Cupid’s grandfather, and learns news Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Biron. Do you hear, my mad wenches? [board.

Mar. No.

Biron. What, then, do you see? Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Biron. You are too hard for me. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Armado and Mirth.

2 Song. See, my love.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my senses of hearing.

Moth. 3 Concinelli.—3 (Amato bene.) [Singing, Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderess of yours: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him e festively hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love. [French brawl!

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to pig off a tune at the tongue’s end, • carnary to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eye- lids; 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 sniffed 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 snip and away. These are complements, these are humors; these betray nice wenchens, 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 4 pain of observation.

Arm. But O,—Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callst thou my love hobby-horse? Mith. 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. [will prove.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, 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.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

4 • Concinelli” is probably the beginning of some Italian song.— 5 Hastily.— 6 Brad, from the French braud; was a kind of dance.— 7 , ‘Casmary’ was a dance accompanied by the castanets.— 8 The ‘hobby-horse’ is a shed projecting from the main wall.— 9 Accomplishments. — The ‘hobby-horse’ was a character in the old May-games.
Moth. A messenger well sympathiz'd: 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. Minim, 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 reproves me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fce. [Exit. Arm. A most acute juvenile; voluble and faire of grace!

By thy favor, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Mote-eyed melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.


Arm. By virtue, thou enforc'st laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth 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? [Make plain Arm. No page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to some obscure proceedings that hath before been said, I will exemplify 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 four.

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,
Saying the odds by making four.

L'envoy. A good L'envoy.

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. [Argument in; Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your

Then the boy's fat L'envoy, the goose that you bought,

And he ended the market.

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.

I, 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.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, 'marr)' I will enfranchise the

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, enfree'ndomg thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purga-

Arm. Let me be loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee free from duration; and, in lieu 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 honor is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [Exit. Moth. Like the sequel, 1.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my Titus Jew!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-

Arm. O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.—What's the price of this binkle? A penny.—No, I will 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?


Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you. Biron, Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady; [name.

When tongues speak sweetly, then she name her.

And then they call her: ask for her,

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[Give him money.

Cost. Guerdon.—O, sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdons!—I will do it, sir, in print.——Guer-

[Exit. ———remuneration! [Exit.

"Inprint," i.e., artless; unlearned.—"Tepe.—Reward, — "In print," i.e., with the utmost neaty,
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

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 spurr'd his horse so Against the steep uprising of the hill? [Hard Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who'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 give the prince our hear! To pray for?—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. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Prin. See, see! my beauty will be saved by merit. O herey in 2 faith, 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 play it fair in this the shot: Not wounding, pity would not let me do'; 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, 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 dear's blood, that my heart means no ill. Boyet. Do not 4 cruist wives hold that self-sover-Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be [eigny 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 commonwealth. Cost. God! dig-you-don 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. [is truth. Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit. One o' these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit. [Here. Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest 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 this capon. [Handing 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.] “By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infinite; it is true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fair than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commissary on thy heroic and valiant! The magnificent and most illustrious Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitable beggar Poulet; and he it was that might rightly say, vati, ebre, ete; which to anoint in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) valedict, he came, saw, and over- came: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he come? 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 triumph: on whose side? the king's? —no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entertain thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for titles? Shrewish,—[Dig-you-den] 6, I e, give you good even.— The French word for a capon or chicken, poulet, signifies also a love-letter.—Illustrious.
"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;
Submit full 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 indited
this letter? [Better?]
What vain? what weather-cock? did you ever hear
Boyet. I am much deco'vd, I know the style.
while.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o' er it ere-
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here
in court.
A phantasm, a 'Monarcho, 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 other day.
[Exeunt Princess and Train.
Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the 'suitor'?
Rosaline. Shall I touch you to know?
Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off! [marry,
Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou
Hang me by the neck, if horns that your miscurry
Finely put on;
Boyet. Well then, I am the shooter.
Ros. And who is your deer?
Cost. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come
Finely put on, indeed! — [not near.
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow. [her now?
Boyet. But she herself is hit lower! Have I hit
Rosaline. 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! [did hit it.
Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both
Beyot. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark,
says my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it
Mar. Wide o' the bow hand: 'tis faith, your hand
is out.

"Erewhile," i.e., but just now. — "Monarcho:" the al-
lusioa to a fancied character, who lived
about the court. — "Suitor" and "shooter" appear to have
been pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time. — "Wide o' theow hand," a term in archery, signifying, a good deal to the
left of the mark.

Cost. Indeed, a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er
hit the clout.
Boyet. As if my hand be out, then believe your
hand is in.[pin.
Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the
Mar. Come, come, you talk so glibly; your lips
grow foul. [lenge her bowl to.
Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: shall
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my
good owl.
[Exeunt Boyet and Maria.
Cost. By my soul, a swain! in most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incomb vulgar
wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscuently, 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.
And his page o' the other side, that handful of "small
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! [wit!
Sols, sols! [Shooting without.
[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; right as the homoswer, who now haugeth like a jewell in the ear of caro,—the sky, the welkin,
the heaven; and moon falletti like 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.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.
Dull. Twas not a hand credo, 'twas a bricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intuition! yet a kind of
insinuation, as it were, in vis, in way of explication;
facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, exactutere,
to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his un-
dressed, unpolished, uncultivated, unpruned, untrimmed,
or rather unlettered, or, ratherever, unconfirmed fash-
ion,—to insert again my hand credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a hand credo: 'twas a
bricket.

Hol. 'Twice sod simplicity, his coetus!— [look!
O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou
Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that
are bred in a book; [ink:
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk
His intellect is not replenished; he is only an
not to think,
plants
Only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren
Are set before us, that we thinkful should be

4 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, indiscrimi-
[ment:
A school:
So, were there a pach set on learning, to 'set animal in
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?

Grocery. — Unlearned. —A species of apple.— A "prick-
et" was a buck in his second year.
SCENE II.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. 135

Hol. 1 Doctissimel, good man Dull; 2 Dictyuna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictyuna?

Nath. A title to Thriebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more; 3 fiestrescore.

And brought not to five weeks, when he came to 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 beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humor the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scruality.

Hol. I will something 4 affect the letter, for it argues facility.

[Reads.]

The preful princess pier'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.

[with shooting.]

Sow'd, but not a sore; but now made sore.

The dogs did yell; put to sore, then 5 sore jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sore; the people fall a-howl,
If sore be then, to sore makes fifty sores; 6 o sore! 7

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one.

Dull. A rare talent.

Hol. If a Talman be a claw, how look he clawes him with a talent. 8 Aside.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the vitreous of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. M 현재! If their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, sir sapit, qui poena loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master 9 person.

Hol. Master person,—quasi person. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuff of earth: fire enough for a flat, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; 'tis well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. [embrá.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub Raminis,—and so forth. Ah, good old 10 Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Venegia, Venegia, Chie de rile, non te prege.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.—

Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanzu, a verse: tege, domine.

Nath. If love make me foreswear, how shall I swear to love? 11

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vouch'd! Thought to myself foreswear, to thee I'll faithfully prove; Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his look thin eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder:

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Joe's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not an anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art; O! pardon, love, this wrong.

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified: but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? 12 Imitating is nothing: so dath the bound his master, the ape his keeper, the trained horse his rider. But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur 13 Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overfraise the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party written unto: "Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progress, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet: deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my lord.

[Nazent Cost. and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith, to you,

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colorable 14 colors. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if before repeat it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very uncarned, neither

1 Jaquenetta has just before said that the letter was sent to her from Don Armado. —"Colorable colors," i. e., especial appearances.
savoring of poetry, wit, or invention. I beseech your society.

Noth. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, *senses* the next most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To Dull.] I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *panaceo verba*. Away! the gentiles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.**—Another part of the Same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

**Biron.** The king he is hunting the deer; I am courscing myself: they have pitch'd a teetl; I am tolling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, 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 o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me! '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 lie. This book taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' 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 groan! [Gits up into a tree.]

Enter the King, with a paper.

**King.** Ay me!

**Biron.** [Aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!—

**King.** [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, [not
As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on my 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;
That is my true tear and true 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 thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far thou dost exceed,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell
How shall she 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.** [Steps aside.

**Biron.** [Aside in the tree.] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

**Long.** Ay me! I am forsworn. [wearing papers.]

**Biron.** [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a perjure.

**King.** [Aside.] In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship—ship in shame! [the name.

**Biron.** [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of

**Long.** Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? [certainly; in truth—a *tolling in a pitch,* alluding to the dark complexion of Rosaline.—Part of the punishment of a perjur'd was to wear on his breast a paper expressing his crime.

**Biron.** [Aside.]* I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.

Thou mak'st the 'triumvirry, the corner-cap of society, The shaped box of *Tyburn,* that hang on up simplicity.

**Long.** I long these stubborn lines luck power to

**O** sweet Maria, empress of my love! [move.]

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

**Biron.** [Aside.] O! rhymes are *guards on wanton Cupid's hose:*

**Disgu不曾 his trob.**

**Long.** This same shall go on.—[He reads the sonnet.

**Dull.** Not the heavenly rhetoric of this eye,

Quid in titum, quos illud truthful argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke 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.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Expel'd at this vapor-zoe; 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 *silver* vein, which

**Makes flesh a deity;**

A green goose, a goddess! pure, pure idolatry.

God amen us! God amen *us! we are much out

' o' the way.

Enter Dumaine, with a paper.

**Long.** By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

[Steps aside.

**Biron.** [Aside.] All hid, all hid; an old infant
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky, [play.

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sucks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:

Dumaine transform'd! four *woodcocks* in a dish.

**Dum.** O most divine Kate! [Enter Biron.]

**Biron.** [Aside.] O most profane coxcomb!

**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'd quoted.

**Biron.** [Aside.] An amber-color'd raven was well
dressed. As upright as the cedar. [noted.

**Dum.** [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 I had 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 sauces: sweet misprision!

**Dum.** Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

**Biron.** [Aside.] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

*4 Triomvirry,* and *the shape of love's Tyburn,* allude to the galloway of the time, which was occasionally *triangles.*

**Thro' it in every tear that I do dish the hems or borders of a garment.**—*4 Steps* were wide-kneed breeches, in fashion in Shakespeare's time.—In reference to the supposition that the tear was that of a deity.—A *woodcock* means a foolish fol-

*ow, that bird being supposed to have no brains.—I.e.,* "Her amber hairs have shown real amber to be foul in comparison with them."
LOVE'S TRUE, away
When Soft the Longaville
Hence, Too
With none
If tell
Whither
Ill,

SCENE
Nor You
You
I
For
And
You
For
How
Faith
What
You'll
There
Tush
O
You
O
have
heard
Long.
would
be
sighs,
none
1
three
never
worms!
from
seen,
mark'd
shall
her
reek
a
gold,

Advancing.

And
Juno
Air,

But
Do
I
am

Thou
Vow,

offend,
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Wish'd
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Alack
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You

Dumaine,
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine? [only Rosaline, Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavy- That, like a rude and savage man of Inde, At the first opening of the gorgeous east, Bows not his vassal head; and, strictest blind, Kisses the base ground with obedient breast? What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye Daves love 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 maid. She 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 complexions the cu'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. Love. I wash'd and flourished 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, At the first opening of the gorgeous east. 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 sun, but fair, and he is but not black. King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell, The hue of dunces, and the shade of night; And beauty's best becomes the heavens well. Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of O! if in black my lady's brow be deck'd, light. It mourns, that painting, and usurping  hair, Should ravish doters with a false aspect; And therefore is she born to make black fair. Her favor turns the fashion of these days; For native blood is counted painting now, And therefore red, that would avoid disparage, Paints itself black, to imitate her now. Dun. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black. Long. And since her time are colliers counted crack. King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion Dun. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light. Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain, For fear their colors should be wash'd away. King. 'Twerce good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day. plain, Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here. King. No, sir, she fright thee as she doth she. Dun. 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. Dun. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies And see not how she should be wash'd over head. King. But what of this? Are we not all in love? Biron. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn. [prove King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn. *Quibbles; sophistries. — *Our books," i.e., our true books, the eyes of women, from which we derive most information.

*Here, as throughout the play, the name of Biron is accentuated on the second syllable. — An allusion to the false hair, or periwigs, worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time.
Then, fools you were these 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 1 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 3 sun of them. 

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these 5 glozes 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, honeward, 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 shew; 
For revels, 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. 
[* corn; 
Biron. Allons! allons! — Sow'd cockle reap'd no And justice always win in equal measure; 
Light wheels may prove plagues to men forsworn 
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. 

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Holofener, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit. 
Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without savourity, witty without affection, 4 audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this week with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adrianino de Armado. 

Hol. Novi hominem tanguam te: his humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue fad'd, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and 4 Vernon: He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrihite, as I may call it. 

Nath. A most singular and choice epitaph. 

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such

fanatical phantasms, such insociable and 6 point-device companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak doubts, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debit—d, e, h, t, not d, e, t: he clefteth a calf, cauf: half, haut; neighbor vocatur nebor; neihe abbreviated me. This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it inmuteth 4 one of insania: ne intelligis domine? to make frantic, lunatic. 

Nath. Live! or bone intellige. 
Hol. Bone?—bone for bone: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Mooth, and Costard.

Nath. Violence quis venit? 
Hol. Vide re, et pandeo. 
Arm. Chirrah! 

[To Mooth. 
Hol. Quare Chirrah, non sirrah? 
Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd. 
Hol. Most military sir, salutation. 
Mooth. They have been at a great feast of lam guages, and stolen the scraps. 
Cost. O! they have lived long on the alma-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: thou art easier swallowed than a 7 flap-dragon. 
Mooth. Peace! the peal begins. 
Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] Are you not better'd? 
Mooth. Yes, yes; he comes. 
Vol. Four to the man, the hand-book. 
What is a, b, c, d, e, f, g, backward with the horn on his 
Hol. Ba, puertilla, with a horn added. 
[head? 
Mooth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning. 

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant? 
Mooth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. 

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i. 

Mooth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; 

o, u. 
Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranea, a sweet touch, a quick *vene of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit! 
Mooth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is *wit-old. 
Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure? 
Mooth. Horns. 

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig. 
Mooth. Lead me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infancy circim circit. A gig of a cuckold's head! 
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 purse of wit, thou pigon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father would'st thou make me. Go to; thou hast it ad dungiil, at the fingers' ends, as they say. 

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for wagum. 
Arm. Arts-man, praecambula: we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the large house on the top of the mountains? 

Hol. Or mens, the hill. 
Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain. 

Hol. I do, sans question.

* "That loves all men," i. e., that is pleasing to all men. 
1 In the days of archery it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy.—Injunctions. 
2 "A Fair Love" is Venus.— * "Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn?" a proverb, intimating that, beginn'd in pepper, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood.—I. e., Enough is as good as a feast.—Discourse. 
4 "Affectation, — Spirtited; animated; confident,—" * " Opinion," I. e., obstinacy (from the French epitalhite),—Polished.—Boshful; velerious.— "Too picked," i. e., too fastidious in his dress. — "Is too peregrihite," i. e., has too much of a foreign air or manner.

2 "Point-devise," fined; nice to exceed. — "Ame-lascal," i. e., the refuse.—" A 'flap-dragon' is a small inluminate substance which topsers used to swallow, floating on their wine.—" A 'vene,' in fencing, was a kit.—" Wit-old," i. e., wizen, a tame cuckold; the sense is here equivocal.
Scene II.—Another part of the Same. Before the Princess’s Pavillon.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria, 2 with presents.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if farings come thus plentifully in: A lady will’d about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this; yea, as much love in rhyme, as would be cramm’d up in a sheet of paper, wrote on both sides the leaf, margin and all, That he was fain to seal on Oupid’s name.

Ros. You’ll ne’er be friends with him: a’ kill’d your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a very 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, ‘moue, 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 a snuff; Therefore, I’ll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it stiff 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.

Prin. Well banded both; a’ set of wit well play’d.

But, Rosaline, you have a favor too: Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew: An if my face were but as fair as your’s, My favor were as great: be witness this. Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron. The numbers true; and, were the num’ring too, I were the fairest goddess on the ground. I am compar’d to twenty thousand fairs. O! he hath draw’d my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?


Kath. Fair as a text ‘tis in a copy-book. [Debtor, Ros. Ware my pencils! How! let me not die your rod domine’d, my golden letter: O, that your face were not so full of ‘O’s! Prin. A pox of that jest! and I besw ear all ’shovrs! But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Duma in’s?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. 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.


ACT V.

Arm. Sir, it is the king’s most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate 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 call’d, chosen; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my friend, I do assure you, my very good friend.—

For what I think 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 daily with my 2 excrement, with my mustachio:— but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honors 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 sweet, with some delightful or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, 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 Nathiel, 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, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Kath. Where will you find men worthy enough to please them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself, myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabees; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass 4 for Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

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? be he present Hercules in minority: 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 hiss, 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 4 fudge not, an antick, I beseech you, to follow.

Hol. A fide! Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Alas! 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.

* Present.— — C. “Gallows,” I, e., a wretch that deserves the gallows.— — 2 “Mouse” was formerly a term ofendarment.— — 4 “Sniff.” I, e., in anger; there is also an allusion to the snuff of a candle.— — 6 “Set.” I, e., game.— — 9 “Wear pencil!” I, e., Beware of drawing likenesses!— — 10 “So full of O’s!” I, e., so pitted with the small-pox.— — Shrews.
Scene II.

Love's Labor's Lost.

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Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville: This will make that miss my hag is short; a half a mile is.

Prin. I think not least. 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 mockings so.

Thou said Biron I'll torture ere I go,
O! that I knew he were in by this a week!
How would I make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that 8 jests!
So I potently would I oversway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate. [catch'd.
Prin. None are so sure caught, when they are
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 burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in folies bears not so strong a note,
As foolish in the wise, when with the 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.

Boy. Of! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's
Prin. Thy news, Boyet? (ther grace?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arms, wenchers, arms! 2 encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd.
Mow, mows! or they stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowardly, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge 8 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's rest,
Toward that shade I might behold 8 address
The king and his companions: narrowly
I stole into a neighbor 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 as his embassage Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thy must thou speak, and thus thy bowe bear!"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, "quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy reply'd, "an angel is not evil;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making a bold wag by their praises honor.
"Oil, oil! his elbow thus, and 3 fleec'd and aware
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd 4 Vit! we do'll, come what will come?
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter, and profound,
That in this 8 spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's 8 sudden tears.

I. C. E., for a certainty. I would make him proud to fatter me, who mock at his flatteries. Ready; prepared. - Grimmed. - "Vit!" I. E., Come on! 8 This spleen ridiculous. 8, I. E., this ridiculous fit of laughter.

4 To parler, I. E., to converse; to talk.
5 Exchanges. - I. E., the tiffanux marks they wore.
Biron. Therefore meet. [They converse apart.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe to 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. [call? Kath. 'Seal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a Long. A calf, fair lady?
Mar. 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. [mocks. Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp 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.
Biron. 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. [break off. Ros. Not one word more, my maid's: break off,
Biron. By heaven, all your sweet heats with pure scots? Kath. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple
[Music plays. wits. 
[Enter Kiva, Lords, Morn, Music, and Attendants.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Biron. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out,
[fat. Ros. 'Well-likeing wits they have: gross, gross, fat,
Prin. O, poverty in wit, 1 'kill'd by pure flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This part 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. Dumaine 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. Quidam, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art! [leaps. Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute.
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. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Biron. 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?

Biron. Thous thou grieve'st my gall.

*a slow and solemn dance. — Eyes. — Cheat; lie.

4 Well. — Well-conditioned; fat. — A quibble on the French adverb of negation; see Act II Scene I. — An allusion to a statute of Elizabeth, enjoining upon all but the nobility, and some others, to wear woollen cloths of English manufacture on Sundays and holidays, for the benefit of cap-makers.
They will, they will, God knows;
And lea for joy, though they are lame with blows;
Therefore, change *s* favors; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. [stood.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be under-
Boyet. Fair ladies, mask’d, are roses in their bud;
Dismask’d, their damask sweet compound show,
Are angels veiling *b* 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 advis’d,
Let’s mock them still, as well known, as disguis’d.
Let us complain to them what faults were here,
Disguis’d like Muscovites, in *a* shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely pound’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 roses run over land.
[Exeunt Princess, Ros, Kath, and Maria.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile, and Dumas,
in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent: please it 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 peck.
And utters it again when God doth please.
He is with peck, and renits his wares.
At wakes, and *b* wasails, 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 wrenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
A’ can carve too, and lipt: why, this is he,
That kiss’d his hand away in courtesy:
This is the apo of form, monsieur the nice.
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms: nay, he can sing
A *c* mean most mealy; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he trods on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales’ bone; And conveinces, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A bluster 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 the comes — Behavior, what
wert 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: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur’d men. [Vow :
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

* Features; countenances; *b* Veiling clouds," i.e., causing the clouds, which obscured their brightness, to sink be-
fore them. — Ursoule = *b* Carousals; drinking-bouts. — The hour in music. — *What roses were," the Savon genial verse.
This bone was the tooth of the horse-shake, or wallrus.

* * * To the manner of these days," i.e., after the fashion of three times. — Missrees. — A metaphor from the pile of
colour.
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

ACT V.

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet years, and honest kersey hoes:
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la!
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans b 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 do 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 trans.
Some fair excuse. [gression
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, diagnosis'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? [her.
King. That more than all the world I did respect
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject
King. Upon mine honor, [her.
Prin. Peace! peace! forbear;
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 weep me, or else die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him: the noble lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word. [truth,
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my
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 know 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 your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforesaid of our merchant,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
[ivaz, Some e carry-tale, some b please-man, some slight
Some k mumble-news, some treacher-knight, some
Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favors, and then we,
Follow'd the signs, would but be sign of her.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forewarn'd—in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—and might not you [To Boyet.
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the a square,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting mercy.
You, up our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock 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. [done.
Biron. Lo! he is tilting straight. Peace! I have

Enter Costard.
Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come or, in. Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vane wise,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it
is not so. [know what we know:
You cannot b beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we
hope, sir, three times thrice, sir.—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereunto
it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get
your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the
actors, sir, will show whereunto it doth amount:
for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to
perform one man,—o'en one poor man—Pompiion the great,
sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of
Pompiion the great: for mine own part, I know not
the degree of the Worth, 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.
Costard. We are shame-proof, my lord; and,'tis some
To have one show worse than the king's and his
King. I say, they shall not come. [company.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things laboring 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
delivers 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 mon-
arch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding
fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will

1 First in will, and afterwards in error. — Square; vuln.

"You are allow'd," i.e., you are an allowed, a licensed
fool, and may say what you like.—"You cannot beg us,"
i.e., we are no fools.
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

SCENE II.

L O V E' S L A B O R ' S L O S T.

put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal compelement! [Exit Armado.

King. Here is like to be a good present for Wor- thies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pom- pey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabees. And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other Biron. There is five in the first show. [five. King. You are deceived; 'tis not so. Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hogge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at a 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, Pompey surman'd the big,—"

Dum. The great. [great; Cost. It is great, sir,—"Pompey surman'd the That oft with targe and shield, did make my foot to sweat: [chance, And travelling along this coast I here am come by And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." [had done. If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I Priu. Great thanks, great Pompey. Cost. "Th' is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fruit 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; [might: By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering My 'scutcheon plain declareth, that I am Alexander." Biron. Your nose says no, you are not; for it stands too 'right. [smelling knight. Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender Priu. The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander. [commander; Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Boyst most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alexander.

Biron. Pompey the great.— Cost. Your servant, and Costard. [sander.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away All Cost. Of sir, [To Nath. you have overthrown All the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axis sitting on a close-stool, will be given to "Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak? run away for shame, Alexander. [Nath. retire. There, an't shall please you: a foolish man, an honest man, look you, and so soon dash'd: He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alexander, alas! ["Abate throw at novum." Novum was a game at dice, of which nine and five were the principal throws. Biron therefore says, "abate a throw, that is, leave out the nine, and the world cannot pick out face such knights." Libbard's, i. e. leopards'; an allusion to the old heroic habits, which usually had a leopard's or lion's head on the knee and shoulder. The head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. — An allusion to the arms of Alexander, as given in the history of the Nine Worthies. —A quibble founded on the resemblance in pronunciation of Ajax to a jakes.

you see, how 'tis:—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort. [Tard. 2 King. Stand aside, good Pompey. [Exit Costard armed, for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, [canis; Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus. Quoniam, he seemeth in minority, Ergo, I come with this apology.— Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit MOTH. Hol. "Judas I am,—"


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. Biron. 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: — Judas, away. Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. Biron. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [baised! Priu. Alas, poor Maccabees, how hath he been Enter Armado 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. Biron. But is this Hector? King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd. Long. His leg is too big for Hector's. Dum. More call, certain. Biron. No; he is best indued in the small. Biron. This cannot be Hector. Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces. Arm. "The antennus Mars, of kiances the al- Gave Hector a gift,—" [migity,

"A little o'erparted," i.e., his part is a little too much for him—The cittern was a kind of harp or guitar, which had usually a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and furnished with a string—"A brooch" here means a soldier's powder-horn.—A brooch was an ornamental clasp for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, etc.; a brooch of lead, because of its pale complexion, its leaden hue.—Lance-men,
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

ACT V.

Dum. A 1 gift nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!

"The armigent Mars, of lance the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
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 cumbine.
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 chuck's, beat not the bones of the buried:
when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royally, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Biron. 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, unarmed.

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 wonch is cast away: she's quick; the child brings in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou informaze me among potenates?
Thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be chipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Biron. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more
* Ares! stir them on! stir them on!
Arm. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if a have no more man's blood in's 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: 'tll slash; 'tll 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 resolve Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.
Do you not see, Pompey is uncazing 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 5 woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it 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 favor.

Enter Monsieur MERCEA, 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 endeavors; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The 4 liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For so great a suit so easily obtained
King. The extreme 6 parting time expressly forms All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very 6 loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which faiz it would 4 convince;
Yet, as the love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are 6 dull.
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of And by these bulges understand the king. [griefs;
For your rich sake have we neglected time,
Play'd fowl play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our horrors Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of uncutting 4 strangeness;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-costed presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you;
And even that falsehood, in itself 6 so base,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favors, the ambassadors of love;

"More Ates," i. e., more instigation: Ate was the goddess of Discord.—"Northern man," i. e., a clown.—"Woodward," i. e., so as to leave the woollen clothes next the skin.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as tiring to the time.
But more devout than this, in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a Merriment. [Jest.
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not 8 quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant to your loves:
Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is presum'd much,
Full of dear gultiness; and therefore this.—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
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 sustere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin 4 weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of this age;
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, 1 challenge by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My wotul self up in a mourning house,
Raising the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither entitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flutter 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? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank:
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favor 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 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?
Mcr. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you: few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress look on me:
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there?
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft 2 had I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's great tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding floats,
Which you on all estates will 8 exercise,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, threeswellth, 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 endeavor 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 shall laugh hearing givers give to fools.
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,
Dread with the choirs of their own 4 dire groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue 6 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, beful what will befal,
I'll jest 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 twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.
Enter Armado.
Arm. Sweet majesty, vouche safe 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, Mofl, 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 pried, and violet blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Doves paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks 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 ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

ACT V.

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks 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,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted "crabs kiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who,
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way. [Exeunt.

* Crab-apples.—b To keel the pot is to skim it.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II.—Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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, Wall, Moonshine, Lion,
Characters in the Interlude.
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. Now, 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 lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue. [lights; 
Hie. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
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.

Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.——
[Exit 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

* A triumph was a public show.
Against my child, my daughter Hermia,—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander; and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fancy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, *gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meat (messengers
Of strong prevall'd in unharden'd youth,) With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Demetrius is a wanton gentleman.

Hermia. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be hold the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes!
The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment
Be mov'd to your father's. I beseech you trust your grace to pardon me. [Look.
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 abjure
For the sake 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.
Truce blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthly 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 live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto the liberties of those unwis'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon,
The sealing-day bestrew my love and me
For everlasting 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. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And with what 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 boons can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

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 *spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with it some thought I 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 schooling 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.

[Exeunt Egeus, Hippolyta, Demetrius, and Lysander.

Her. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
That true love ever did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to love!
Lys. Or else misguid'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 two men:—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!—
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the *collid'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of death do devour it up:
So sickly 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. [misd.
Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Heri—
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.

* Gawds,* i.e., baubles; *toys; trifles,* as *for aye,* i.e., for ever. *Earthly happier,* i.e., happier in an earthly sense.

4 Wickel. — Besow: — Momentary. — Blackened. — Fen- cier here is love.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee, And to that place the sharp Athenian law Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then, 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 Hermia, 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 knitted course, and prosper loves, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen, When the false Trojan under sail was seen; By all the vows that every man have broke, In number more than ever women spoke; In that same place thou hast appointed me, To-morrow truel will I meet with thee.


Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Hermia! Whither away? Hel. Call me you fair? that fair again unsay. Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair! Your eyes are like stars, and your tongue's sweet air More tuneful than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear. Sickness is catching; O, were I favor so! Your words I would, fair Hermia: ere I go, My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, The rest I'll give to be to you translated. O! teach me how you look, and with what art You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart. Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still. Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill! Her. I give him curious, yet he gives me love. Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move! Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me. Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me. Her. His fault, fair Hermia, is none of mine. Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine! Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face; Lysander and myself will fly this place.— Before the time I did Lysander see, Seems'd Athens as a paradise to me: Then, what graces in my love must dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell! Lys. Helen, to your minds we will unfold. To-morrow night when Phoebe doth behold Her silver visage in the warby glass, Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass, (A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,) Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal. Her. And in the wood, where often you and I Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet, There my Lysander and myself shall meet; And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes, To seek new friends and stranger companies. Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us, And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!— Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit Herm.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu: As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Lys. Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she; But what of that? Demetrius think not so; He will not know what all but he do know; And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, So I, admiring of his qualities. Things base and vile, holding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste: Wings, and no eyes, figure unhoedy haste: And therefore is love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguiled. As waggish boys in "game themselves forswear, So the boy love is perjur'd every where: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye, He hal'd down oaths that he was only mine; And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, So he dissolve'd, and showers of oaths did melt. So will I go him of fair Hermia's flight; Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night, Pursue her; and for this intelligence If I have thanks, it is dear recompense: But herein mean I to enrich my pain, To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.

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, 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 lamentable 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 conde in some measure. To the rest—yet my chief humor 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 locks"
"Of prison-gates:"
"And Phibbus' ear"
"Shall shine from far,"
"And make and mar"
"The foolish fates."

a Your fair, b c. your fairest; your beauty. — b The lode-star is the polar star. — c Countenance; feature. — d Transformed; changed. — e Sport = Eyes. — f Scrip, i.e., script, a written paper. — g Gallantly. — h Hercules.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

Enter A Fairy and Puck at opposite doors.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Flu. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough Faggot, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips all her pensioners be;

In their gold ~ cups spots you see.

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savors:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farwell, thou *tob of spirits: I'll be gone.

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrathful.

Because that she, as her attendant hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:

She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;

But she, perfidious, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do ~ square; that all their elves, for fear,

Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Flu. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and kuavish sprite,

Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,

That frights the maidens of the Villagery;

Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the ~ queen,

And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;

And sometimes makes the drink to bear no ~ harm;

Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

Are not you he?

Puck. Aye, Fairy, thou speakest right;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,

When I a fat and bean-fed herd beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a silly foal;

And sometimes luck I in a goosip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted ~ crab;

And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,

Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And ~tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But root, Fairy; here comes Oberon.

[gone!]

Flu. And here my mistress.—Would that he be

Enter OBERON, from one side, with his train, and

TITANIA, from the other, with hers.

Obe. I'll met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! 4 Fairies, skip hence:

* As if. — Stage properties. — "Hold, or cut bow-strings," i. e., be punctual, at all events, come what will. 
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am I not thy lord?
Tita. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Constable, all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phyllida. Why art thou here,
Therefore, from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon,
Your buckin'd mistress and your warrior love.
To Theseus must be wedded, and I come
To thank your majesty for the present.
Obe. How came thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glittering night
From Perigonia, where he ravished?
And make him with fair Eglé break his faith,
With Arlechino, and Andropas?
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 paven fountain, or by rushy 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.
Thus in the winds, pipes to us, as revenge,
Have said, and up from the sea
Contagious fog; which falling in the land,
Have ev'ry pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fall of sands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes on the wanton green,
For lack of tread are indistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governor of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyen's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Leaves in mockery, set
In mock mockery, set,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their fineness, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our dissenion, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.
Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
What should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my handman.
Tita. Set your heart at rest:
2Thy fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vextress of my order:
And, in the speeded Indian air, by night,
False love hath she gossiped a hundred side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sailors conceiving,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb, then ripe with my young
Would imitate, and sail upon the land, 
[squire]
To fetch me triles, and return again,
As from a vessel, richly man's paradise.
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. Farewell, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, and our 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 Till I torment thee for this injury.—
[grove,
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And had a mermaid on a dolphin's back Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-nymph's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took At a fair vestal crowned by the west, And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: But I might see young Cupid's lusty shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial voutress past on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower, Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, And maidens 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 seen.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again, Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'd 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 wakings looks upon,
(If it be lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On 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 con's 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 slay me.
Thou toldst me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.
1 A compliment to Queen Elizabeth was here intended.
2 Exempt from the power of love.— The tricolor'd violet.
3 Mad; raging.
Hel. You draw me on, you hard-hearted amadant; 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, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you: Use me but as your spaniel, spur me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love, (And yet a place of high respect with me,) Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you. Dem. You do impose your modesty too much; To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that. It is not night, when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night; Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company, For you, in my respect, are all the world. Then how can it be said, I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase: The spark pursues the griffin; the wild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed! When cowardice pursues, and valor flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions: let me go; Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief. 'Fie, Demetrius!'

Your wrongs do sate a scandal on my sex: We cannot fight for love, as men may do; We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo. I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exeunt Dem. and Hel.]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove, Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Hel. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where cowslips and the nodding violet grows; Quite over-canopied with lichen woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine; There sleeps Titania, some time of the night, Lull'd in these bowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in: And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, And make her full of hateful fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove: A sweet Athenian lady is in love

With a disdainful youth; anon his eyes; But do it, when the next thing he espies May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove More fond on her, than she upon her love. And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood. Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundelay, and a fairy song; Then, in the third part of a minute, hence: Some to kill campers in the musk-rose buds; Some war with frown-mace for their leathern wings, To make my small elves costs; and some keep back The clamorous owl, that nightly howls, and wonders At our quaint spirits. Sing me now a lullaby; Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue, Thorny hedges, be not seen,
2 Fai. On's, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
3 Fai. Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
 sings your sweet lullaby;
 Lullia, lullia, lullaby;
 Lullia, lullia, lullaby;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 For, good night, with lullaby.

TITANIA SLEEPS.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
3 [Anointing Titania's eye-lids. Do it for thy true love sake; Love, and languish for his sake:
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear,
 When wake some vile thing is near.

[Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA SLEEPS.

Enter 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.
 Herm. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
 For I 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 truth.

*The roundelay was a kind of circular dance. — f Bats.— e Sports. — f Bats.— e Cocks.— f Tigers; tiger-cats.— e Leopards.
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 1 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, if two bosoms, and a single truth. Then, by your side no bed-room me deny, For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Lysander riddles very prettily.

Now much bestrew my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy Lie further off; for human modesty

Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,

So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.

Thy love no' er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. 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 wiser's eye be press'd O. [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,

Deepseth 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-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth love.

[Anointing 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 5 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 1 grace.

Happy is Hermia, where'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 her's.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,

For beasts that meet thee, 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 witie Hermia's spar' 2 eyne? —

But who is here? — Lysander on the ground?

Dead, or asleep? — I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[They wak.]

Transparent Hermia! 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.

Lys. 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 lends 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 flout my insufficiency?

Good truth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perform I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,

Should, of another, therefore, be abused! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou

And never may'st thou come Lysander near; [there

For, as of the sweetest things

The deepest lousting 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 2 their love and might,

To honor Helena, and to be her knight. [Exit.

Hel. 4 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 eat 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, if you hear;

Speak, of all 2 loves! I swoon almost with fear.

No! — then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. 6 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 rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this Hawthorn brake our 'tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince.—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom? [Exit

"Ripe not," i. e., was not ripe.—"Of all loves," i. e., by all that is dear.
Bot. There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that? 

Snout. *By'rinking, a *parlous fear. 

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. 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 afeard 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 *feareful 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 belles, 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 bither 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 is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Both 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 thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disguise, 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 *time, or some rough-cast 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 friar; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter Puck behind.*

*So near 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 savors sweet,"—

Quin. Odors, odors.

Pyr. *Odors savors sweet:\n
So lath 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 o'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 is to come again.

This. *Most radiant Pyramus, most Ily-white of hue, 

Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier, Most briskly *jubenum, 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. Ninny's tomb, now. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, *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! 

[Exeunt Clowns, 6 in confusion.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound, 

A hog, a headless bear, sometimes 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? 

[Exit 'frightened.

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?

*Re-enter Quince.*

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. 

[Exit 'frightened.

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 6 oosel-cock, so black of hue, 

With orange-tawney bill, 

The 6 thrush with his note so true, 

The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? 

[Exeunt.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, 

The plain-song cuckoo pray, 

Whose note full many a man doth mark, 

And dares not answer, nay; 

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a

*By our lady.—Alarming; amazing.—Verses of eight and six syllables.—Terrible.—Represent.—Thicket.

† Young man.—Likewise.—The cues are the last words of the preceding speech.—Blackbird.—Thrush.
Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to mybower.

Enter Puck.

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. I wonder, if Titania be awake'd;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must done on in extremity.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I lead 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 show thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing 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:

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

Their honey bags steal from the humble-bee,

And for night nippers 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.

1. Fai. Hail, mortal!

2. Fai. Hail!

3. Fai. Hail!

4. Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire 2 of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Cobweb.

Bot. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I do not, you recommend me to mistress 8 Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire 3 of you more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Muss. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox

had no path through any quarter of your house.

I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire 4 of you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

* Joke; jest. — b Apricots and raspberries. — a A squash meant formerly an unripe peaseed. — c Your patience" is spoken here ironically: as the opinion was formerly prevalent, that mustard excited cholera.
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,
I Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the mourner, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Hel. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give me him?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Hel. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of murder's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, c'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'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 mispriz'd flood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Hel. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.
Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?

Hel. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[Exit.]

Dem. There is no hope 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.

[Act.


Hel. And hid 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 fute o'er-rules; that one man holding truth,
A million fool, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind.
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou 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.

Puck. 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 foe;
Shall we their food pageant see?
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 these things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

* Trick.—** Mistaken.—** Mistake.—* Love-sick.

Enter Lysander and HER. Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
Scorn and derision never come in tears: [ls? ern?)
Look, when I vow I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can those 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 tares.

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!

[Awaking.

To what, my love, shall I compare this? by eye?
Crystal is muddy. O! how rare in show
Thy lips, these kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'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 torment:
Had there is no good, so knew ever Hermes,
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 superpraise 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 enterprize,
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.

Lys. Keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If o'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sejourn'd,
And now to Helena it is 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.

Hel. Where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
The ear more quick of apprehension makes; [takes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
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? [go?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to her.
What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more cugilds the night
Than all you fiery * oes and eyes of light.
Why seekst thou me? I could not this make thee know,
The hate I have thee made me leave thee so?
Her. 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,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contriv'd
To mist 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 lusty-footed time
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?
All school-day's friendship, '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 her, and
Duc to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Hel. You have amazed your fondest words.
I scorn 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 made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spur 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.
Hel. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad 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: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. St. gentle Helena: hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entertain, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
The thoughts have no might against the heart.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do: [prayers—
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.

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*Circles.—Artful; ingenious.—"Such an argument," i.e., such a subject of light merriment.

4 Canker-worm.—Shrewish; mischievous.—Foolish.
Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd. She was a vixen when she went to school; And, though she be but little, she is fierce. Lys. Little again? nothing but low and little?— Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. 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; she 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.

Lys. Now she holds me not; Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right, Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, check by jowl. [Exit Lyseus and Demetrius.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I'll not trust you, I. Nor longer stay in your curt company, Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray; My legs are longer though, to run away. [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 knavery wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook. Did not you tell me I should know the man By the Athenian garments he had on? And so far blameless proves my enterprise, That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes; And so far am I glad it so did sort, As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou scat, these lovers seek a place to fight: He therefore, Robin, overcast the night; The starry wealkin cover thou anon With drooping frog, as black as Acheron; 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 thou lead them thus, Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep, With leaden legs and bawdy wings, doth creep: Then crush this herb into Lyssander'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 derision Shall seem a dream, and fruitless fantasy; And back to Athens shall the lovers wander, With league, whose date till death shall never end. While's 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 dragoons cut the clouds full fast, And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  

*Knot-grass was acently believed to hinder the growth of children. pretending to have seen it drawn up—"Long of you," i. e., on your account.—* Chance; fall out. —Go. Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all, That in cross-ways and floods have * burial, Already to their wormy beds are gone; For fear lest day should look their shame upon, They willfully themselves exile from light, And must for eye 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! [Ron. We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit One-

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.


Puck. Follow me then To plainer ground. [Exit. Lys. as following the voice.

Enter Demetrius. Lys. Lysander! speak again. Thou runnaway, thou coward, art thou fled? [Head? Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars, Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars, And wit not come? Come, recreant; come, thou wilt whip thee with a rod: he is defild, [Child: That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. You; art thou there? Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try to manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on: When I come where he calls, then he is gone. The villain is much lighter heed'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! [Lies down. For if but once thou show me thy grey light, I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho! 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 If ever I thy face by day-light see: ["By this dear, Now, go thy way: Fainest constrain me To measure out my length on this cold bed. By day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down and sleeps.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night! O, long and tedious night! Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the cast, That I may back to Athens, by day-light; From these that my poor company detests.  

5 The ghosts of self-murderers, who were buried in cross-roads, and those who perished by drowning (according to the opinion of the ancients), were condemned to wander for a hundred years.—* Chrymus, the mighty hunter, was here probably meant.—"By this dear," i. e., rue this dearly.
Scene I. Midsummer-Night's Dream. 161

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [Sits.

Puck. Ye W. yet three! Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curt 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. sleep.

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 checks do o'er,

And stick music-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.


Scratch thy head, Peas-blossom.—Where's

Bot. Monseur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped
humble-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 overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?
Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your belf, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's this, you belf, good monsieur, but to help
cavally Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
monseur; 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 desire'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of pownder: I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great
desire to a bottle of haqy: good haqy, sweet haqy, hath
no fellow.

Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirel's board, and fetch thee new nuts.
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. 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 honeysuckle,
Gently entwists: the female ivy so
Enrings the banky fingers of the elm.
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 savors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraided 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 begg'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 awain,
That he, awakening 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.

Be, as thou wast wont to be; [Anothing her
See, as thou wast wont to see;]
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.—
Tit. My Oberon! what visions have I seen?

Methought, I was enamor'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. [with me,

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands
And reck 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:
Do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;

"To "coy" is to stroke or soothe with the hand.—Fist.
—Cavallerio.

1 To the sad, l.e., grave, serious.
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGUS, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the bavard of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple 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 conjunction.

Hipp. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd 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 *dew'd*, so *sanded*; 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 tunable
Was never balloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: *these?*
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! *what nymphs are*

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of 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 Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord. [*horns.*

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
[Horns, and *shouts within.* DEMETRIUS, LY- SANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? *past;*
Log. 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 concert in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Log. My lord, I shall reply amazingly,
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 behind me, so it is)
I came with Hermia 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 bad the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

This. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[Horns sound within.*

Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And in I fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helen in fancy was 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 idle *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, did 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 for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will, and
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 hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

*Come, Hipolyta.*

[Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGUS, and train.*

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguish-
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. *able,*
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.

Dem. 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.*
[Exeunt. *Bot.* Waking.] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyra-

—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 expand 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 touch, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Pe-
ter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bot-
tom, 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 *Thysib's death.*


Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet? 

"Fancy" here means affection, love. —Toy.
Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have escaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

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 o'er 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 to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

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 lunatic, 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, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, [heaven; Both glance from heaven to earth, from earth to And, as 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 winnows 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 Lysander, 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 beard, your bed! The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have, To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper, and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

Philostr. 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? [ripe; Philostr. There is a 'brief how many sports are Make choice of which your highness will see first. [Giving a paper.

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 Hercules. "The riot of the tipsey Bacchantes, Torching the Thracian singer in their rage." That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Theseus came last a conqueror. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, into deceas'd in beggary. That is some entire, keen, and critical, Not setting 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? Philostr. A play 'this is, my lord, some ten words Which is as brief as I have known a play; [long, 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 rehears'd, 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? [here, Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens Which never labor'd in their minds till now; And now have toil'd their 'unbreath'd memories With this same play, against your nuptial.

b Consistency; stability. — "Abridgment," i.e., pastime; something to abridge the time.— Short account. — Unexercised; impractised.
And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
   To whisper, at the 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 Numis' tomb, there, there, to woo.
This grisly beast, which lion *bight* by name,
The trusty Thisy, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his *gentle* Thisy's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamful blade,
He savagely broched'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisy, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. "For all the rest,
Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers tawni,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[Exeunt 5 Pres., Thisby, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many ass's do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befal,
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 lime, 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 lime 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! slack, slack, slack!
I fear my Thisy's promise is forgot.—
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st 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 eyes,"

[Wall holds up his fingers.

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisy do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be 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 Thisy's cue: she is to enter now, and
I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it
will fall put as I told you.—Younder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kis'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear Thisy'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 I Timander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

* is called.—"Let fall."—Eyes.—Leander.—Horo.
Enter Thesib.  

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh!" [The Lion roars.—Thesib runs off.  

Dem. Well roared, lion.  

The Wall. Thesib.  

Hip. Well done, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [The Lion tears Thesib's mantle,  

The. Well I moused, lion. [and exit.  

Dem. And then came Pyramus.  

Lys. And so the lion vanished.  

Enter Thesib.  

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,  

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,  

I trust to take of truest Thisiby sight.  

If I may stay;—O spite! [Seeing Thesib's man,  

But mark, poor knight,  

What dreadful dole is here!  

Eyes, do you see?  

How can it be?  

O dainty duck! O dear!  

Thy mantle good,  

What! stand with blood?  

Approach, ye furies fell!  

O fates! come, come;  

Cut thread and thrum;  

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion 6 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, didst thou lions frame,  

Since lion vile hath here deflour'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  

Come, tears, confound; [cheer.  

Out, sword, and wound  

The pop of Pyramus:  

Ay, that left pop.  

Where heart doth hop:—  

Thus die I, thus, thus! [Stabs himself.  

Now am I dead,  

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!  

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.  

Enter Thesib.  

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 moans, videlicet. —

This. "Asleep, my love!  

What, dead, my dove?  

O Pyramus! arise:  

[Cephalus to Procurs.—Ninus', — A quibble. "In snuff" signifies also in anger.  

4 "Moused," i. e., torn, as a cat tears a mouse.
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
1 This lily lip,
This cherry tip,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone.
Lovers, make morn:
His eyes were green as leeks.
Of sisters three,
Come, 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 imbure:
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu."

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 Thisse'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 fair time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as 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.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck, with a broom on his shoulder.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf bewows the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary torch fordane.

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 spite.
In the church-way paths to slide:

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 hollow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with all their train.

Ober. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it 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 broider'd 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 blot's of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Neither 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 *guit,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall 'tis safely 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'm 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.

[Dix.]

* A rustic dance, named from the people of Bergomase, in the state of Venice.—\footnote{Passage; progress.—* Overcome.}

\footnote{Fortentous.—"Way; course."—"The serpent's tongue," i.e., hisses.—* "Give me your hands," i.e., clap your hands; applause.}
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,
Salanio, { Friends to Antonio and
Salario,
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a Jew:
Tubal, a Jew, his Friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown.

OLD Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.
Salario, 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, Jailers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE; partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salario, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, What stuff 'tis 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.
Salario. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers 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.

Salario. 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.

Salario. 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,

*Argosies are large ships either for merchandise or war.

* centrifugally.
Enrave 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 bechance’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.

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let’s say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and ’twere so 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 some of such vinegar aspect
That they’ll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well: [man,
We leave you now with better company. [mercy,
Salan. I would have stay’d till I had made you
If worshipful friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion too tender.

Salan. Good morrow, my good lords. [Say, when?

Bass. Good signiors both; when shall we laugh?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salan. We’ll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salario and Salanio.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, [tonio,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy 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 cut in alabaster?
Shall he throw up his Brow, and cry 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 wilful *stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest’d in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As we should say, ‘I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!’
If! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure, [ears,
If they should speak, ’twould almost damn those
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

* * Wiltful stillness,” I.e. obstinate silence.

I’ll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiest not, with this melancholy hint,
For this fool-gudgeon, 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 these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep up the 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.

Gra. Thanks, I faith; for silence is only com-

mandable
In a neat’s tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant. * It is that:—any thing now.

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are
as 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 us of?

Bass. Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By a something showing a more swelling * port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now mean to be abridg’d
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 honor, 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
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 the whole 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 now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had 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 the whole residue 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.

* * Gear,” I.e. matter; subject; business.—State; equi-
page.—Fiedzake.—“Frez,” I.e. ready (from the French
pret, anciantly presto).—Formerly.
SCENE II. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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 Colchis’ 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.

And. 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 our Portia, in the French, in the Italian,
That shall be reck’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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia’s House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aware
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,
that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with
nothing! It is in man happiness, therefore, to be
settled in the mean: superfluity comes sooner a
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 my husband.—O me! the word choice!
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 it 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 chests of
gold, silver, and lead (whereof he 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, overname them, and as thou
namest them, I will describe them; and, according
to their description, let my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that’s a b 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 himself. I am much afraid, my lady his
mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the ounty 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 unmanly 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 mocketh;
but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the
Neapolitan; a better bad habit of frowning than the
count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a
sheath sing, he is straight a capping: he will
fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him,
I should marry twenty husbands. If he would
deceive me, I would forgive him; for if he love me
to madness, I shall never require him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the
young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he under
stands not me, 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 behavior everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly 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 vilely in the morning, when he is sober,
and most vilely 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.
An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall
make shift to go without him.

Por. If I 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
any thing; Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Por. 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, un
less 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 Sisyphus, I will die as
caste as Didon: unless I be obtained by the manner
of my father’s will. I am glad this parcel of women
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.

Por. Do you not remember, lady, in your father’s
time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came
hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so
was he called.

Por. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever

\(a\) Comes sooner by.
\(b\) i.e. sooner acquires.
\(c\) i.e. a handsome, gay youngster.
\(d\) Thrush. — Handsome. — ‘How oddly he is suited!’ i.e., how oddly the articles of his dress are matched.
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.

Serr. 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 a heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the a condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than live with me. Come, Nerissa. —Sirrah, go before. —Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bas. 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 b steal me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! 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 Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered 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 bethekin me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation 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. [Looks.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he
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 slip,
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 bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bas. 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 all three thousand ducats. What of that?
Fubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Antonio.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking or by giving of excess
Yet, to supply the ripe 2 wants of my friend
I'll break a custom. 2 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, I give you bond; and let me see—But hear you: Mothought, 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 ἔναλίαν which were streak'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
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peal'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of _PID, kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in caning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was the way to thrive, and he was blest:
Thrift in his blessing. If men seek him?
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 2 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 godly outside 2 falsehood hath! [sum.

Shy. Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round
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 2 usances;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call'd me flesh-chopper, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Nature; disposition. — Assist; help. — Usury; interest.
— Upon the hip; — Nature; — Bear; — bring forth. — Knowledge; — treachery. — Usury; interest.
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 void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spur 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 may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm! I
shall be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shame of that you spurned me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doot
Of usance for my monies,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Yea up the 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,
Who have sworn hard deals: they teach them suspect
The thoughts of others?—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the execution of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttous, boeves, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
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 purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an untruthful knife, and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.

Ant. Hee thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not 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. 2 Flourish Cornets.

Mor. 4 Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burning sun,
To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icles,
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 heg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned Portia, there stood as fair,
As any comer 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 Sopby, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
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 Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Mias that which one unworthier 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. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [Cornets.
To make me blest, 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

4 Mislike.—Red blood is a traditional sign of courage.
4 Terrified.—Be advis'd, i.e., be considerate; be not rash.
elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Laun-
celot 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;
som run 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 very 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 something smack, 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, at the same time, my conscience tells me 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
consent: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your com-
mandment; I will run. [Going out in haste.]
Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.
Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which
is the way to master Jew's?
Law. [Aside.] O heavens! this is my true be-
gotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-
grav, 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?
Law. Turn up on your right hand at the next
turning, but at the next turning all, on your left;
marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand,
but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.
Gob. By God's sotties, 'twill be a hard way to
hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that
dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?
Law. 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. Yes, 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.
Law. Well, let his father be what 'twill, we talk
of young master Launcelot.
Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.
Law. But I pray you, erge, old man, ergo, I be-
seek you, talk you of young master Launcelot?
Gob. Of Launcelot, sir, I don't please your master'ship.
Law. Ergo, master Launcelot. Talk not
of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman
(according to fates and destinies, and such odd say-
ings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,
) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in
pends, gone to heaven.
Gob. May it be so! God forbid! the boy is the very
staff of my age, my very prop.
Law. [Aside.] Do I look like a cudgel, 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 gen-
tleman. But, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God
rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

*Saints.

Law. Do you not know me, father?
Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.
Law. 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, true! 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.
Law. Pray you, 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.
Law. I know not what I shall think of that; but
I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure,
Margarie, your wife, is my mother.
Gob. Her name is Margarie, indeed: I'll be sworn,
if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and
blood. I worship'd might be he! what a beaud hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy
chin, than Dobbin my bfill-horse has on his tail.
Law. [Rising.] It should seem, then, that Do-
bin'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
present. How agree you now?
Law. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I
have set up my crest to run away, so will I not rest
till I have run some ground. My master's a very
Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am
amish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I
have with my zibs. Father, I am glad you are come:
give me your present to one master Bassanio, who,
indeed, gives rare new liveryes. 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 hasted,
that supper be ready at the fairest by five of the
clock. See these letters delivered: put the liveryes
to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my
lodging. [Exit a Servant.]
Law. To him, father.
Gob. God bless your worship!
Bass. Gramercy. Would'st thou wight with me?
Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,
Law. 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.
Law. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve
the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall
specify.
Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's
reverence), are scarce cater-cousins.
Law. 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,—
Law. In very brief, the suit is importent to my-
self, as your lordship shall know by this honest old

"Fill-horse," I. e., hill-horse; shaft-horse.—"Set up
my rest," I. e., determined.—"Gramercy," contracted from
grant me mercy.
man: and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.  

*Bass.* Ouo speak for both.—What would you?  

*Leon.* Save you, sir.  

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.  

*Bass.* I know thee well: thou hast obtain’d thy suit.  

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath prefer’t thee; if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew’s service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.  

*Leon.* 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.  

[son.—]  

*Bass.* Thou speakest it well.—Go, father, with thy  
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire  
My lodging out.—Give him a livery [To his fellows.  
More *guardian* than his fellows! see it done.  

*Leon.* Father, in.—I cannot get a service,—not! 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 is a simple life of  
life’s here’s a small triole of wives: alas! fifteen  
wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids,  
is a simple coming in for one man; and then, to  
some drowning threes, 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.  

[Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GORBO.  

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.  
These things being bought, and orderly bestow’d,  
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night.  

My best-esteem’d acquaintance: be thee, go.  

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein.  

**Enter Gratiano.**  

*Gra.* Where is your master?  

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit LEONARDO.  

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio!  

*Bass.* Gratiano.  

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.  

*Bass.* You must not deny me. I must go with you  
to Belmont.  

*Bass.* Why, then you must; but hear thee, Gratiano.  
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice:—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
Something too *liberal.*—Pray thee, take pain  
To alay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior,  
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.  

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and aye, and say amen;  
Use all the observation of civility.  
Like one well studied in a sad *ostent  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.  

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.  

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me  
By what we do to-night.  

*Bass.* No, that were pity.  

I would entreat you rather to put on  

*Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,  
I have some business.  

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exit.  

**SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in Shylock’s House.**  

**Enter Jessica and LAUNCELOT.**  

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.  
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master’s guest;  
Give him this letter: do it secretly,  
And so farewell. I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee.  

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most  
beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian  
did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much  
decieved: but, adieu! these foolish drops do some-  
what drown my manly spirit: adieu!  

[Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—  

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me  
To be ashamed’t be my father’s child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.  

**SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.**  

**Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.**  

*Lor.* Nay, we will sink away in supper-time,  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.  

*Salar.* We have not made good preparation.  

*Sala.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.  

*Sala.* Tis vile, unless it may be ‘quaintly order’d,  
And better, in my mind, not undertook.  

*Tis now but four o’clock: we have two hours  
To furnish us.—  

**Enter Launcelot, with a letter.**  

Friend Launcelot, what’s the news?  

*Leon.* An it shall please you to break *up* this, it  
shall seem to signify. [Giving a letter.  

*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  

*Leon.* By your leave, sir.  

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?  

*Leon.* 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 business for this masque to-night?  
I am provided of a torch-bearer.  

*Sala.* Ay, marry, I’ll be gone about it straight.  

*Sala.* And so will I.  

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano’s lodging some hour hence.  

*Sala.* ’Tis good we do so. [Exit SALARINO and SALANIO.  

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?  

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,  

*Ornamented.—*The *table* is a fortune-teller’s term for  
the palm of the hand.—*Business,—*Gross.—*Sad ostent,*  
*Grave show, behavior, demeanor.*
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 e'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. [Execut.

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 gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me!—What, Jessica!—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.  
Why, Jessica, I say!  

Laun. Why, Jessica!  


Laun. 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 2bid 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 haste, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house:—I am right leaky to go,  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.  

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master  
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together:—I will  
not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then  
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black bMonday last, at six o'clock the morning,  
felling 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 squeaking of the wry-neck'd life,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow gospery 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 be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit Laun.  

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!  
Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing  
else.  

Shy. The 8patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;  
Therefore I 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:  

*Invited.—b "Black Monday" is Easter Monday.—c Fool;  
simpleton.

Safe bind, safe find,  
A proverb never stale in thrythy mind. [Exit.  
Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.  

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter Gratiano and Salario, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.  
Sal. His hour is almost past.  
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.  

Sal. Of ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds now-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith un forfeit'd!  
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetit that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth unthread again  
His tedious measures, with the unhated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit clasped than enjoy'd.  
How like a younger, or a prodigal,  
The 4scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the stormy wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the stormy wind!  

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hither  
after.  

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:  
When I shall please to play the theives for wives,  
I'll watch an hour for you then.—Approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?  

Enter Jessica above, 2as a boy.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit I swear that I do know your tongue.  

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.  

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,  
For whom love I so much? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [thou art.  

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 ashamed 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, 1 to them below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salariño.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis 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 drawn aside.

Now make your choice.

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 in truth.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—For what I for lead? hazard for lead!
This casket threatens: men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires,
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Then dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be assured 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 2 her.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying gav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many 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 vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry 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.
It's like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cærocloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to truely 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 3 insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me thy word:
Here do I choose, and thrive as I may say!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [He 4 opens the golden casket.

Mor. 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 glitters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tomba do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your 4 answer had not been insculp'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold!"
Cold, indeed, and laud lose.

Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.
Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains: go.
[Curtains drawn.

Let all of his 4 complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salariño and Salariño.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salar. The villain Jew with outward's did 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 certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salar. I never heard a passion to a fault as this,
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.

Salar. 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 miscarried
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.

* Enclose.—" Undervalued to," i.e., undervalued if compared with.—" Engrav'd.—" Your answer, " i.e., the answer you have got, namely, " Fare you well."—Disposition; character.—Conversed.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear; Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.


Bassanio told him, he would make some speed Of his return: he answer'd—"Do not so; a "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 chieftest thoughts To courtship, and such fair and glistening trees 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 embraced heaviness With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtains straight.

The prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath, And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince of Aragon, Portia, and their train. 1 Flourish cornets. 2 Curtains withdrawn. Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince. If you choose that wherein I 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: First, never to unfold to any one Which casket 'twas I chose: next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life To woo a maid in way of marriage: lastly, If I do fail in fortune of my choice, Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear, That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I 4 address'd me. Fortune now To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath: You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard. What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: — "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire," What many men desire:—that many may be meant By the foil multitude, that choose by show, Not learning more than the foil eye doth teach; Which 'prize not th' interior, but, like the martlet, Builds in the weather, on the outward wall, Even in the flower of pride and road of casuistry. I will not choose what many men most desire, Because I will not jump with common spirits, And rank me with the barbarous multitudes. Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house; Tell me once more what title thou dost bear: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;" And well said too; for who shall go about To wear an undeserved dignity.

To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that castles, degrees, and offices, Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honor Were purchas'd by any merit of the wearer! How many then should cover, that stand bare; How many be commanded, that command: How much low peasantry would then be gleen'd From the true seed of honor; and how much honor Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times, To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." I will assume desert—give me a key for this, And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot, Presenting me a schedule? I will read it. How much unlike art thou to Portia? How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings! "Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head? Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices, And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I saw
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone: you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here: With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, advise. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to hear my 5 wrath.

[Exeunt Aragon, and train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:

Hanging and wiving 6 go by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

[ 7 Curtains drawn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord? Mess. Madam, there is slighted at your gate A young Venetian, one that comes before To signify the approaching of his lord, From whom he bringeth sensible 7 regrets: To wit, (besides commands, and inexpressible breath,) Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-sparrow comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard, Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee, Thou spend'st at such high-day wit in praising him. —

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Cupid's quick post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be.

[Exeunt.

1 Know. — Ruth; misfortune. — Salutation. — Holiday.
SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sal. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of 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 spagged ginger, or made her neighbors believe she kept for the cloth of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a tide good enough to keep his name company—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sal. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

Shy. How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shylock. You know, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. 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 6 complication 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 rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There has been sad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that 2 was wont to come so smug 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; that's the good for you.

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, scorned 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 humidity? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villain 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 cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse 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 were beared at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why 3 then,—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no 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 Tripoli.

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. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture 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 tormentest me, Tubal: it was my 4 turquoise; 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, fee 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

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1 Snapped; broke. — Nature; disposition, — "Smug," i.e., nice; neat in dress.

2 Turquoise, a much-esteemed gem.
synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.


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 I know not what,) 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 may. But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'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 bare 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.

Bass. I, 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 the' enjouing of my love. There may as well be amity and life 'Tween snow and fire, and treason and my love. Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak anything. 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. Q, happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance! But let me to my fortune and the sequesters.

[Curtains drawn aside.

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, Failing 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 a new-crowned monarch: such it is, As are those dulcet sounds in break of day, That creep into the dreaming bridgework's ear, And summer in him to marriage. If it goeth, With no less presence, but with much more love, Than young Alcides, when he did redeem The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice, The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, With blurred visages, come forth to view The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules! Live thou, I live,—with much, much more dismay I view to fight, than thou that wilt at the fray.

A Song, "The whilst Bassanio comments on the caskers to himself.

Tell me, where is 'fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How begot, how nourished? Reply, reply. It is engender'd in the eyes, With gaz'ing fed; and fandy dies In the cradle where it lies. Let us all ring fancy's knell: I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell. All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least them: The world is still decivo'd with ornament. [selves: In law, what plea 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 I 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 crowning Mars, Who, inward search'd, have lives white as milk: And these assume but valor's excrement, To rend them redoubled. 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 dowry of a second head, The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre. Thus ornament is but the guilting shore To a most dangerous sea, the beautuous scarf Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word, The seeming truth which cunning times put on To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gayly gold, Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee. Nor will I thy grave, thou pale and drudge 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead, Which rather threatnest 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 fleet to air, As doubtful thoughts, and mal-embrac'd despair, And shuddering fear, and green-y'd jealousy, O love! be moderate; alley thy fastness; In measure thin thy joy; scant this excess: I feel too much thy blessing; make it less, For fear I surfeit! [Casket.

Bass. What find I here? [He opens the leaden Far Portin's counterfeit! What demi-god Hath come so near creation! Move these eyes Or wither, freezing in the hands of mine? Seem they in man? Here are sever'd lips, Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar Should suckler 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 cowwebs; but her eyes:— How could he see to do them? having made one, Lest likeness; resembaces.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
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 treat 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 with.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, 'tis my lord. [marriage.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honor'd in your
Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thou-
Ner. What, and stake down?
[and ducats.
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his inédel?
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 honor.—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. Er, I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [Bassanio reads.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer you 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 news.
We are the Jaxons, we have won the fleece. [lost.
Sale. I would you had won the fleece that he hath
Por. There are some shrewd contents in you same
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek: [paper,
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-murk'ring rocks?  
Saler.  
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 pities 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 magnificent  
Of greatest part, have all persuaded with him,  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.  
Jos. When I was with him I have heard him swear  
To Tubal and to China, his commerce.  
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.  
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?  
Bass. The dearest friend to me of kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honor more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.  
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?  
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.  
Por. What?  
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double six thousand, and then treble 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 not  
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 a merry chear;  
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  
ot my letter."  
Por. O love! despacht 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 interposer 'twixt us twain.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE III. — Venice. A Street.  
Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Jaílor.  
Shy. Jaílor, look to him: tell not me of mercy. —  
This is the foil that lent out money gratis. —  
*Grandeza,—  
Countenance; look.  
*Foolish.
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.

Jes. And, 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 endeavor 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,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranec, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Dalb. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

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 that we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accounted 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 reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not save withal:—then, I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lits 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?

Por. Fie! 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 LAUNCELOT and Jessica.

Lau. 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 now I speak my agitation of the matter:

* * * "With imagin'd speed," l. c. a, with the greatest speed imaginable. — "I could not do withal," l. c. I, could not help it,— "I fear you," l. c. I, I fear for you. 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?

Lau. Marry, you may partly hope that your father get 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.

Lau. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father 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.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians *know before; o'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, Launce-
lot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Laun-
celot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-
wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau. 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 parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snaupper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner. *

Lau. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Lau. 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.

Lau. 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 humors and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.

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,
Garnished'd him, that for a tricksy word
Defy 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 must be something else
Pawn’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 speak’st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I’ll set you forth. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke: the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassa-

nio, Gratiano, Salario, Salanio, and others.

Duke. Whau, 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.

Sala. 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 that poor merchant’s flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch’d with human gentleness and love,
Fell-give 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 confession 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 will expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose;

Shy. I have possess’d your grace of what I pur-
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 carriion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I’ll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humor: 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 baned? What, are you answer’d yet?
Some men there are not a gaping pig:
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i’ 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;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Duke. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Duke. Every offence is a hate at first.

Shy. What! would’st thou have a serpent sting thee?

Ant. I pray you, think you a question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
Or c’en as well use question with the wolf,
When you behold the eve bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what’s harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveyance,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
one? [wrong?

Shy. What judgment shall I dred, doing no
You have among you many a purchas’d slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in object and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
What sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season’d with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, ’tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fei upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Belbiano, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without

* Every, in this place, means malice, hatred. — b Pity.
— c Scroaming.—d Whereas.

Fancy.—f "Bollen," i.e., swollen.—f Reason; debates.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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A messenger with letters from the doctor,
Now come from Padua. —

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What man, courage yet! —

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose me one drop of blood. —

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Most erect for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epistle.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? —

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[Presenting a letter. —

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? —

[SHYLOCK whets his knife.

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. 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.

Gra. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused! —

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
Governs a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are as flesh, bloody, starr'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rain 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 senseless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth command
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.

[CLERK 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 learn'd Bellario, what he deserveth for death? And here, I take it, is the doctor come. — [writes:

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 throughly 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 b 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 mercifull. —

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesteth 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 set away;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
Whom 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 against 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 honor thee! —

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond. —

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is. —

[Showing it. —

Shylock, there's thistle thy money o'd there. —

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 mercifull;
Take thine thry money: bid me tear the bond.

b Oppose; controvert. — c "Within his danger," i.e., within his power.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  

ACT IV.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
Thy doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; thy 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 stand 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,
How does it call to effect the penalty,
Which here appeared due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art than thou thy looks?
Por. Therefore, lay bare thy 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 do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. For indent where he shall pay the penalty,

Shy. Two 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 is 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 honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Such as you would have mine, in my death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.

Por. Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And repent 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. [that,

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, thou, and I love
She would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make also an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbus
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifled 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!
[Shewing 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. [judge!

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thou shalt see the act;

Por. Thou urgest justice, be assured,
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 much the less, or more, than the balance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why dost thou the Jew pause? why wilt thou pause?
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.

Por. He hath refused 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 principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it.
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew!

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If be proved 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 proceeding, 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 incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
SCENE I.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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.

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 favor,
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 me 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 b more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

Eliz 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 acquitt'd
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well-satisfied;
And if 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 fee. 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. [value.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the
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 other:
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's some serves many men to save their gifts,
As if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[Exit Portia and Nerissa.

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou can'st,
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.

[Exit Gratiano running.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, 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 give 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 outwear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir; will you show me to this house?

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, [this,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,

*Reflection.—"Old" was formerly used in the sense of abundant, frequent.
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Eson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an untrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of truth,
And no' er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend. [you, friend]
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
But go wo in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LaunceLot.

Lau. Soln, sola! wo ha, ha! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Lau. Soln, sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave babooing, man; here.
Lau. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Lau. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news: my master
will be here ere morning. [Exit.
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
And yet no matter: why should we go in? [coming,
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
Crep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sitt, 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-cy'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, he! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And prate her with music. [Music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fething mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gait.
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

* [Music again.

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. [dcl.
Ner. When the moon's shone, we did not see the can-
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A subordinate shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; 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 crew doth sing as sweetly as the lark'
When neither is attended: and, I think
The nightingale, if she could sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
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! [Music ceases.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. [cuckoo.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
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.
[ A tucket sounded.
Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tails, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife douh 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
This is the man, this is Antonio, [friend:
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 acquiesced 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 were 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 poesy was
For all the world, like cutters’ poetry
Upon a knife, “Love me, and leave me not.”
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, 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 vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Give it a judge’s clerk! no, God forgive my judge,
The clerk will wear hair on my face, that had it.
Gra. Ho will, as if he live to be a man.
Por. 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 pesting boy, that begg’d it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it now.
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 it,
Nor could be got from his finger for his wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An ‘twere to me, I should be mad at it. [Hand off,
Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left
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 receiv’d 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,
Or your own honor to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas’d to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I’ll die for’t, but some man had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honor, 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, 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 enforc’d to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor 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 has 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 I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do misbehave, I’ll be left alone.
Now, by mine honor, 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.
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 not 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 fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. [Aside.] Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one—swear by thy 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 I quite misused: 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.

4 "7 Held as a ceremony; " i. e., kept religiously as a pledge or remembrance.—" A civil doctor;" i. e., a doctor of the civil law.—" Double," i. e., deceitful; full of duplicity.—
" Wealth," i. e., advantage; benefit.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways in summer, when the ways are fair enough. What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv’d 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.

Ant. You are all amaz’d:
There 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.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I’ll give them him without a fee.
Por. 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.

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My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
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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.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II.—Scene 7.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, Senior, living in exile.  
FREDERICK, his Brother, usurper of his dominions.  
AMIENS, Lords attending upon the exiled Duke.  
JAQUES, Duke.
OLIVER, Jaques, Orlando, Adam, Dennis, Charles, Wrestlers.

Touchstone, a Clown.  
Sir Oliver Mar-Text, a Vicar.  
Corin, Silvius, Shepherds.  
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, Forestors, 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 makes you here?  
Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.  
Oli. What makes you, then, sir?

*Destroys; ruins.  
§"What make you," i. e., what do you?
Ori. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Chas. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Ori. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Ori. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows me your 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?

Ori. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Ori. 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 fellow beget villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out Wertong tongue for saying so. [Shaking him.] Thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patience for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Ori. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will, to give me good education: you have taught me like a peasant, obscurant 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 exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allotment my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Ori. I will not further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoken such a word.

[Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis! Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Chas. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

* "And be naught awhile," i. e., and be hanged to you.— b Villain is used in a double sense: by Oliver for a worthless fellow; by Orlando for one of base extraction.

Chas. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger lords the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Chas. O! no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, and her being eaten up in their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Chas. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Chas. Marry, do I; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguise against me, to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to fall him, as I must for my own honor if he come in. Therefore, out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intention, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shewest me; I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore, use thy discretion. I had as well break his neck as his fingers and thou wert best look to't: for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Chas. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship. [Exit.]

Oli. 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; neither schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of—

* The forest of Ardenne is in French Flanders, near the river Meuse.— b To fleet is to pass away.— c Intuition; design. — d Frolicksome fellow. — e Banks.
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 *kindle the boy thither*, which now I'll go about. [Exit.

**SCENE II.**

**Enter Rosalind and Celia.**

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 I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Here's a, I see, thou levest 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 hadst 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.

Cel. 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 honor, 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 pr'ythee, 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 may'st in honor 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. This true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favored.

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 flout 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 cutter 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? [Father.

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your C. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: 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 knife.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. I am a knave, 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 honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw these pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honor 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 truth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise 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-cramm'd. [Table. Cel. All the better; we shall be the more market.

Le Beau. Bou jour, monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?—

Ros. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cell. A Spot! Of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Ce. 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. Le Beau, monsieur, 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 neck,—"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?  
Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.  
Duke. They 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 long 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.

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, so far 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 princess calls 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 1 with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal oneness. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.  
Duke F. 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.  
Cel. 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 fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I 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 hers.  
Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!  
Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.  
Duke F. 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.  
Cel. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.  
Duke F. 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. [Duke F. 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?  
Cel. I am yet alive; I speak my lord.  
Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles is borne out.  
Cel. 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 honorable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better plans'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.  
[Exeunt Duke Fred., Train, and Le Beau.  
Cel. We'll to 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 cavious 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  
Shall we go, coz?  
[means.—  
Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.  
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you! My better 1 parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quaintise, a mere lifeless block.  
[Tunes;  
Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my for.  
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.  
Cel. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
[Exeunt Rosalind and Ce"lia.  
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
Roe"ter Le Beau.  
O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.

1 Appellation.  
2 "Out of suits," i. e., out of favor.  
3 "My better parts," i. e., my spirits.  
4 A quaintise was a figure set up for tilers to run at, in mock turnaments.
Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Look, here comes the duke.

Duke. Wilt thou have my eyes full of anger. [haste, Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your fastest and get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. 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. [enough.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's Ros. So was I when your highness took his duke So was I when your highness banish'd him. [dom; 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 hang'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, cut together; And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable. [ness,

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 shew more bright, and seem more virtuous, When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips: Firm and irrevocable is my doom; Which I have pass'd on her. She is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [liege; Duke F. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide your-If you out-stay the time, upon mine honorable, [self; And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O, my Rosalind! mistress Rosalind! whether wilt thou go? Wilt 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 hast not, cousin.

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me, his daughter.

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one. Shall we be sister'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 charge 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. To seek my uncle
In the forest of Arden.
Ros.Alias, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh leaves sooner to gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind ofumber 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 full points like a man?
A gallant cutler-axe upon my thigh.
A bear-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 manish 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 woman name then Jove's own
And therefore look you call me Ganymede. [page,
But what will you be call'd?]
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
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 along o'er 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. [Exeunt.

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 envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, or the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blowes upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: 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 stubborness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

* Cutler-axe is an old word for cutlass.—"Swashing," i.e., dashing.—It was a current superstitition, in Shakespeare's time, that the head of a toad contained a stone which was ended with singular virtues.

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 foiled heads
Have their round launces gor'd.

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 banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Arsinia and Nayland,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To which the place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to hanguish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal he'd forth so gross,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting: and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous 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 spectacle?

1 Lord. O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
"Poor dear," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more [alone,
To that which 'tis too much." Then, being there
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"Tis right," quoth he; "thou miscry doth part
The flux of company." Ami, 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 cussies;
Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
You, 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. [tioin
2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to scope 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 sufferance 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 uncurtained of their mistress.
2 Lord. My lord, the boyish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-head
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the s介绍y Charles.

* It irks me," i.e., it gives me pain.—"With forked heads," i.e., with barbed arrows.—"Needless stream," i.e., that needed no such accession.—Encounter.—Scurvy.
As You Like It.

And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.  [hither;
Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant
If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quit
To bring again these foolish runaways.  [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Before Oliver’s House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who’s there?  [master!
Adam. What, your young master?—O, my gentle
O, my sweet master! O, you b 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 prizer of the humorous 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 tractors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Because him that bears it?

Orl. Why, what’s the matter?
Adam. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: ’tis beneath this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—[will not call his son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he 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.  [go?
Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Orl. 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 like use
Of a diverted, 2 proud, and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thirteenth by I sav’d under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yes, providently caters 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 rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unashamed forehead woe
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I’ll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessaries.
Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant fayor of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashions of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do chuse their service up.
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prust ’a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come they 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 lived I, 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 recompenose 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 Alcina,
and Clown, alias Touchstone.

Rosl. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits?
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.
Rosl. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man’s apparel,
and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Alcina.

Cyd. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no further.
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no 6 cross, if I did bear you, for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Rosl. 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 travellers must be content.

Rosl. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

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 dost 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 sat, 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.
Rosl. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!  [Exit Silvius.
Rosl. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

—s a cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross.
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 Smile: and I remember the kissing of her *butler, and the cow's dags that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooring of a *peasecod instead of her; from whom I took two cots, *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 ill 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 shins 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 pr'ythee, one of you questionyon'd man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!


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 pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
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 faints for succor.

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 *weeks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his *cute, his flocks, and loads of feed,
Are now on mole; and at our shepheardote 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 *ere—
That little cares for buying any thing.
[While,

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 faithfull feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter AMIET, 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 pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, 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 'em 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 encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, 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 end 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.

SING.

Who doth ambition shun,[All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd 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 spite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn as
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame,
Here shall he see, gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducdame?

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.

Ori. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself

* A butler, or butler, was a washerwoman's stick for beating linen.—*Peasecod was the ancient term for peas in the pod, that had the being the pod.—*Cuts,—"Cote," I.e., cot; cotton.—"In my voice," I.e., as far as I have a voice, or vote.—"But crewelwise," I.e., but just now.
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 Jacques.

1 Lord. He saves my labor 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 merrily. 

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; (a miserable world!) As I do live by food, I met a fool, Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on fady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he, "Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune." And then he drew a dial from his poke, And looking on it with lack-lustre eyes, Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock; Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags: Tis but an hour ago since it was nine, And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; And so from hour to hour we rip and rife, And then from hour to hour we rot and rot; And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chateleers, That fools should be so deep contemplative; And I did laugh, "sans intermission, An hour by his dial.—O, noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear. Duke S. What fool is this? [courtier, 

Jaq. O, worthy fool!—One that hath been a And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it; and in his brain, Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd With oblique snares, the which he vents In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat. Duke S. Thou shalt have one. 

Jaq. It is my only suit; Provided, that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them, 1 compact of jars, I. e., made up of discords. 2 Motley, I. e., part-colored; an allusion to the part-colored dress of fools or clowns. —An allusion to the proverb: "Fools are the favorites of fortune." 3 Pocket.—Moralize. 4 Without.—5 My only suit, a goble between suit, a petition, and suit, a dress. 

That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: And they that are most galled with my folly, They must most laugh. And why, sir, must they so? The why is plain as way to paroch church: He, that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart, But to seem senseless of the bob; if not, The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd; Even by the hand even given of the fool. Invest me in my motley: I'll give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. [do. 

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'st say. 

Jaq. What, for a couther, would I do, but good! 

Duke S. Most mischiefful fool sin, in chiding sin: For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brutish stig itself; And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils, That thou with licence of free foot hast caught, Wouldst thou discharge into the general world. 

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Dost it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the very means of weal do ebb? What woman in the city do I name? When I that say, the city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say, that I mean her, When such a one as she, such is her neighbor? Or what is he of basest function, That says, his bravery is not on my cost, Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits His folly to the metre of my speech? There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free, Why then, my tuxing like a wild goose flies, Unchim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn. 

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more. 

Jaq. Why, have I 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 boldened, man, by thy distress, Or else a rude despiser of good manner, That in civility thou seem'st so empty? [point 

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show Of smooth civility; yet am I the 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. 

[you: 

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray I thought, that all things had been savage here, And therefore put I on the countenance

2 But to seem senseless, I. e., to seem otherwise than senseless.—6 Inland bred, I. e., not clownishly bred.—8 Education, manners.
Of stern commandment. But what' e'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 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 at such good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd; and
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take, upon commend, what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
While, like a dog, 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 suffer'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
comfort. [Exeunt.
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 a in.
Jap. 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 woefull ballad
Made to each other's eye, even so,
Full of strange oaths, and beauteous slights,
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 spectacle 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 every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
And let him feed. [Burdens, Orf. 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.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen.
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is frigging, most loving more folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost bite so nigh.
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,
And as mine eye doth his eligies witness
Most truly lim'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is,
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

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 can—but were I not the better part made merry, I am: I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it: Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him,dead or living; Within this twelvemonth, 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.
Oli. O, that thy 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 extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Orlando, 4 hanging a paper on a tree.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey

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*Pleonasms of this kind were common in Shakespeare's age. "Modern," i.e. true; common; trivial. — The pantaloon, in the Italian farce, was an elderly old man in slippers. — Without,

*To warp, in this passage, signifies to score into a firm texture, to freeze, "remember'd not," i.e. unmisunderstood;齿—Subject. — Make an extent, i.e. seize by legal process. — Expediteously.
SCENE II.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
Thus shall they 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.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse case he is; and he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred. 

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. Thou toldst me, thou sawest 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, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will humble them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarried 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-meet, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and pend 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,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite.
Heaven would in a little show,
Therefore hear Nature chang'd.
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Alalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalinda of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the 'touches dearest priz'd.'
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosal. 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 honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?
Rosal. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.
Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.
Rosal. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.
Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?
Rosal. 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-thymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.
Cel. "Trow you, who hath done this?"
Rosal. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you color?
Rosal. I pr'ythee, who?
Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.
Rosal. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible?
Rosal. Nay, I pr'ythee, 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!
Rosal. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am capsarion'd like a man, I have a doub; let and hose in my disposition! One inch of delay more is a Sphynx of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it quickly; and speakPrivacy. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much or once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Rosal. 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.
Rosal. 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.
Rosal. How then, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.
Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis so.
Rosal. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Rosal. 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 shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.
Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua'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 answer in a catechism.
Rosal. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freely as he did the day he wrestled?
Cel. It is as easy to count atoms, 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.
Rosal. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.
Cel. Give me audience, good madam.
Rosal. Proceed.
Cel. There lay he stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.
Rosal. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it will become the ground.
Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curves unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.
Rosal. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.
Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.
Rosal. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

[Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?
Rosal. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[ROSALIND AND CELIA retire.

Jaqu. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
Jaqu. Good bye, you: let's meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Jaqu. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
Orl. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

*In little," i. e., in miniature. — *Features.—" Trow you," i. e., can you imagine? —* Out of all whooping," i. e., out of all cry. —" Good my complexion!" i. e., By my inquisitive disposition! —* A Sphynx of discovery," i. e., will leave me in a sea of conjecture.

+Thats, speak seriously and honestly. —* Wherein went he?" i. e., How was he dressed? — Garagantua was the giant of *Inflated atoms; i. e., motes flying in the sun. —* Cry, holla!" i. e., Cry ho! or stop t! a stormer's phrase. —* Heart and hart were formerly spelled alike.
Scene II.

As you like it.

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Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?   Orl. Yes, just.
Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and could't then out of rings?
Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted Cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.
Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think, 'twas made of Atlas's heca. Will you sit down with me? and we will two sail against our mistress the world, and all her misery.
Orl. I will chide no breathier in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall find him.
Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.
Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good signior love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[Scene on Withal.

Exeunt Jaques. — Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. [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, forester?
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. Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.
Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?
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 pr'ythee, 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 so'night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Ros. Who ambles Time withal?
Orl. 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 merry, 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.

Ros. What cloth he gallop withal?
Orl. With a thief to the gallowers; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.
Ros. Who stands he still withal?
Orl. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Ros. Where dwell you, pretty youth?
Orl. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringue upon a petticoat.
Ros. Are you native of this place?
Orl. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is b'kindled.
Ros. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.
Orl. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old relish 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.
Ros. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?
Orl. 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.
Ros. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.
Orl. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that adores our young plants with carving Rosalind on their backs; hangs odes upon lawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancymonger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotient of love upon him.
Ros. 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: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage 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 unquenchable 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 ungar'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather a 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 does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. 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 much.
Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so pun-

3 "Kindled," i. e., brought forth.—"Refined." — "In-
land," i. e., educated. See note on Act ii. Scene 7.—"Court-
ship," i. e., courtly behavior; courtiership.—A "Fancy-
monger" is one who deals in tricks of imagination.—"Having," i. e., possession.—"Point-device," i. e., precise; exact.
And. 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.

And. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy frowness: 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 Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. And, the gods give us. A man 2 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, then, it is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. 2 Are horns given to poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. 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 honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much 3 defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext. Here comes sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Martext, 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 gift 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-se'call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: 4 God'll ill you for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay, pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his 2 bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so weallock 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 wainscot; then, one of you will prove a shrunken pannel, 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! 14

Footnotes:
1. "Touch." I. e., homely. — Lean deer were called rascal deer. — "Defence," 1. e., the art of fencing. — The title "Sir" was formerly applied to priests and curates. — "God'd Ill." 1. e., God yield you. — God reward you. — "Bow," 1. e., yoke, which formerly resembled a bow.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phoebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioners,
Whose hearts in accident of death doth make hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbered neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sternere
Than he that "kills and lives by bloody drops?"

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I 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 frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on'tomories,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart:
And, if mine eyes can speak, now will they tell thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou cast 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 rascalice and palpable impression
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darter at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O! dear Phoebe,
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 make.

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, [Beauty,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
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'll my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, pulling with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favor'd children.
'Tis 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 toll you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy: love him; take his offer:

*Notes; stones,—Love.
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, scold'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? Silv. 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. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jac. I pray thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jac. 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.

Jac. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poet.

Jac. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; 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 politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all of these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which by often rumina-tion wraps me in most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own hands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jac. 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.

Jac. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[Exit.]

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lipp, and wear strange suits; 2 disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that counten- nance you are, or I will scarce think you have swarm in a 2 gondola.—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! Ho that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and

a Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer. So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well. Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year to-gether: I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your 2 founess, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll suacer 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 failer 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 off flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might; "Who ever lov'd, 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. If ever sorrow was, relief would be— If you do sorrow at my grief in love, By giving love, your sorrow and my grief Were both externum'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly? 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 castest 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 further recompense, Than thine own gaudiness 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 plentiful crop To glean the broken ears after the man That the main harvest reaps: 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 2 carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him. 'Tis but a 2 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 so; and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty redness in his lip; A little liver, and more lusty red. [Fence Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the differ-Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask. There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
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.

Oro. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an ye be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Oro. 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.

Oro. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Oro. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Oro. 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 humor, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very Rosalind?

Oro. 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.

Oro. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Oro. 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.

Oro. What, out of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Oro. 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.

Oro. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No,'faith, 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, but he was taken with the cramp, or drowned, and the foolish corners of that age found it was a Hero of the first.

But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Oro. 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.

Oro. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Oro. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Oro. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Oro. I hope so.

Ros. 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?

Oro. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin.—"Will you, Orlando?—"

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Oro. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Oro. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."—

Oro. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, —I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl, goes before the priest; and, certainly, the woman's thought runs before her actions.

Oro. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Oro. For ever, and a day.

Ros. 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 clumsy 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 b Diana in the fountain, and I will do what you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a' chyem, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Oro. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Oro. O! but she is wise.

Ros. 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 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Oro. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, —"Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Oro. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. Of 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.

Oro. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Oro. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. 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!

—That is, like the figure of Diana in an artificial fountain.—

—Hyem. —Bar.
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guileless messenger.
Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: hear 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 Phoenix. Od’s my will!
Her love is not the hate 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 leather hand,
A freestone-color’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 a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman’s gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant- rude invention,
Such round, bold words, that sweep in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?
Sil. So you please; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe’s cruelty.
Ros. She Phebe me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
Sil. But what you will.
Ros. “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 b violence to me.”—
Meaning me, a beast.—
Sil. To me or the score of your bright eye?
Have you power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move me?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him soul up thy mind:
Whether that thy youth and 4 kind
Will the faithfull 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 your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake) 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 entertain for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.
[Exit Silvius.

Enter Olyver.
Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands [know,

a "Here much Orlando," an ironical expression, signifying, “here’s no Orlando.”

b Mischief.—Eyes.— Nature; natural affection.
A shep-cote, front'd about with olive-trees? [tom:
Cle. West of this place, down in the neighbor-boys.
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;
There'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 fair,
Of female favor, and "bestows himself,
Like a rife slipster: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cle. 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 his 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.

Cle. 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, passing 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 baid with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and grilied snake had wraith'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlack'd itself,
And with indented glises did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with uders 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.
Cle. 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.
Cle. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cle. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. "Twas I; but 'tis 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 recountments 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 blest; 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.

Cle. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[ROSALIND swoons.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cle. There is more in it.—Consul!—Ganymede!
Ros. Look, he recovers.
Cle. Why, are you at home?
Ros. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm? [Jack
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man? You
A man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body
Would think this was well counterfeited. I pray
You, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—
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.
Ros. So I do; but, 'tis faith, I should have been
a woman by right.
Cle. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you,
draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I, for I must hear 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.

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
tile 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 floating; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William. Will a 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.

*Forbear.
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. Sir, so, 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.

Touch. Neither learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave, the society,—which in the boors is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou peribhest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or, in bastinado, or in steel: I will hang thee with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her; and, loving, woo; and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Or. No. Neither call the gladness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

Enter Rosalind.

Goyou, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, Here comes my Rosalind.

Rosl. God save you, brother.
SCENE IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for 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 luminescence, 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 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?

[To Phebe.]

Ros. Who do you speak to, "why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Phe. Pray, who go you 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 Orland.] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you,[To Silvius] if what pleases you contents 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.

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 roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hours, which are 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 lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonio,
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.

*That is, a married woman.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonio,
Those pretty country folk would be,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonio,
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 nonio,
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 unimpeachable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost 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, Aliens, Jaques, 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.

Ros. 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? [with her.]

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give [To Orlando.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [To Phebe.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.[To Phebe, if she will?]

Ros. [To Silvius.] You say, that you'll have Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter:

You yours, Orlando, to receive his 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 favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-borne, 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 moity-valued 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 tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that to 'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How is the seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'll you, sir; I desire you of the like.

I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country capricatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, but mine own: a poor humor 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 foil oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sensible.

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.—Bears 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 "rot-courtious." 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 called the "countercheck 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 countercheck 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 strolling-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes; and Celia.

Still Music.

Hymn. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
* To Duke S. I will 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.

Ori. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
I will your love admit:
[not he—]

[To Duke S.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:

[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.

Wyles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and thus we finish.

Song.

Wooling is great Jono's crown:
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honored:
Honor, high honor, and renown,
To Hymen, god in every 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 cut 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 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,

a * Accord; agree. — b That is, prompt and pique. — c "Seven times removed," i.e., seven times removed from the lie direct. — d Sconny. — e Impeached. — f An allusion to the book entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Savioli," 1594, 4to.

† Accord; agree. — b That is, if there be truth in truth. — c Discourse; — d Unite; attach. — e Prepared.

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SCENE IV.

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 excil’d. 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 endured shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
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.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into the neglect the pompous court?

2 Bro. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these b convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn’d.—
You [To Duke S.] to your former honor 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
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 victuall’d.—So, to your pleasure,
I am for other than for dancing measures.

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 bushes, 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 hates 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, complexions 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 curtesy, bid me farewell.

Exit.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act IV.—Scene 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.  
1 Christophero Sly, a Tinker.  
2 Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, Induc- 
3 and Servants.

Baptista, a rich Gentleman of Padua.  
4 Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa  
5 Lucentio, Son to Vincentio.  
6 Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona.  
7 Gremio, 
8 Hortensio,  
9 Servants to Lucentio.  
10 Trinity, 
11 Biondello, 
12 Grumio, 
13 The Pedant.  
14 Katharina,  
15 Bianca; 
16 Servants to Petruchio.  
17 Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE. sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Christophero Sly.

Sly. I'll 
2 phuse you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues:
look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard
Conqueror. Therefore, paucas b pallabris; let the
world slide. "Sessa!"

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have
burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to
thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the
headborough. 4 [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer
him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him
come, and kindly. 11 [Lies down, and falls asleep.

* Wore a muff.—"A brack was a hunting dog.—" Merest," 
1 e., most complete.

1 Beat; tease. —b Few words. — " Sessa!" (Ital.) Be quiet! 
—c Constable.
Taming of the Shrew. 213

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord’s House.

Sly is discovered, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bonnet, ever, and apparteneances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God’s sake, a pot of small ale. [sack]
1 Serv. Will I please your lordship drink a cup of
2 Serv. Will I please your honor taste of these con-

erves? [day]
3 Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to
Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me honor,
or lordship: I ne’er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne’er ask me what raiment I will wear, for I have no more doubles than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; any, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overlather. [o! Lord. Heaven cease this evil humor in your hon-
O! that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
TAMING OF THE SHEEOH.

INDUCTION.

Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not 1 Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hackett, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for 1 Warwickshire ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not 2 bestraught. Here's—

1 Serv. Of! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. Of! this it is that makes your servants dreap.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your 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 abject 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, [Music. And twenty caged nightingales do sing: Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch, Softer and sweeter than the lastful bed On purpose trimm'd up for Serenities. Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground: Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd, Their harness saddled all with gold and pearl. Dost thou see how hawking? thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt? Thy hounds shall make the wealkin answer them, And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 1 Serv. Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swilt As breathing stags, ay, fletcher than the roe. 2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight. Adonis painted by a running brook, And Cytherea all in 3 hedges hid, Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the wandering sodges play with wind. Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid, And how she was begullid and surpris'd, As soon as the desire of her was, and I 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 waking age. 1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee, Like envious floods, o'er-run 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 see my own savours, and, I feel soft things.— Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed.

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight; And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale. 2 Serv. Will please your mightiness to wash your lips with 2 servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin. O, how glad I am to see your 3 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 4 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 rail upon the hostess of the house, And say you would present her at the 4 leet, Because she brought stone juggs, and 2 not seal'd quart's. Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reck'nd up,

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Plimmerell,

And twenty more such names and men as these, Which never were, nor no man ever saw.


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 fare well; 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. Al'ce 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 'bout 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.

Madar, 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, Dost thou not think thou wouldst 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 honor'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 congeal'd your blood, And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy: Therefore, they think it good you hear a play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bans a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a 4 comody 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 ne'er be younger, and let the world slide.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. 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, am arm’d
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv’d in all,
Here let us breathe, and hasty institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being: and my father, first
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincenzo, comes of the Bentivolii.
Vincenzo’s son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes * conceiv’d,*
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev’d.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow * placè,* to plunge him in the deep,
And with solace seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. My * perdona te,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy;
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let not your stocks, I pray you;
Or so devote to Aristotle’s Ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur’d.
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleasure t’en —

In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello * now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv’d you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Grem. To cart her rather: she’s too rough for me.

— There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [To Bap.] I pray you, sir, is it you * gracious
To make a * stake of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder * mood.

*That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.— *Puddle.— (bdl.) Pardon me.— *Stale,* l. c., but; decay.

k* Prefer them hither; for to * cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
What shall I do? I am appointed hours, as though, belike,
I know not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

Gre. You may go to the devil’s dam: your * gifts
are so good, here’s none will hold you. * This love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake’s
dough on both sides. Farewell; yet, for the love
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light
on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights,
I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray,
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook’d parle,
know now upon * advice, it toucheth us both,
that we may yet again have access to our fair
mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca’s love, to labor
and effect one thing * specially.

Gre. What’s that, I pray? *

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think’st thou, Hortensio,
though 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

* "I will," l.e., I think.— In preparation.— Pet.— Odd; different from others. — * Shat.— * Recommend. — * Acquainted, — * Endowed. — * Recommend. — Reflection.
light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gri. 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 to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca:—Happy man he's done! I dare not say the next runs safest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gri. 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.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Tra. [Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Trajio! till I found it to be true,
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 love to the Queen of Carthage was.

Trajio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Trajio,
If I 1 ache not this young modest girl.

Counsel me, Trajio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Trajio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. 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,—
Redimite te captum, quam vocas minime.

Luc. Gramercies, lad! go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what the pith of all.

Luc. O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agonor's race,
That made great Jove to humbly hold her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Luc. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, [sister
That mortal ears might scarce endure the din?

Luc. Trajio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her. [trance.

Luc. Time was time to stir him from his
Pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, [stands:
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
Her elder sister is so curt 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 new'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Trajio, what a cruel matter's he! But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning 'masters to instruct her?

Luc. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Trajio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And underake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
SCENE II.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and, I hope, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say. Hor. Knock, sir? whom should I knock? is there any man *rebused your worship?  

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.  

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that should knock you here, sir?  

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;  

And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.  

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. — I should knock you first.  

And then I know after who comes by the worst.  

Pet. Will it not be?  

'Sfaith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:  

I'll try how you can sol, sa, and sing it. 

[He wrings Grumio by the ears.  

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?  

Con tutto il core ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.  

Rice, Grumio true: we will compound this quarrel.  

Gru. *Basing.* 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 ought I see) two and thirty, —  

O pip, a mo?  

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,  

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.  

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,  

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  

And could not 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  

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 decess'd,  

And I have thrust myself into this maze,  

Haply to live, and thrive, as best I may.  

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  

And so come abroad to see the world.  

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd 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.  

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 butcher of my wooing dance)  

Do she as foul as Florence's love,  

As old as Sybil, and as curt 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 come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.  

Gru. Nay, but you, sir, he tells you flatly what  

his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry  

him to a puppet, or an 4aglet-baby; or an old trot  

with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as  

many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, noth-  

ing comes amiss, so money comes withal.  

Hor. Petruchio, since we are step'd thus far in,  

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  

I can, 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 curt,  

And shrewd, and brawdly; so beyond all measure,  

That, were my state far worse than it is,  

I would not wed her for mine own sake:  

Pet. Petruchio, 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,  

Renowned in Padua for her scolding 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 humor lasts.  

O my word, an she know him as well as I do, she would think scolding 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 rail 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 a cat than a yaw. 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 withholdings from me, and other more  

Smites to her, and rivals in my love;  

Supposing it a thing impossible,  

For those defects I have before reheard,  

That ever Katharina will be wound:  

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 title for a maid of all titles the worst.  

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  

And offer me, disguis'd 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  

4 A figure carved on an e*age,* or jewel. — Shrewish: cross.  


 Measure,— " Well seen," i. e., well skilled.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I.

Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And unsuspicious court her by herself. [Enter Gremio, and Lucentio 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, Gruccione: 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stirring, and an amorous! [They retire.]

Gru. O! very well; I have per'd the note. Hank 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 larger.—Take your papers, too, And let me have them very well perfumed, For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go. What will you read to her? Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my patron; stand you so assured, As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yea, and perhaps with more successful words This man, unless you were a scholar. Sir, O, this learning, what a thing it is! Gru. O, this woodcock, what an ass it is! Pet. Peace, sirrah! Hor. Gruccione, mum! —[Coming forward.]—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gru. 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 behavior. 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 promised 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. Gru. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove. Gru. And that his bags shall prove. Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love. Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you all masters, I care not how many. Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katharine; Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. Gru. So said, so done, is well. Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold: I'll be all masters, I care not how many. Gru. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And I do hope good days, and long, to see. Gru. 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.

**At any hand," I. e., at any rate.—Present.—"Trow you," I. e., think you.**

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 bear, 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 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang? And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear, As will a whirlwind in a farmer's fire? Tush! tush! fear boys with bugbears.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your—
To make a bondmaid, and a slave of me: [self
That I disdain; but for these other 1 yards,
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,
Yes, all my raiment, to my Petticoat;
Or what you will command me I'll do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dispose not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Isn't it 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 pray thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be just, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.]

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou alluring 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.

Bap. [Holding her.] What! in my sight!—Bianca, get thee in. [Exit Bianca.]

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that you, and free access and favor 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? Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio? Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. — 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. [Exeunt, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Bianello.]

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 woo. 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 it 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 will assure her o of her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and lesser 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 preposterous 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 not so like a babe. [speed! Bap.] Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy 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. For 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 4 feet, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering. When, with a most impotent, devilish spirit, "Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fame with them!" And with that word she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way; And there I stood amazed for awhile, 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 ever I did: O, how I long to have some chat with her! Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited: Proceed in practice 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, [sto. [Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Horten- 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 not speak a word; Then I'll commend her volubility, And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence: If she do bid me peck her, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay her by a week: If she deny to we'd, I'll crave the day When I shall ask the bans, 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 homely Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst; But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom; Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-daunty Kate. For dainties are all cates: 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 sound'd, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, Myself am mov'd to woe thee for my wife. Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you ither, 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 you me mean. Pet. Ah! 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. We'll tam, 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 wisp; 'tis faith, you are too angry. Kath. If I be wispish, best beware my sting. Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out. Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it out where it lies. Pet. Who knows not where a wisp does wear his In his tail. [sting? Kath. In his tongue. Pet. Whose tongue? Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell. 

*Garden.—On.—Special rights.—Frets are the points at which a string is to be stopped.

*Horard and hard were anciently pronounced alike.
Scene 1. Taming of the Shrew.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, Good Kate, I am a gentleman. [Come again: Kat."till I'll try. [Striking his chin. 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 thy crest? a cockcomb? [sour. Pet. A comely cock, so Kate will be my hen. Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a crow. [so sour. Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab. [sour. Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not 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, you 'scape not so. [Holding her. Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go. Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; For thou art pleasant, gossamery, passing courteous, And slow in speech, yet swift as springtime 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'st thy woovers, 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 pricuy gait? O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate, And these let Kate this chaste, and Dian sportful. Kath. Where did you learn all this jocose 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; your dowry 'greed on, And, will you, nill 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; I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dunce? That I'll try. 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. Kath. But, sir, if it be for policy, for me? 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 Griselle, 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.

Grc. Hark, Petruchio: she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this yourspeeding? nay then, good night one pact.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my— If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? [self: 'Tis bargain'd twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be in her father's 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 nobles: 'tis a world to see, How tame, when men and women are alone, A peacock wretch can make the curstest show.— 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 hand's God send you joy! Petruchio, 'tis a match. Grc. 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. [Exit Petruchio and Katharina, severally. Grc. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly? Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's And venture madly on a despente mat. [part. Tra. 'Twas a commodity h'fretting by you: 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas. Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match. Grc. No doubt but he hath got a quick catch. But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter. Now is the day we long have looked for: I am your neighbor, and was suitor first. Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess. Grc. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as L. Tra. Grey-heard, thy love doth freeze. Grc. But thine doth fry. Skipper, 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?}

* Cowardly cox.— By.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear: you grow too forward, sir. Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcom’d you withal?

Hor. ‘Tut, wrangling pedant! I avouch, this is The patroness 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 he was ordained! Was it not to refresh the mind of man, After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then, give me leave to read philosophy, And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice. I am no breaching 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 whites; His lecture will be done, ere you have tun’d.

Hor. You’ll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [Hor. retires.

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hoc igitur Simois; igitur Sicia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia célia sents.
Bian. Construe them.

Luc. Hoc can, why music was ordinance:—

Hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—

Priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port,—

célia sents, that we might beguile the old pantaloons.

[tune.

Hor. [Returning.] Madam, my instrument’s in Bion. Let’s hear.—

[Hortensio plays.

O fa! the trobble jars.

Luc. Split in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: Hoc igitur Simois, I know you not;—igitur Sicia tellus, I trust you not;—Hic steterat Priami, take heed he hear us not;—regia, presume not;—célia sents, despair not.

Hor. Madam, ‘tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; ‘tis the base knave that How fiery and forward our pedant is! [jars. Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Luc. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. [Aside. Bion. Most I trust it not; for, sure, Jeacides Was Ajax, call’d so from his grandfather. [you, Bion. I must believe my master; else, I promise I should be arguing still upon that doubt: But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [To Lucentio.] You may go walk, and give

My lessons make no music in three parts.

4 Counterpanes.— 5 Hangings.— 6 Bed-drapery.— 7 Merchant- ship.—A galliasses was a low-built vessel, with sails and oars. — 8 Outfold.—To face here means to bully.— 9 An allusion to a game at cards.

10 Breaching scholars," i.e., schoolboy liable to be whipped. —Pedant.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [Aside.] Well, I must wait, and watch within; for, but I be deceiv'd, our fine musician growth 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 briefer sort, more pleasant, pithy, and effectual, than hath been taught by any of my trade: and there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bion. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. [Accord, Bion. [Reads.] Gamut, I am, the ground of all. A re, to plente Hortensio's passion; B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord, C flat, that loves with all affection: D sol re, one chaff, two notes have I: E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! Like it not: Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, to change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your book, and help to dress your sister's chamber up: books, You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day. Bion. I will, sir; but sweet masters, both: I must be gone. [Exit Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, 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 ceremonial rites of marriage? What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? [fo'rc'd Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart, Unto a mad-brain'd Trudeley, full of 'spleen; Who wou'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure. I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior; 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 ban's; Yet never means to wed where he hath wo'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." Tra. 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 wil'd he's honest. Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him thoug'ht!

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep, Unless, D ecoy; but,—"Rudeley," I, e., rude, turbulent fellow.—Caprice; inconsistency.

For such an injury would vex a very saint, Much more a shrew of thy impatiant humor.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! two 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 you Tra. But, say, what is thine old 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 candleнецas, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword tro'd out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse thumped with an old nothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-puffs, specked with the yellow, post cure of the bives, stark spoiled with the stagers, begsnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; me'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: once given six times piec'd, and a woman's crapper of velvet, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in 'suds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

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-sole on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the amours orauty fancies prick'd in for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey. [ion; Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion: Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.


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 Grumio, strangely appareled.


Tra. Not so well apparell'd, As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it? much better, I should rush in thus.

Enter Luciana and Bianca.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentiles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
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! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us why to censor me.

I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask,—if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wooms,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-said, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom 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, with a virile motion, to censer me.
And swore, but after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health," quoth he; as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates,
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,
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 kips 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 minstrels play.

[Music.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista,
Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
I know, you think to dine with me to-day, [pains.
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I meant to take my leave.

Bap. I'll tell you, sir, that thus 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, honest 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. How, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day:
No, nor to-morrow, till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way:
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Gre. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not an
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,
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
SCENE I. TAMING OF THE SHREW. 225

Go to the feast, revel and *domineer, Carouse full measure to her maidenhead, Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves. But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; I will be master of what is mine own. She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, My household-stuff, my meat, my drink, My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing: And here she stands; touch her whoever dare: I'll bring mine action on the proudest he That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio, Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves: Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.— [Kate: Fear not, sweet woman; they shall not touch thee, I'll buckler thee against a million.]

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? Bisc. This being such herself, she's most madd: Grumio. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated. Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridgroom wants For to supply the places at the table, You know, there wants no *junkets at the feast.— Lucentio, you shall supply the bridgroom's place, And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bridge it? Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen; let's go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Tie, tie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foole ways! Was ever man so better? Was ever sheep so trayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. 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, how! [Curts]

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly? Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis. Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio? Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ny; and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported? Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter turns man, woman, and beast, for it hath tuned my old master, and my new mistress, and I myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast. Gru. 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) thou shalt 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?

Gru. 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, sir. Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?


Curt. Come, you are so full of conceyatching. Gru. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, coakews swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carps laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news! Gru. First, know, my horse is tied; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio. Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. That I have told thee. [Striking him. Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but had'st thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was *bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waited through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I 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. Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall end, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugaran, and the rest: let their hands be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an *indifferent knot; let them custom with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands, Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that? Gru. Thou, it seems, that calleth for company to countenance her.

* Bluster; swagger.— * Delicacies.— * Bewrayed; dirty.

4 These words are the beginning of an old round.—Reprinted.— Broken.— "Of an indifferent knot," i.e., tolerably well knit.
What's this? mutton?  
I Serv. Ay.  
Who brought it?  
I Serv.  
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these!—Where is the rash 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, trenchers, cups, and all.  
[Throws the meat, &c. &c. &c. all about  
you heedless jolthead, 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, 'twas burnt and dried away,  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it.  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:  
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,  
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 bridal chamber.  
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.  
Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?  
Peter. He kills her in her own humor.  
Re-enter Curtis.  
Gru. Where is he?  
Curt. In her chamber,  
Making a sermon of continency to her;  
And rails, and swear's, 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 politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis 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 kites,  
That 'scape, and beat, and will not be c dent.  
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 chumor keep her still awake.  
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew.  
[Exit.  
Enter Tranio and Hortensio.  
Tran. Is't possible, friend Lucio, that mistress  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
Bianca  I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.  
Hort. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.  
[They stand aside.  
* * *  
"Man my haggard," i. e., tame my hawk.—Flatter.  
* Intend is used for pretend.
Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read? 
Bian. What, master, read you? I first resolve me.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love. [that. 
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 professors, marry! 
Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O, despiteful love! unconsummated lady!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a callion.

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. [centio,

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lu-
centio, is this my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
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 for-
sworn 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 haggard.
And so farewell, 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 longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio. 
[me? 
Bian. Tra. Bianc. I pray you, but have you both forsworn

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio. 

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wo'd and wedded in a day. 

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll take her.

Bian. He says so, Trajico.

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 Biondello, running.

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-wearied; but at last I spied
An ancient ombler coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bian. Master, a mercantilist, 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 Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone. 

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir! 

Tra. And you, sir; you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. 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.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir!—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?


Tra. 'Tis 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 quarrel 2twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly.

Ped. Abs, 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 have I often been; 

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an

oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor 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.

'Twixt me and one Baptist'a's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.

Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Gremio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. Then more my wrong, the more his spite is:
What did he marry me to furnish me? 

Pears. Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

* "To pass assurance," I.e., to agree upon a settlement.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV.

Upon entreaty, have a present alms; If not, elsewhere they meet with charity: But, I, who never knew how to entreat, Nor never needed that I should entreat, Am starved for meat, giddily for lack of sleep; With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed. And that which spitest 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 pr'ythee go, and get me some repast; I care not what, so it be wholesome food. Gru. What say you to a neat's foot? Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it. Gru. I fear, it is too cholemic a meat. How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd? Kath. I like it well: good Gruimio, fetch it me. Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholemic. What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard? Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon. Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest. Gru. Nay, 1 that I will not: you shall have the Or else you get no beef of Gruimio. [mustard, Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt. Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef. Kath. 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. Pet. How fares my Kate? What, swathing, all Hor. Mistress, what cheer! [Stern. Kath. Faith, as cold as can be. Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me. Here, love; thou see'st 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 b proof.— Here, take away this dish. Kath. I pray you, let it stand. Pet. The poorest service is repair'd with thanks, And so shall mine, before you touch the meat. Kath. I thank you, sir. Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame. Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company. Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [to her.] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! Kate, eat auspice. —An now, my honey love, Will 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 things; With scarfs, and fans, and double change of 8 bravery, Am steady, gentle, and all this knavery. What! hast thou din'd? —The tailor stays thy leisure, To deck thy body with his 8 ruffling treasure. 

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; Enter Holabender.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hob. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak. Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy. Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell, A knock, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap; Away with it! come, let me have a bigger. Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time, And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too; And not till then.

Hor. [Aside.] That will not be in haste. Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, And speak I will, I am no child, nor bee: Your better's had endurance 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.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap, A custard, a coffer, a bubble, a silkken pie. I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap, And it will have, or I will have none. [see't Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here? What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon: What's this? a down, car'd like an apple-tart? Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash, Like to a 'censer in a barber's shop.— Why, what, o devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this? Hor. [Aside.] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tal. You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion, and the time. Pet. Marry, and I did; but if you forget, I 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. Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown, More quaint, more pleasing, more commendable. Before, a mere woman, to make a puppet of me. [thee. Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of Tal. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her. Pet. O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou Thou thimble, [thread. Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail! Thou flea, thou knut, thou winter cricket thou— Bud'd I mine own house with a skin of thread? Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant, Or I shall so be mete thee with thy yard, As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest. I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'd her gown. Tal. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made Just as my master bid direction. Gruimio gave order how it should be done. Gru. I gave no order; I gave him the stuff. Tal. But how did you desire it should be made? Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread. Tal. But did you not request to have it cut? Gru. Thou hast faced many things. Tal. I have. Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor brav'd.

* Coffin was a culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or cake. * Censer was a clashing-dish, or brazier, with a pierced convoy cover.—" If you be remember'd, i.e., if you recollect. * Next; trim; spruce. — Mesmerize.— Faced.
SCENE IV. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I say unto thee, — I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tat. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in a threat, if he say I said so.

Tat. "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown."

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.


Tat. "With a small compassed cape."

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tat. "With a trunk sleeve."

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tat. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tat. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mate-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Gramio; then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use?

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Thee and mistress' gown to his master's use?

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [Aside.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow: Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your Even in these honest men's habiliments. [father's, Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honor peercyth in the meanest habitat. What, is the day more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eden, Because his painted skin contents the eye? O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse For this poor furniture, and mean array. If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me; And therefore frolie: we will hence forthwith, To fetch and sport us at thy father's house. — Go, call my men, and let us straight to him; And bring our horses unto Long-lane end, There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock, And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two, And twilights are supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are still crossing it—Sir, let's alone: I will not go to-day; and ere I do, It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

—"A small compassed cape" is a round cape.—A quibble is here intended between a written bill and the escopas of a foot-soldier.
My boy shall fetch the scriever presently.  

The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,  
You're like to have a 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.  
Signior 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, Petulant, and Baptista._  
_Bion._ Cambio!  

_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; except, whilst they are  
bussed about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance  
of her, _cum privilegio ad imprimentum solam_.  
To the church—I 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 cannotarry: I knew a wench married in  
an afternoon as she went to the garden for pursley  
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,  
with the appendix.  

_[Exeunt._  

_Luc._ I may, and will, if she be so contented:  
She 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.  
_[Exeunt._

SCENE V.—A public Road.  

_Enter Petruchio, 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 ere I journey to your father's house.—  
Go on, 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 be it moon, or sun, or what you please.  
An if you please to call it a rush candle,  

"Moral," I, e., secret purpose. —The words of the old  
exclusive privilege for printing a book.  

_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 so, nay, even that it is;  
And so it shall be.  

_Hor._ Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.  

_Pet._ Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should  
And not unluckily against the bias.—  

_[Run, 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, upon the 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._  

_[sweet._  

_Kath._ Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and  
Whiter away, or where is thy abode?  

_Happy the parents of so fair a child;  

_Happier the man, whom so many stars  
Alot for his lovely bed-fellow!_  

_[mad._  

_Pet._ Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not  
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 reverend father;  
_Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking._  

_Pet._ Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make  
known  

_Which 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._  

_Well, and so, is called Vincentio;_  

_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,  
M I may entitle thee—my loving father;  

_The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this lath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
Beside, so qualified as may becometh  

_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.  

_Pet._ Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;  

_For our first Merriment hath made thee jealous._  

_[Exeunt Petruichio, Katharina, and Vincentio._  

_Hor._ Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  

_Have to my widow; and if she be froward,_  

_Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward._  

_[Exeunt._
ACT V.


Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.

Bian. 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 o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.

Grem. 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 heirs more toward the market place; Thither 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 signior 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 beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell signior 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, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shopping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

[Lo.


Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgotten me?

Bion. Forget you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst 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.

Vin. In'st so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me, now.

[Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [Exit, from the window.

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 ye, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?— O, immortal Gods! O, base villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a c capotain 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 sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 6 terms it you if I wear pelri and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sailmaker 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 own son, and heir to the lands of me, signior 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, signior Baptista, lest you be e cony 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 wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior 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: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[Binodello, 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 8 supposes bear'd thin 9 eyes. Gre. Here's that packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That faic'd and braved me in this matter so? Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

* A "capotain hat" was a sugar-loaf or conical hat. — 8 Concerns.— 9 Deceived; cheated. — 5 Pretenders.— 6 Eyes. — 7 Plotting.
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Luciento.

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 encon'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Fin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to;
but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.
[Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[Exeunt Luc. and Bian.

Gre. My cake is 8-dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

PETRUCHIO AND KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Howse, let's, to see the end of this
Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will, [ado.
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. [love, stay.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pay thee,
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate!
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in LECENTO'S House.

A Banquet set out: Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the pedant, LUCENTO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GREMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it, when raging war is 3 gone,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overthrown.—
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 3 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!
Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes I would that word was 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
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you. [sense:
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Pet. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me?—How is 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 meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Pet. 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, lady. [Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?—
Gre. Believe me, sir, they but together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistresse 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 began,
Have of you for a better jest or two.

Bap. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, 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 missed.

Traf. Sir! Luciento slip'd me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good 8-swift simile, but something curiush
Traf. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
Pet. 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Luc. I think thee for that 8-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 main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrill of all.
Pet. Tell, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his 8-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.

[Exeunt Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistresse sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

* "Swift," i.e., quick-witted. — * "Gird," i.e., cut; sarcastic.

* A proverb not yet obsolete.—A "banquet" formerly meant what we now call a desert.
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. Woman 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 lodifume, 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 parlor 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 befall thee, good Petruchio!
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.—
Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that haberd, 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 you fee for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katharina, 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! unskil that threateneth unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from these eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blinds thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in so sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman's mind is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeing, 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 labor, 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, sulen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a fool contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd 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, hapy, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming most, which we indeed least are.
Then, vail your stomachs, for it is no boast,
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.
[Exeunt. Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt not.
Vin. 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 sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[To Luciento.
And, being a winner, God give you good night.
[Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast 'tis a curst shrew.
Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
'tis so.
[Exeunt.

*Punish.

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"Our soft conditions," i.e., the gentle qualities of our minds.—
"Vail your stomachs," i.e., lower your pride.—
"It is to boot," i.e., it is profitable.—
"You two are sped," i.e., the fate of you both is decided against you.—
"To hit the white!" is a phrase borrowed from archery, signifying to hit the centre of the target, which was white. There is also a play upon the name of Bianca, which is white in Italian.
King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord.
Parolles, a Follower of Bertram.
1 French Envoy, serving with Bertram.
2 French Gentleman, also serving with Bertram.
3 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.
4 A Widow of Florence.
Diana, Daughter to the Widow.
Violenta, Neighbors and Friends to the Mariana.
5 Widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, 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, 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;

The heirs of great fortunes were the king's words.—

Abide.

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! 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 king'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 skilful 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?
SCENE I.

All's Well that Ends Well.

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 traitors both. Love them 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 praisin'. The remembrance of her father never departs from her: Love her then, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. —No more of this, Helen: 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? [father

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Shall stand forth as a fairer work than his first was, but a few, Do wrong to none; to 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;

The negligence'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 Countess.

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be conformable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [Exeunt Bertram and Lafaët.

Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favor in't but 'by 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 this plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas 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 favor: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must succour his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Paroles.

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, *4* solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, where virtue's steele 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 *5* stain of soldier in you, let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity: how may we barricado 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 warlike 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 got, till virginity was lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will stand fort a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mates, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very pining, and so dies with feuling his own stomach. Besides, what's dead, dry, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most uninhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't: *5* within two years it will make itself two, which is a greatly 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. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying: the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old currier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly united, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which *6* wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you *6* 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:

*4* Together.—*5* Tincture.—*6* Forbidden.—*7* Which wear not now;* i. e., which are not now born.

[Exeunt.]
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
Of pretty, fond, adoptive *chrestemons,
That blinking Cupid gossip. 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, Pishi?
Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis 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.

Page. Monsieur Paroles, my lord calls for you.
[Exit Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Paroles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, L.
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 advance.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition that your valor and fear
make in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like
the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,
so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand
what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine igno-
rance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, re-
member thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and
use him as he useth thee: so farewell.
[Exit. Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Whiles we ourselves disprize them. In the heavens,
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is't which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in nature fortune brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to these:
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me;
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[Exit."

SCENE II.—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 *Semoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A brave wing.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prefridicates 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 amplest 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, Lafeu, and Paroles.

1 Lord. It is the count Roussillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st th' father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste;
Hath well coupled thee; Thy father's moral parts
Mav'lt 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
Disciplined of the bravest; he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of thy good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unsated,
 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 honor,
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 the 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 new
But goeses backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in 'approving lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would al-
ways say,
[Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but graven them, to
trow there, and to bear,—]"Let me not live,"—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe of pastime,
When it was out, "let me not live," quoth he,
"After my fashion lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain: whose judgments are

*Romans.—"Hide their levity in honor," i. e., over,
cover their gruity judged and decry'd.
*His for—"So is approv'd lives not his epitaph," i. e., the approbation of his worth lives not so much in his epitaph.—"Plausible."
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 hive, To give some laborers 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. Count. Some six months since, my lord. King. If he were living, I would try him yet:—Lend 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. 

**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 countenance, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

**Count.** What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 'tis my showness, that I do not for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaverys yours.

**Clo.** 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

**Count.** Well, sir.

**Clo.** No, madam; 'tis 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.

**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 thy 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 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 and 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; 'tis great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a- weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be

*a That is, who make no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress. — "To even your content," i.e., to set up to your desires. — "To go to the world," that is, to be married. — "Children. — "Ploughs.

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 fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyssam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer in the herd.

**Count.** Wilt 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 full true shall find; Your marriage comes by destiny, Your cuckold 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 me your gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

**Clo.** Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause, Why the Greecians sacked Troy? 

*Fond done, done fond, 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', as 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 no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplus 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 take 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 your son, her fortune, she said, was no goddess, 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 vir- 

*Therefore, "The next," i.e., the residiary. — Nature. — Foolishly. 

gins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransomed afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that o'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, silence 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: 'tis all 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:
Is it 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 honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
I thought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were croum'd mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and the rude breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—

God's mercy, maiden! does it curb thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diatrem'd messenger of wet,
The many-col'd Eras, 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 I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were
(So 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? [Law.

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-
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
That woe of all your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all these 'tis gross,
You love my son: invention is ashamed,
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, th'e one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin,
And hellish obstinacy 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't: 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 in'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, *Knelling.

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 low'd of me. I follow him not
By a taken 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 *capacious and intemperate siege,
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 honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
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? toll 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 needful'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 reaper'd lost.

Count. This was my 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,

* Language.—"Captious," i. e., deceitful.—"Intemperate," i. e., incapable of holding.—"Faculties inclusive," i. e., concealed virtues.—"More than they were in 'note," i. e., greater than was apparent.—Perhaps.
SCENE 1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embellow'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. [ honor
By the luckiest stars in heaven; and, would your
But give me leave to try success, I'll venture
The well-best life of mine on his grace's curse,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't? Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. [ love,
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing 'unte thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

Exeunt. ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PARDOLES, and
Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords. These warlike principles
[well,—
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, faro-
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir
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 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it: when
The bravest quafntant signs, 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 them heed of them.
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

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 be-

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!
Par. Most admirable I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am command'd here, and kept a 'coil with;
"Two 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 smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honor in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.
2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur Paroles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks, and lustres, a word, good metals:—
you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one cap-
tain Spurnio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war,
here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword
entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his
reports of thee.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain. [Exeunt Lords.
Par. Mara 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 list
of too cold an advice: be more expressive to them;
for they wear themselves in the cap of the time;
there do must be true and 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.

Ber. And I will do so.
Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy
sword-men. [Exeunt BERTRAM and PARDOLES.

Enter LAFFU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

Kneeling.

KING. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here a man stands, that has brought
his pardon. [Rising.

I would, you had knee'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

KING. I would I had; so I had brake thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for. [Thus:

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

KING. No.

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, ayce, noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen
A medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance an ecany
With sprightly fire and motion: whose simple touch
Is powerful to 'suprize 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 honor,
If seriously I may convey my thought.
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, Hugh well at me.

* It was the fashion in Shakespeare's time for gent'ocmen to dance with their swords girded — It's a tortured body i.e., as it were to torture or dis-solver a body. — " Sinister check," I. e., left cheek. — A man's life, " true gait." I. e., true military step. — Dance. — Unskilfully. — " Medicine," I. e., a female physician. — The canary was a lively dance. — " Profession. — I. e., altercation of the object of her coming. — " Blame my weakness." I. e., own my weakness of.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT II.

King. Now, good Lafeu, bring in the admiration, that we with thee may spend our wonder too, or take off thine own raving how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you, [Exit Lafeu.

King. 'Tis he his special nothing ever prologue.

Enter Lafeu, 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 Cressida's uncle, that dare leave two together. Fare you well. [Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us? Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was in what he did profess well found. [my father.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On a 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 burling, He gave to 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 honor Of my dear father's guest stands chief in power, I come to tender it, and my appliance, With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden; But may not be so credulous of cure:
When our most learned doctors leave us, and The congressed college have concluded That laboring art can never ransom nature From her insidious estate, I say, we must not So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady To empiricks; or to discover 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; Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts A modest one, to bear me back again. King. I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful. Thou canst do much 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 knowst not 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 finish'd, Oft does them by the weakest minister: So holy writ in ladies hath judgment shown, When judges have been 'babes. Great floods have 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.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid.

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:

"I am Cressida's uncle," I. e., I am Pandaran. See Troilus and Cressida. —"Well found, I. e., of acknowledged excellence. —"A triple eye," I. e., a third eye. —"Virtue. —"Since you set up your rest, I. e., since you have made up your mind that there is no remedy. — An allusion to Daniel judging the two elders. — An allusion to Moses striking the rock in Horeb.

Prefiers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is hary'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 endeavors give consent; Of heaven, not me, make an experiment. I am not an impostor, that proclaim Myself against the level of mine name; 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 Hop'st 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 muck and occidental damp Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lump; Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass, What is inform from your sound parts shall fly, Health shall live free, and sickness freely die. King. Upon thy certainty and confidence, What dur'st thou venture? Hel. Tax of impudence, A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame, Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name Sear'd otherwise; he worse of worst extended, With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak, His powerful sound within an organ weak; And what impossibility would stay In common sense, sense saves another way. Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate Worth name of life, in thee hath esti'mate; Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, honor, all That happiness? in 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, un pity'd let me die; And well deser'd. Not helping, death's my foe; 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 kindly 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 promises 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, But such a one, thy vassal, how to teach on; but rest Unquestion'd welcome, and undeceived blest. — Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

4 That is, that pretends to greater things than befits my condition.—"That is, the Divine grace assisting —"Nay!" is an old negative for nor.—"I Hath estimate," I. e., may be accounted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.—Performance.
SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

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. I know my business 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 manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off’s 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 butts; the pin-buttoc, the quach-buttoc, the brawn-buttock, or any buttoc.

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 taffata punk, as Tib’s rush for Tom’s *forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the buckle to his horn, a scolding quern to a wrangling knave, as the nun’s lip to the friar’s mouth; say, 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 tripe 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 courier; 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 courier?

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.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to’t, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, “O Lord, sir,” at your whipping, and “spare not me”? Indeed, your “O Lord, sir,” is very *sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to’t.

Clo. I need not 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.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why, there’s serves well again.

Count. An end; sir: to your business. Give Hel-And urge her to a present answer back: [en this, Commend me to my kinman, and my son.

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you under-stand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the King’s Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make §modern and fa-miliar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, entranceing our-selves 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 incorrible,—

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: ’fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, ’tis strange; ’tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most §fancieous 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 trans-ascendence; 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 cometo.

Par. Moris du vinlige! Is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.

Sit, 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

* "Tib" and "Tom" were names for a lad and lass; a rush ring was a love-token for plighting troth among rustic lovers. — "is very sequent," i. e., very properly follows.
All's well that ends well.

ACT II.

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing. 

[Voice
O'er whom both soveraign power and father's 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, to each, but one.

Laf. I'll give bay 4 curtal, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken than these boys', And I with as little beard.

King. Persue me 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 should'st choose; but, be refused, Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever: We'll never come there again."

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 3 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, than throw away one for my self.

Hel. The honor, 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 enuchi's 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 First flourish fortune, if you ever wish it.

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er 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 best not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. [To Bertram.] I dare not say I take you; Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, but I give into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech 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.

*They were wards as well as subjects of the king.—"To each, but one," i. e., except one, meaning Bertram.—"Bay curtal," i. e., my bay horse.—*"All the rest is mute," i. e., I have no more to say to you.—Aamaze's is the lowest clause of the dice.

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!—Didstain Rather corrupt me ever! [which

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the I can add up. Strange is it, that our bloods. Of color, 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 where virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions swell's, and virtue none, It is a dropped honor: 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 breed honor: that is honor's scorn, Which challenges itself as honor's born, And is not like the sire: honors thrive, When rather from our acts we then derive, Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave, Debouch'd on every tomb; on every grave, A lying tyranny, and as oft is damn'd, Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb Of honor'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; honor, and wealth from me. Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to make her.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad. Let the rest go.

King. My honor's at the stake, which to defend, I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert; that canst not dream, What woe is in her, scarce to be comprehended, Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honor, where We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt: Obey our will, which travails 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 slanders, and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate, Loosing 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 kind of honor, Flies where you bid it, I find that, which I late Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now The praised of the king; who, so enobled, 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.
Scene III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favor of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now born brief,
And be performed to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[Execute 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 Rouillon?
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! when I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two 2 ordinaries, to be
a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent
of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarts, and
the bannets about thee, did manfully 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 if—Lord have mercy
on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,
fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for
1 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 scarf, and beaten, then 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 vexation.
Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and
my 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, squarly, old, filthy, scurril lord!—Well, I must
be patient; there is no lettering 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 have no more pity of his age, than I would have
of—I'll beat him: as if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafue.

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 gather up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make
hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou
wast best set thy lower part where thy nose stands.
By mine honor, 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 true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honorable personages, 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, sweet heart?
Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
I will not bed her.
[sworn,
Par. What? what, sweet heart?
Ber. O, my Parolles, 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 honor in a box, unseen,
That hags his 'kicksey-wicksey here at home,
Spending his marry money in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a whirlpool; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the 2 wars!

Par. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my late to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I distrust not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark 2 houses, as the detected 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 mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter HELENA and Clov.

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 in the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, 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 lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knife! How does my old lady?
Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and 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 have found thee, a witty fool.

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, 't 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 compell'd restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, Which they distil now in the curbed time To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?
Par. That you will take your instant leave of 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 further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approb.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for him.
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor: and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here 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.
Par. [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?
Laf. She is.
Par. Will she away to-night?
Laf. As you'll have her.
Ber. I have writ my letters, cacketed 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 better.—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 and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question 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 heavy 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.

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 clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd 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 color with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular: prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you That presently you take your way for home;

BERTRAM: THE BUNTING.
SCENE I.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  245

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.

"Tw'll 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, now 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: he home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I love;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is,
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch 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, Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss. [yes—
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell.

[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.

ACT III.


FLOURISH. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two Frenchmen, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you The fundamental reasons of this war, heard Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more limbs after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer. [France

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

Fr. Env. Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a council frames By self-easily motion: therefore, dare not Say what I think of it, since I have found Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. Fr. Gent. But I am sure, the younger of our nature, That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be,

And all the honors that can fly from us Shall on them settle. You know your places well; When better fall, for your avails they fell. To-morrow to the field. [FLOURISH. 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 here I am not along with her.
Cloe. By my truth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?
Cloe. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend his 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.
Cloe. 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 brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have you here?
Cloe. E'en that you have there. [Exit. Count. [Reads.] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bejewelled 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,

BERTRAM.

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy, To fly the favors 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.
Cloe. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Cloe. 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 kill'd?
Cloe. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to: it's that the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come they will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[Exit Clown.

Enter Helena and two French Gentlemen.
Fr. Env. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone; for ever gone.
Fr. Gen. Do not say so. [men—

Count. Think upon patience.—1Pray you, gentle- I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, [you? Can 't woman me unto?—where is my son, I pray 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 pass- port.

[The folding at the top of the boot was called the ruff—

2 Can woman me unto?" i. e., can affect me deeply, as women are usually affected.
[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 newer.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
Fr. Env. 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 at thine, Thou rob'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 honor That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither? Fr. Env. Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed. [ing in France.

Hel. [Reads.] "Till I have no wife, I have noth-
'Tis bitter. Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam. Fr. Env. 'Tis 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. Env. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?
Fr. Env. Ay, my good lady, he. [ness.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducements.
Fr. Env. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that 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 honor 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.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rouillon, 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 want Of the non-sparing war? and is it I That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky musquets? O! you leaden messengers, That ride upon the volley 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 offi'd that do hold him to it; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effect'd. Better 'twere, I met the ravening lion when he roard With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouillon, Whose honor 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't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels o'f a'd all: I will be gone, That pitiful rumor may report my flight, To bewitch thine ear. Come, night; end, day; For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.


Flourish. 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.
Ber. 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 on a auspicious mistress! Ber. 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rouillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and her Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her? Might you not know, she would do as she has done, By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [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 sauntered 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 fervor sanctify.
His taken labors bid 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 mildest 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.

Stew. 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,

* At Orleans was a church dedicated to Saint Jaques, to which pilgrims used to resort.—Alluding to the story of Hercules,—4 of "Advice," i.e., discretion; thought.
SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A bucket after off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

*Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight. 

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honorable service.

Wid. 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 labor; they are gone a contrary way: barm! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor, how you have been offended by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. 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, enticements, 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 wrenching of a chaste youthhood, cannot for all that dissipate succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further 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.

Wid. 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?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you! [A march after They come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, But till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd; The rather, for I think you know my hostess As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

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*"Weigh," I. e., value; esteeom.—Temptations.—"Not the meaner the way go under," I. e., not what they appear to be.—Pilgrims were called palmer, from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry.—"As ample," I. e., as well.

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you. 

Dia. The count Rossillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the car, that bears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoever he is, He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 'tis reported, for the king had married him Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady. Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count, Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O! I believe with him, In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean To have her name repeated: all her deserving Is a reserved honesty, and that I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady! 'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write a good creature: whereas'ere she is, Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [her

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed; And should he with all that can in such a suit Corrupt the tender honor of a maid: But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard, In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colors, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else! 

Wid. So, now they come.—That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

Thaat, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He; That with the plaint: 'tis a most gallant fellow; I would have him for my wife. If he were honest, He were much goodlier: 'tis not a handsome gen-

Hel. I like him well. [leman?

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same knave, That leads him to these places: were I his lady, I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jackasses with scars. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt 't the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. marry, hang you! 

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier! [Exit BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents

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*Because of mere the truth," I. e., the mere truth.—* Questioned.—"Brokers," I. e., deals with panders.
There's four or five, to great saint Jaques bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther

I will show some precepts of this virgin,

Worthy the note.

Beth. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

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 θ hilding,

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 I have seen him, he's a most notable 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 θ leager 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 ores 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 honor of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any θ hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Fr. Gent. A pock on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to read 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.

Fr. Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Fr. Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is too late to be recovered. But that the merit of some is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'tis Jacot.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on: I will reach the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you spend it well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemma, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear farther from me.

Ber. Nay I be bold 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 do know, a sport valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldier'ship will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

Fr. Env. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

Fr. Gent. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Fr. Env. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Fr. Gent. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we b'case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafaen: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Fr. Env. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Fr. Gent. As't please your lordship.

Fr. Env. I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show The lass I spoke of. [You

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 cocusnomb that we have i' 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. [Exeunt.

a"A hilding," i. e., a paltry fellow; a coward. —b"Leager," i. e., from the German Lager. —c"John Drum's entertainment" was a common phrase for ill treatment. —d"in any hand," i. e., at any rate.

"Or his jacon," i. e., or die in the attempt. —"My dilem- ma," i. e., my dilemma and their probable difficulties. —"Em-bossed him," i. e., hunted him down. —"Case him," i. e., unmask him; strip him naked.
SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you mislead me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, 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. 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 county woos your daughter, Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolved to carry her: let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. Now, his important blood will neath come. 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, How'er repeated after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see 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 chasterly 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 deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes, With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd To her unworthiness: it nothing steals us, To chide him from our caves, for he persists As if 'tis 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. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Fr. Env. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you salary upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter. Fr. Env. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you. Fr. Env. But what lisy-wooly hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me. Fr. Env. He must think we some band of strangers I the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know 'tis to go straight to our purpose: 'tis thought, language, gabbles enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But cough, he! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forgets. [They stand book.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the repose of my tongue.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] This is the first truth that ever thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, "Come you off with so little?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in strategem.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Fr. Env. [Aside.] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's!

[Alarm within.

Fr. Env. Throca moresinus, cargo, cargo, cargo. All. Cargo, cargo, villandiara par corbo, cargo.

4"That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay."—"So we seem to know is to go straight to our purpose," i. e., if we seem to understand each other, that answers our purpose. 

1 A "chough" was a sort of jackal. —"Plausible." —"The instance," I. e., the proof. —"The barings," I. e., the showing.
Par. Of! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize and blindfold him.]

1 Sold. Boskos thronumulo 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 vouwado:

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—

Keryglybonte.—Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 Sold. O! pray, pray, pray.—

Manco recanto delche.

Fr. Env. Ocorbidulche volitoreho.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet, and, hoodwink’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 Ronsillon, and my brother, [muffled, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

Fr. Env. A’ will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

Fr. Env. Till then, I’ll keep him dark, and safely lock’d.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow’s House.

Enter BERTRAND 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 no maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and 1 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.

Diana. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o’ that: I pr’ythee, do not strive against my 8 vows. I was compelled 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.

"Against my vows," I. e. never to cohabit with Helen.8

Ber. 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 b, by, [me, But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell 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 unsaid, At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it. Be not so holy-cred: love is holy, And my integrity o’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.

Ber. I’ll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor longing to our house, Bequested down from many ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquy f the world In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honor’s such a ring: My chastity’s the jewel of our house, Bequested down from many ancestors, Which 3 were the greatest obloquy f the world In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion, honor, on my part Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring: My loose, mine honor, yea, my life be thine, And I’ll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber 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 resembles May token 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. Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven You may so in the end, [and me! 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 /brayfed, 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

8 "What is not holy, that we swear not by," I. e. we never swear by what is not holy, but, &c.—"Brayfed," I. e. false; deceitful.
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 blame laid upon him, for shaving 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 most chaste renown, and this night he flashless his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her her 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 overflows 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 dicted to his hour.

Fr. Gent. That approaches space: I would gladly have him see his companion anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so seriously he had set this course.

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 outbreak 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 felt the loss of his house: her pain was 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, lies come, and faithfully confirmed by the rector 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 valor 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 than needful there, if they were more than they can command.

Enter BERTHAN.

Fr. Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord! it's not after midnight!

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month'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 convey; and between these main parcels of despatch effect'd many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I 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 prophetess.

Fr. Env. Bring him forth. [Exeunt Soldiers.] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant 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? lie can say nothing of me: 'shush! 'shush!

Fr. Gent. * Hoodman comes!—Portotetarossa.

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 chimurke.

Fr. Gent. Boblibido chierumurco.

1 Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids 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

* An allusion to the degradation of a knight by hacking off his spurs. — Blind man's buff was formerly called Hoodman blind.
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 1 my sacrament o'n, how and which way you will. 1 Sold. All's one to him. Ber. What a past-saving slave is this! Fr. Gent. Ye're deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militistor, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape of his dagger. Fr. Ean. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything 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 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 ye, 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: Spario a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many: Guittian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Berti, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chipher, Vaumond, Benti, two hundred fifty each: so that the master-file, 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 Durnaine be i' the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighting 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 Durnaine? Par. I know him: he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's foot with child; a dunc, i' innocence, that could not say him nay. [Durnaine 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 falls. 1 Sold. Well, is this the captain in the duke of Florence's case? Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and louzy. Fr. Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon. 1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke? *Thory.—The shape is the point of the scabbard, by which it is buckled to the back-sstrap: "I con him no thanks," i. e., I'm not beholden to him.—4 A cassock was a soldier's cloak or overcoat.—Disposition; character.—5 Interrogatories.—6 Innocent, i. e., natural fool.

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn 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, 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 allurement of one count Rossillon, 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 favor. 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 whole to virginity, and devours all the fry it finds. Ber. Darnnable, 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: [54] Half won is match well made; match, and well make he nor pays after debts; take it before, And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this. Men are to 'well 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 to thee in thine ear, " Paroles." Par. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead. Par. To this is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguis, and the armipotent soldier. Ber. I can 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 prove the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, if the stocks, or any where, so I may live. 1 Sold. Well: we'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Durnaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valor: what is his honesty? Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parliets 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 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 everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing. [54] That is, a match well made is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well.—Middle. —That is, he will steal anything; however trifling, from any place, however holy.—The Centaur killed by Hercules.
SCENE V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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.
Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?
Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belch him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called *Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honor I can, but he is 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 freemiple 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 Du-

Maine?
Fr. Evan. Why does he ask him of me?
1 Sold. What's he?
Par. Even a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in will. 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 betry 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, when 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, headman; 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.
[Unmuffling him.]
So, look about you: know you any here?
Ber. Good-norrow, noble captain.
Fr. Evan. God bless you, captain Parolles.
Fr. Gent. God save you, noble captain.
Fr. Evan. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.
Fr. Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the somet 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.
[Exeunt BERTRAM, Frenchmen, &c.
1 Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your seat; 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 find an impudent nation. Fare you well,
sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.
Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, I 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 Safely in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them.

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 sonry; 'tis 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 flitty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd. His grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband lies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

Wild. 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 labor 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 4 motive, And helper to a husband. But O, strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles 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.
Disa. 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 briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our waggon is prepar'd, and time 4 reviles us: "All's well that ends well!" still the 5 fine's the crown; Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Coun-
tess's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no; your son is mislaid with a snip-tailin follow there, whose villainous suffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy

4 "My motive," i. e., my money. — Wanton; lascivious.
— The sense is, Let death and honesty accompany your commands, still I am yours, &c. — "The fine," i. e., the end: from the Latin proverb, Finis coronat opus.
youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king; than by that red-tailed humble-bee 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; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more royal love.

Laf. Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salons, 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 knife; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am not a great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knife, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knife 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 knife at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my humble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knife 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 phisonomy 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 chill 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 weary 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.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So 'tis. 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; 'tis 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-gracious 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 effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's 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 pike and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your 4 carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. '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 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 the which I shall continue thankfull.

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. [Giving it to him. Gent. The king's not here.

4 "Carbonadoed," i. e., scotched, scored, like a place of meat for cooking.
SCENE III.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. Not here, sir?  Gent. Not indeed: He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste Than is his use.  

Wel. Lord, how we lose our pains!  Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither is he gone?  Gent. Marty, 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, Command 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 * means.  

Gent. This I'll do for you.  Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, Whate'er falls more.— We must to horse again:— Go, go, provide.  

[Exeunt.  


Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarly 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 then speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prythee, 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 again any man's metaphor. Prythee, get thee farther.  

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.  

Clo. Foh! prythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.  

Enter Lafeu.  

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingeniou, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my * smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.  

[Exit Clown.  

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.  

Laf. And what would you have me to do? tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a * quart d'ecou for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.  

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word.  

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall quit; 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 lost thee.  

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.  

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sounded.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, fellow.  

Par. I praise God for you.  

[Exeunt.  

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, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation * home.  

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done 't' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbear's, and burns on.  

King. My honored 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 incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no officer; and inform him, So 'tis 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

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1. "Will make us means," i. e., will enable us.  
2. "Lavatch," a corruption of La Fache.  
3. "Fortune's mood," i. e., the caprice of fortune.  
4. "Allow the wind," i. e., stand to leeward of me.  
5. "Smiles" is probably used for similes.  

1 a quibble on the word Parolles, which in French signifies words.—*"Our esteem," i. e., the esteem in which we are held.—* "Home," i. e., completely; in its full extent.—* Interview.—* "All repetition," all recollection of the past.—* A day of season, i. e., a reasonable day; a day of uninterrupted change, other fair or foul.
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repeated *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 decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Snatch, 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 infixing,
Contempt his sorrowful perspicacity lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favor,
Scorn'd a fair color, 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.

Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great 1compt. But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that good's that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we offence,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Of 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 forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our whilome's second marriage-day. [Mess!
Lof. Which better than the first, O, dear heaven,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
1Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be 2disgested, give a favor 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
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to 4reave her
Of what should stand her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
How'er 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 reckond it
At her life's rate.

Lof. 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 contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood 6engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she coais'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Phatus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying 1medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted 3with't yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to scrutiny,
That she would never put it from her finger,
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. [honor.

King. Thou speakest it falsely, as I love mine
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead—what, 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 forepast proofs, bow'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 4 the Gentleman, a Stranger.

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 faire grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, 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 honor'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 lies; otherwise a sederer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone." [DIANA CAPILET."

Lof. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and 3tell him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, LaV.
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these authors.—Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was fouly snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, 1for wives are monsters to you,

That is, the tincture which transmutes base metals to gold, and the matter by which gold is multiplied.—"Removes." I. e. journeys; post-stages.—"Toll him," I. e. pay toll for him.—For is used here for since.
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 Capitol: [Kneeling. My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how much I may be pitied. Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your remedy. King. Come hither, 2 county. Do you know these women? Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny But what I know them. Do they charge me farther? Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife? *2[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 own, and those are mine; You give away myself, which is known mine; For by vow am so embodied yours, That she which marries you must marry me; Either both, or none. Laj. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her. Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor, Than so to think that I would stink it here. King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honor, Than in my thought it lies. Dia. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he do 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 *tis his. Of six preceding ancestors, that gem Confer'd by testament to the sequel issue, Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife: That ring's a thousand proofs. King. Methought, you said, You saw one here in court could witness it. Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am I to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles. Laj. 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 anything? 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, Mudding my eagerness with her restraint, *As," i.e., as soon as.—Decease; die.—Value.—Noted, 17

As all impediments in fancy's course Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, Her *infinite cunning, with her *modern grace, 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 first turn'd o' a first so noble wife, May justly dye 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 is it I gave him, being a-bed. King. The story then goes false, you throw 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 haggle shrewdly, every feather starts Is this the man you speak of? [You.— 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 you know? 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 knife, and no knave.— What an equivocal *companion is this! Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command. Laj. He's a good drunk, 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 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 limbo, and of furies, and I know 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. [canst King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou 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. King. Who lent it you? Dia. It was not lent me neither. King. Where did you find it then? Dia. I found it not? *Common; ordinary.—"Dict me," i.e., make me fast.— Fellow.—"Too fine," i.e., too full of finesse.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?  

Dia.  I never gave it him. 

Laf. This woman’s an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure. 

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife. 

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ouch I know. 

King. Take her away: I do not like her now. 

To prison with her; and away with him.—  

Unless thou tell’st me where thou had’st this ring,  

Thou diest within this hour. 

Dia. I’ll never tell you. 

King. Take her away. 

Dia. I’ll put in bail, my liege. 

King. I think thee now some common customer. 

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, ’twas you. 

King. Wherefore hast thou accus’d him all this while?  

Dia. Because he’s guilty, and he is not guilty. 

He knows I am no maid, and he’ll swear to’t:  

I’ll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. 

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!  

I am either maid, or else this old man’s wife. 

King. [Pointing to Laf.eu.] Stay, royal sir:  

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  

And he shall surely me. But for this lord,  

Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,  

Though yet he never harm’d me, here I quit him.  

He knows himself my bed he hath defil’d,  

And at that time he got his wife with child:  

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:  

So there’s my riddle, one that’s dead is quick;  

And now behold the meaning.  

Re-enter Widow, with Helena. 

King. Is there no exorcist  

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  

Is’t real, that I see? 

Hel. No, my good lord:  

’Tis but the shadow of a wife you see; 

The name, and not the thing. 

Ber. Both, both! O, pardon! [Kneeling. 

Hel. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;  

And, look you, here’s your letter: this it says:  

“When from my finger you can get this ring,  

And are by me with child,” &c.—This is done:  

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won? 

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  

I’ll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.  

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, 

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—  

O! my dear mother, do I see you living? 

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.  

—Good Tom Drum, [To Parolles.] lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I’ll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones. 

King. Let us from point to point this story know, 

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—[er,  

[To Diana.] If thou best yet a fresh unscorched flow.  

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. 

3EPilogue 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 hands lend us, and take our hearts. 

[Exeunt omnes.  

* Common woman.—* Owner.—* Conjurer; enchantress.

4 That is, hear us without interruption, and take our parts.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Act II.—Scene 3.

Dramatis Personæ.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.  
Sebastian, ¹ Brother to Viola.  
Antonio, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.  
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.  
Valentine, ² Gentlemen attending on the Duke.  
Curio, ³ Sir Toby Belch, Uncle to Olivia.  
Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek.

Malvolia, Steward to Olivia.  
Fabian, ⁴ Servants to Olivia.  
Clown, ⁵

Olivia, a rich Countess.  
Viola, in love with the Duke.  
Maria, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and ⁶ Attendants.

Scene, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Curio, Lords. ² Music playing.

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,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Scanning, and giving odor.—Enough! ’tis more: ⁴ [Music ceases.

¹ Value. ² Fantastical to the height. ³ Heated.

Duke. What, Curio?  
Cur. The hurt.  
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.  
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purg’d the air of pestilence:  
That instant was I turn’d into a hart,  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, [her?  
E’r since pursue me.—How now! what news from  

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid do return this answer:—  
The clement itself, till seven years’ ⁶ heat,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloistress, 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 lasting in her sad remembrance.  
Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill’d the flock of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart, These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd, (Her sweet perfections) with one self king.—
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers; Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
    Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care’s an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o’ nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. 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 her wood.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He’s as tall a man as any’s in Illyria.

Mar. What’s that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he’ll have but a year in all these ducats: he’s a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you’ll say so! he plays o’ the voile-de-gamboy, 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 alloy the gust he hath in quarrelling, ’tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he’s drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I’ll drink to her health as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He’s a coward, and a coxcomb, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o’ the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castilian vulgo: for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What’s that?

Sir To. My niece’s chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress' Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galiard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jest; I would not so much as continue 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 galiard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-colored stock. Shall we set about some 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.] Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favors 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 humor, or my negligence, that you can in question the continuance of his love Is he inconsistent, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile abasho. [Curio, &c., retire.]

—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unchas'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy' gift 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 keep all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? Duke. Oh! 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 address it better in thy youth, Than in a mimic of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it, For they shall yet believe 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 semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right ample. For this affair.—Some four, or five, attend him: All, if you will, for I myself am best, When least in company.—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord To call his fortunes thine.

*T. The "mistress' Mall" of Shakespeare was Mary Frith, a low woman, notorious for her shamelessness, who died in 1659.—* Quick dance. Cinque-pace, the name of a dance. Stocking. Alluding to the medical acrostics of the almanacs. Address thy guilt, i.e., go thy way. —Ruddy—Resembling.

*Hilarious triceps.—Sprightly dance.
I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: [Aside.] yet, O, a barful strife! Whoe'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 colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He'll make you want to fear.

Mar. A good b) lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colors.

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. Verily, thou wilt be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Mar. 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 g) gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, 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 excuses wisely: you were best. [Exit.

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an’t be 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, e) 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 butcher 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 cuckold but calumny, 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 her.

Oli. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, e) our counsel r) faciæ monstrosæ: that’s as much as we say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

a) “Barful strife,” i.e., a struggle full of impediments.

b) “Lenten,” i.e., short; Inconic.

c) “Polute” were laces which fastened the hose or breeches.

d) “Gaskins” were large vests, or hose; “Madonna” (fah), i.e., mistress; dames. — That is, The cow does not make the monk.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my monse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness I’ll hide 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 grow mad?

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 twopence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How do 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 gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that now so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools’ e) zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guileless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for g) 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 blessing, for thou speakest well of fools.

Re-Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, which desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: ’tis 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 Malvolio.] 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 crams with brains; for where comes one of thy kin, that has a most weak pli) mater.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honor, 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-bottoms!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

f) Daddles.—g) “Bird-bolts” were short thick arrows for shooting birds.—Lying.—The pli mater is a membrane that covers the brain.
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.]

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 cox, 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 Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow sweats he will speak with you. 'Tis told me 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 years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a 'squad' is before 'tis a peascod, or a 'cooling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him o' e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-flavored, and he speaks very shrivishly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARRY.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honorable 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 exceedingly well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very disputable even to the least sinister 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?

*The sheriff's formerly had *poste at their doors, on which proclamations, &c., were affixed. — A "squad" here means an unripe pod of peas. — A "cooling" is a green unripe apple. — To con it, L. e., to commit it to memory. — Sensitive. — Bad; unfair.

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 make one in so a skipping of a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hulk 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 midsummer: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [Exit MARRY.] 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; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruelest 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. 'Tis what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

* Wild; mad. — "To hull here." I. e., to remain here. — An allusion to the diminutive size of Maria. — Blend'd. — To praise," I. e., to approve.
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 were 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 mere 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, we had had so end; 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 so far to believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish here—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 my 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 Violante; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

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 yourself. 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

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The text contains dialogue between characters from the play "Twelfth Night." The scene focuses on the character of Sebastian, who is introduced and speaks of his journey and past. Antonio and Sebastian discuss their leave-taking, with Sebastian expressing regret and Antonio showing concern for Sebastian’s fate. The scene also includes a brief exchange between Malvolio and Violante, where Malvolio receives a ring from Violante and expresses his displeasure with the situation. The text is a dialogue rich in character development and contains references to earlier events in the play.
Scene III. TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stowing for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

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, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distinctly. 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, 'tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it, for the proper 2 false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas! our frailty is the cause, not, For such as we are made, if such we be. How will this 3 false? My master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him: And she, mistaken, seems to dance 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 Oelia 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 dili\nculo 2 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 un-filled 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. 2 Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. —Marian, I say!—a steed of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, 'tis faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we e three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. 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 spokest of Pigrogromus, of the Vapians passing the equinocial of Quibus: 'twas very good, 'tis faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon; hast it?

Clo. I did impecitoce thy gratitude; 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 me, too: 5 if one knight give away sixpence so will I give another: go to, a song.

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good 6 life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

song.

Clo. O, mistress mine! where are you roaming? 6 O! stay, for here your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'tis faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

To-day 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, 'tis faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we raise the night-owl in a catch, that shall 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 cast be, "Thou Knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight! I shall be constrained't not to call it the knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained 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 '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 1 Catinan; we are politicians; Malvolio's a 2 Peg-a-Ramsay, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? 'Tilly-valley, lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[Sing.

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."

[Sing.

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 7

1 A song of good life; 5 , i.e., a civil and virtuous song.— 2 A Catinan; i.e., a sharper.— 3 Name of an obscene old song.— Fiddle-faddle.
to gable like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your 'coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, or time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she barbers you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorder. If you can separate yourself and your misdeemors, 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."

[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, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou art i' the right.—Go, sir: rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Martin!—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor 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 ears.

Sir And. "Twere 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 will write thee a challenge, or I will deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be 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 me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a byword, 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 him.

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 excessive reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no excessive reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; on an addicted ass, that conceals state without book, and utters it by great swhats: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed,
that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt Claudio and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond' 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 gladly 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 bite 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 livid blood, but
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.

Duke. Ay, but I know,—
Vio. 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 concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience 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 did 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, bide no demay.—[Exeunt.]

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 scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favor 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?

*4 To the seat," &c., to the heart.—By "favor" the Duke means countenance; but Viola uses the word ambiguously.—"Free maid," i. e., charwomen employed in making lace.—"Silly sooth," i. e., e'en sooth, or simple truth.—"The old age, i. e., the age past.—"The opal is a gem which varies its hue, according to the light in which it is viewed.
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my boy, for my Indiaman?—

Mal. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behavior 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; [T' 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 one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-wearing rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkeyscock 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

Stracy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Tie on him, Jezebel.


Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my estate,—

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 Oliva sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!—

Fab. O, peace! peace!—

Mal. And then to have the honor of state; and after a demure 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 start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my 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 of 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 know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [Seeing the letter.]

[Exit Malvolio.

Mal. "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes!"—By your leave, wax.—Soft! — and the impression 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.] "I love 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, b'rock!

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 4stamnyel checks 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,—Sadly!

—M, O, A, I—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sir Sowter will cry 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 cudgel 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

"The number's altered," i.e. the number of the metrical foot is altered.—"Badger; a term of contempt."—The stamnyel is a species of hawk.—"Any formal capacity," i.e., any one in his sense.—"Sowter" is used here for the name of a hound.
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 slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tangle arguments of state: put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs 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 desires 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 champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read political authors, I will battle 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 commend 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 be not in my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr’ythee."—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.]

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him? Sir To. Like aquavitae with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and ’tis a color 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 Purgatory, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I’ll make one too. [Exeunt.

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 church.

Vio. So thou mayst 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 sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly this latter side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that’s certain: they, that daily nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name’s a word; and to daily with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very morsels, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, 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 herrings, 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 off with your 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. Now 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 breed, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandar of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: ‘tis well begg’d.

[Giving more.

"A cheveril glove,“ I. e., a kid glove; an easy-fitting glove.—See the play of Troilus and Cressida.

---

"Stoleth," i. e., skin of a snake.—Adverse; hostile.

"Tang," i. e., with. —It was once the fashion to wear the garters crossed on the leg.—"Champaign," i. e., open country.—"Stake,"—alluding toSir Robert Sidney, who had just returned as ambassador from the Sophy.—Stake.

—Tray-trip was a game of dice.
Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well craves a kind of wit: he must observe their mood on whom he jests, the quality of persons, and the time. Not, like the "haggard," check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice as full of labor as a wise man's art; for folly, that he wisely shows, is fit, but wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentlemen.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.


Sir And. I hope, sir; you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should eat, if your trade be to her. Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion. Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter. Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you! Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors!" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own best "pregnant" and "vouchsafed" car.

Sir And. "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed!"—I'll get 'em all three ready.

[Writing in his table-book.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess. Oli. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world, since lowly frigging was call'd compliment. You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam. Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blank, rather than fill'd with me!' Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts on his behalf.

Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you: I bade you never speak again of him; but, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that, than music from the spheres. Vio. Do, 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. Under your hard construction must I sit, to force that on you, in a sham'ded-c'd cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you have not set mine honor at the stake, [think] and baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving Enough is shown; a spruce, 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 degree; for 'tis a vulgar proof, that very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again. O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prav, 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. Then westward he!

Gracious and good disposition 'tend your ladyship. You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pray thee, tell me, what thou 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 scorns 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 malice, honor, 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 reasonetter: 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 you deplore. [Move

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-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 And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw't in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

* A "haggard" is a hawk not well trained.—\( \text{Lim.} \) — "We are prevented," I. e., our purpose is anticipated.—\( \text{Pregnant:} \) I. e., ready: apprehensive.—\( \text{The last enchantment you did here,} \) I. e., the enchantment your presence worked in my affections.
**SCENE III.**  
**TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.**

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 favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant love, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jets, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was wailed: the double gift of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now still in the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valor, or policy.  
Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a policy.  
Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; but 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 commendation with woman, than report of valor.  
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 curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou dost him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and many fellows as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. 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 4 cubiculo. Go.  
[Sir And. Enter 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 offer me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, ozen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For sir Andrew, if he were open, 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.  
Feb. 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 spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond 2 gull

Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; 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?  
Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school! the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I desire, and villainously. I have seen 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 hating things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and tak't for a great favor.  
Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.  

**SCENE III.—A Street.**  
**Enter Sebastian and Antonio.**  
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 skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, unguided, is often rough and unhospitable: 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, 2 And thanks, still thanks; and very oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncourteous pay; But, were my 3 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 4 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, As yet at the quality of the time, and quarell, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them: which, for trafficke's sake, Most of our city did: only myself stood out; For which, if 1 be 4 hasted 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.  
[Enter Tedge.  
Whileas you beguile the time, and feed your knowl With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.  
Seb. Why your purse?  
Ant. Hallo! your eye doth all light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your story, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

2 An allusion to a Map engraved for Linschoten's voyage, the first in which the Eastern Islands are included; published in 1598. — Lopping; transgresing.
SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come. How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For what he bought more off, than begg'd, or borrow'd. I speak too loud.—Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and a civil, and suits well for a servant with my fortunes.—

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He is coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? Mar. 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 If sad and merry madness equal be. — [To mad as he, Enter Malvolio 2 and Maria.

How now, Malvolio?


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,' "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? ny, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas 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's madness.

[Enter Servant.

Scr. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I think 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 exactly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that he may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she:—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue hang 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 "limed 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, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulity, under the circumstances,—but 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.

Recuerter Maria, with Sir TODY 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 privacies: 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 civil: 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. P'r'rythee, bold 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 rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my lackawock? how dost thou, sweet heart?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Birdly, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at 1 cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul 'collier!

*4 "Limed her," I. e., caught her as a bird with bird-lime. — "Fellow" was used for companion, as well as in a derogatory sense.—"My beau cox," I. e., my fine follower.—"Chuck," is a term of endearment.—"Cherry-pit" was played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole.—"Collier," in Shakespeare's time, was a term of the highest reproach,
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 good 
Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?
Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.
Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the disease, man.
Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.
Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.
Mar. The house will be the quieter.

SCENE II.
[Enters Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.]

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.
Fab. Is't so saucy!
Sir And. Ay, it's, I warrant him: do but read.
Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] "Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurril fellow."
Sir To. Good, and valiant.
Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."
Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.
Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."
Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense.
Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"—
Sir To. Good.
Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."
Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.
Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou seest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him.
Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.
Sir To. Go to, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baile. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!
Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now, will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a cuphole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valor, and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuousity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cock-atrixes.

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.

[Execut Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria. Recenter Olivia, with Viola.

Ol. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And hid mine honor too unchary on't.

There's something in me that reproves my fault. But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Via. With the same bavior that your passion bears, Go on my master's griefs.

Ol. Here; wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you. [Ture. And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny, That honour saith, may upon asking give? Via. Nothing but this; your true love for my master. Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Via. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well: A fend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

Rec. Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.
Via. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy suit; be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.
Via. 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 wraith, can furnish man withal.

Via. 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 private brawl: souls and bodies hath he disrobed three, and his incensement at this moment is so implaceable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, 'tob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Via. I will retire 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 others to taste their valor; 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 forwear to iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, 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 *arbitrament,* but nothing of the circumstance 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 valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal *opposite* that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk with me here? I will make your peace with him, if I 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. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew *hanging back.*

Sir To. Why, man, he’s a very devil, I have not seen such a *flegato.* I have a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the *stick 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 fencing to the Soply.

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, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I’d have seen him damn’d ere I’d have challenged him. Let him let the matter alip, 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 perdition 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 oath’s sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce be worth talking of: therefore, draw for the supportance 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 honor’s sake, have one

*Decision. — Adversary. — Virago. — *The stack in,*
1 e., *the stocatto,* an Italian fencing-term. — *"He pays you,*
1 e., *he hits you,* — *"is as horribly conciliated,*" 1 e., *has as horrible a conception.*

boon 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.*

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 be more easily, and reign 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 favor 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 Viola.*] 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 befalls 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 shew’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 coffers.

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 vaine, babbling drunkenness, Or any inti 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 I snatch’d 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. [Away]

1 Off. What’s that to us? The time goes by:

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—

*"By the duello,"* L. e., *by the laws of the duell.—*"An undertaker," i.e., one who undertakes the quarrel of another. — Face; countenance. — Fortune; possessions.
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beastious evil
An empty trunk; "o' furn'ious'd' it by the devil.
1 Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit 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 couple 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 favor was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, color, 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 it.

Sir And. "Sli'd, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thine sword.
Sir And. An I do not,—
[Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.
[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. 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.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know
you; nor I am not 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.

Clo. 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 labourer will
prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, angir'd thy
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my
lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish 'Greek; depart from me.
There's money for thee: if thou tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These
wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a
good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's
for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.
Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw thy dagger o'er
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would
not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, sir! hold! [Holding Sebastian.
Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way
to work with him: I'll have an action of battery
against him, if there be any law in Illyria.
Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come,
your young soldier, put up your iron: you are well
fleshed. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now?

[Breaking away.

Sir To. What, what, Sir? 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 ne'er were preach'd. Out of my
Be not offended, dear Cesario.— [sight!—

Tudesby, begone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivill, and unjust e xtent
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. He shew'd his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. 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 Lethe 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!

Oli. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be. [Exit.

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
curate: do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will m' dissemble
myself in': 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 enough to be thought a good student; but to be
said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes
as fairly as a say a careful man, and a great scholar.
The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. Love bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonas dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very witty

"Radesby," I e., rude fellow.—"Violence." — "Botch'd
up," i.e., made up.—"I'll betide." - Heart and heart were
formerly written alike.— "What relish is in this?" I e.,
what judgment am I to make of it?—Disguise.— Con-

competitors.
said to a niece of king Gorboede, "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.  
Clo. What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.  
Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.  
Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?  
Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.  
Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.  
Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man. Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?  
Sir To. Well said, master parson.  
Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.  
Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Saturn! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?  
Mal. As hell, sir Topas.  
Clo. Why, it hath 4 bay-windows transparent as barriacades, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?  
Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.  
Clo. Madman, thou erectest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.  
Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant b question.  
Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?  
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.  
Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?  
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.  
Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.  
[Closing the door.  
Mal. Sir Topas! sir Topas!—  
Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas.  
Clo. Nay, I am for all 4 waters.  
Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown: he sees thee not.  
Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were 3 all well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now as far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue without any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.  
Clo. "Hoy Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does." [Singing.  
Mal. Fool!  
Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."  
Mal. Fool!  
Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"  

ACT IV.  

Mal. Fool, I say.  
Clo. "She loves another"?—Who calls, ha?  
[Opening the door.  
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.  
Clo. Master Malvolio!  
Mal. Ay, good fool.  
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?  
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 4 propounded me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, assess! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.  
Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. 5[Speaking as sir Topas.]—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bubble bubble.  
Mal. Sir Topas,—  
Mal. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.  
—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good 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 about 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 Ilyria.  
Mal. 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 bearing of letter did.  
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit it?  
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 require it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.  
Clo. 6[Speaking.] I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
?With a trice,  
Like the old wise,  
Your need to sustain;  
Who with danger of balth,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Pore thy nails, and,  
Aid, Goodman Driple.  
[Exit.  

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'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 'tis wonder that envelops me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant;  
There he was, and there I found this 1 credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service:

* * *  
5[Speaking as sir Topas.]—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bubble bubble.  

6[Speaking.] I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
?With a trice,  
Like the old wise,  
Your need to sustain;  
Who with danger of balth,  
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There he was, and there I found this 1 credit,  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service:
Scene 1.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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 ’twere so, She could not away her house, command her follow—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 Olivia and a Priest.

Olt. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well, Into the chantry by; there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Purgit me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: he shall conceal it, While you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say? Scb. I’ll follow this good man, and go with you, And having sworn trueth, ever will be true. Olt. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit Clown.

ACT V.

Scene I.—The Street before Olivia’s House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter. Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request. Fab. Any thing. Clo. Do not desire to see this letter. Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends? Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. Fab. Do you know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow? Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends. Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be? Clo. Marry, sir, they persuade me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir; no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

a Ressam. — b Servants. — c Deceptive. — d The “chantry” was a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders. — e Until. — f Troth; fidelity. — g Four negatives make your two affirmatives. — h Selden’s kisses are accompanied by “No” and “Don’t,” negatives which, by repetition, constitute an affirmative.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there’s gold. 

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O! you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there’s another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the trip, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennett, 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, lullaby to 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.

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 bosom’d. As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war. A hawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, With which such a scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cried fame and honor on him.—What is the matter? 

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, and her freight, 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 brabble did 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 ’twas, 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 pleased 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 witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea en’s enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was. From the rude sea en’s enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was. 

Clown. Duke, 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 lose his use out of his quittance, 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.

b Contemptible. — c Mischief; destructive. — d Freight. 

— e — "Desperate of shame and state," i.e., forgetful of his character and condition. — f Brabble, i.e., brawl; squabbly. — g Dire.
Duke. When came he to this town?  
No interim, 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.  
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Duke. Still so cruel?  
Oli. Still so constant, lord.  
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unsuspicious altar  
My soul the faithful'st offerings hath breathed out,  
That 'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?  
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.  
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the Egyptian chief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,  
That sometimes savors nobly.—But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrusive  
That screws me from my true place in your favor,  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this my 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.  
Oli. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.  
[Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?  
Oli. More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all inore, than 'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me! detested? how am I beguil'd!  
Oli. Who does beguile you? who does you wrong?  
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—  
Call forth the holy father?  
[Exit Attendant.  
[To Viola.  
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.  
Duke. Husband!  
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?  
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?  
Oli. No, my lord, not I.  
Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear,  
That makes thee strangle thy proprety.  
Fear not, Cesario: take thee fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!  

Re-enter Attendant with the Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold (though lately we intimated  
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 4 and eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joiner of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchanges 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 emb! what wilt thou be,  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.  
Oli. My lord, I do protest,—  
Oli. O! do not swear:  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Auge-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 cocxcomb 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 very devil himself.  

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Oli's liftings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.  
Oli. 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 cocxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me! I think you set nothing by a bloody cocxcomb.  

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, did'st see Dick surgeon, so't?  
Clo. O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago,  
his eyes were set at eight 'z the morning.  

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passey-measures, pavin.  
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 cocxcomb, and a knife! 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 5 (all start).

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;  

1 in ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring—"Thy case," i. e., thy exterior. —Otherwise,—The "passe-measures pavin" was a grave, solemn dance; and sir Toby means that the surgeon is a rogue, and a grave, solemn cocxcomb.
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  
A natural 3 perspective, that is, and is not.  
[person;  

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack’d and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee!  

Ant. Sebastian are you?  

Seb.  

Ant. How 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 Viola.] Of 3 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 5 suited to his watery tomb,  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to right us.  

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the tomb I did partake.  
When have 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 7 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 4 captain’s in this town,  
Where lie my maiden weeds; and, by whose gentle help  
I was preserve’d to serve this noble count.  
All the occurrences of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.  

Seb. So comes it, lady, [To Olivia.] you have  
But nature to her bias 2 true in that. [been mistook;  
You would have been contracted to a maid,  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv’d;  
You are betroth’d both to a maid and man.  

Duke. Be not amaz’d; right noble is his blood.—  
If this be so, and yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.  

Boy, [To Viola.] thou hast said to me a thousand  
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. [times,  
Vio. And all those sayings will I ever-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,  
As doth that o’erd 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 “perspective” formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way.  

* Of charity; i.e., out of charity, tell me. Dressed.—Hindes.

A gentleman, and follower of my lady’s.  
Oli. He shall embrace him.—Fetch Malvolio  
And yet, alas! now I remember me,  
[heigh—They say, poor gentleman, he’s much distract.  
A most 4 distracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish’d his—  

Re-enter Cloten, with a letter.  

How does he, sirrah?  

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beezlebub at the stave’s end, as well as a man in his case may do.  
He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given  
it you to-day morning; but as a madman’s epistles  
are no gospel, so it 5 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 al  

too—  

Oli. Pr’ythee, read i’ th’ right wits.  

Clo. So I do, madam; but to read his right  
wits, is to read thus: therefore 6 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 cous-  
lin 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 unhought of, and speak out  
of my injury.  

“The madly-used Malvolio.”  

Oli. Did he write this?  

Clo. Ay, madam.  

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.  

Oli. See him deliver’d, Fabian: bring him hither.  

[Exit Fabian.  

My lord, so please you, these things farther thought  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the 4 alliance, and so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost. [offer.—  

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t’ embrace your  
[To Viola.] Your master quits you; and, for your  

service done him.  

So much against the 5 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, 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.  

Oli.  

Have I, Malvolio? no.  

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter:  
You must not now deny it is your hand,  
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;  
Or say, ‘tis not your seal, nor your invention:  

It skills not much,” i.e., it matters not much.—  

You must allow eez,” i.e., you must allow me to assume  
the voice, or tone of a madman.—Consider.—Disposition;  
constitution.
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me, in the modesty of honor, Why you have given me such clear lights of favor, 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 obedient 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 be think me, it was she [ing, First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smil- 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 quarrell, 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 uncountenace parts We had conceived against him. Maria writ The letter at sir Toby's great *importance; In recompense whereof he 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, *Inferior.---*"Geck," i. e., but for ridicule.---*"Practiser," i. e., joke; hom.---*Importunacy.---Chanted.

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 revenges.

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 entertain him to a peace. He hath not told us of the captain yet; When that is known and golden time "convents, 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 liabits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt. Clown sings, 5 to pipe and tabor.

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, Against knaves 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 I 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.

*"Convents," i. e., shall serve, agree, be convenient.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III.—Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, 2 young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
Rogerio, a Gentleman of Sicilia.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, 3 Prince of Bohemia.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
A Mariner.
Jailer.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, 6 the Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; 6 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 shall 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 to—

"Royally attorney'd," i.e., nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for parting: yet, good deeds, Leontes,
I love thee not a jot of the clock behind
What lady should her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Pol. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Counsels, Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with
Should yet say, "Sir, no going;" Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's! Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees, [you?
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending:
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailor, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was not more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk t' the sun,
And blest the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "not guilty!" the impostion clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

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 ungod'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 now I am devilish yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sin'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any, but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet? [Coming forward.
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok't
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. Gram's with praise, and make's

"Over a vast," i. e., over a vast sea, or a wide space.—
"Play't," i. e., given the subject of the king health and joy.—
"Seeping," i. e., sprinking.
As fast as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue —
Slainkters a thousand wanting upon that.
[Less.]
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's.
With one soft kiss a thousand forloons, ere
With spar we clear an acre. But to the 2 good: —
My last good deed was to cut my hat's 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 it; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd months had sound'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And say, and thou my love? then didst thou utter
"I am yours for ever" — It is Grace, indeed.

Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever cudn't a royal husband,
Th' other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.]

Leon. To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have temper cordis on me: — my heart dances,
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartlessness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinchling fingers,
A dust to dust, and turn it the slovenliest smile's —
As in a looking-glass — and then to sigh, as twere
The b mot of the deer: O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Why, that's my 4 cock. — 'T feaks!
They say, it is a copy out of mine. [thy nose —]
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the helier, and the calf,
Are all calld 4. — Neat. — Still viginalling

[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 4 push, and the 4 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 anything: but were they false
As 'four dead dogs, 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, sir page,
Look on me with your wellkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my 4 collop! — Can thy dam? — may't be
The affection? thy intention stabs the 4 centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so bold,
Commodious to our dreams: — (how can this be?)
With what's unreal thou coextive art,
And follow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very 4 credent,
Thou mayst cojoin with something; and thou dost,
And that by combination; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

What means Sicilia?

Pol. What something seems unsettled.

Her. 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 distinction:

Pol. Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest. —
How sometimes nature will betray its folly, [Aside.

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 recoll
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbearech'd,
In my green velvet, in my half, my young mistress,
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 4 square, this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for 4 money?

Mam. No, my lord, I' ll fight. [My brother.

Leon. You? why? happy man be his 4 pole! —

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 childhood curces in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this square office'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
4 Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours: the gard'en: shall'st attend you there?

Leon. To your own beets dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — [Aside. I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line,
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the 4 neb, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her 4 allowing husband. — Gone already!

[Excust Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.

inch-thick, kace-decap, o'er head and ears a fork'd one

Go play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will biss me to my grave: contempt and clamor
Will be my knell. — Go play, boy, play. — There have
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckoldes ere now; [Been.
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 shrew'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor. 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 revoluted wives, the teath of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't here is none:
It is a lowdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis, and so prostrate and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;

"Squash," here means an unripe pea-pod. — [Will you take eggs for money? i. e., Will you suffer yourself to be imposed upon? — Puck is in his happiness by his portion?

— Heir apparent; next claimant. — Mouth. — Approving.

— A forfed one, i. e., a horned one; a cuckold.
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. 'Tis not 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 a home. 

Leon. Didst note it? 

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made 
His answerless more material. 

Leon. Didst perceive it?— 
They're here with me already; whispering, round— 
Sicilia is a' so—forth. 'Tis far gone, [ing, 
When I shall <& gust it last.—How can't, Camillo, 
That he did stay? 

Cam. At the great queen's entertainment. 

Leon. At the queen's, be't; good should be part— 
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken [next; 
By any understanding pate but thine! 
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in 
More than the common blocks:—not noted, isn't, 
But of the finer natures? by some several, 
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes, 
Perchance, are to this business parblind: 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 entertainment 
Of our most gracious mistress. 

Leon. Satisfy The entertainment 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 reform'd; but we have been 
Deceive'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 boxes 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 setst a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn, 
And takst 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, 
Sometimes is forlorn, as of their affairs, my lord, 
If ever I were well-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, 'twas a fear 
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord, 
Are such allow'd infirmities, 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, 
'Tis 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, rumor 
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 impatiently negative. 
To hasten in your car, no, nor thought, then say, 
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name 
As rank as any flux-wench, that puts to 
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify. 

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear 
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 
My present veneration taken. 'Shrew 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 check? is meeting noses? 
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career 
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible 
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot? 
Slacking in corners? wishing checks 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 nothings 
If this be nothing. 

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd Of this discase'd opinion, and betimes; 
For 'tis most dangerous. 

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true. 

Cam. No, no, my lord. 

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie: I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; 
Pronounce thee a gross, a mendacious, a mindless slave, 
Or else a hovering tormentor, that 
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil, 
Inclining 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 he, that wears her like a medall, hang- 
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I [ing 
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes 
To see alike mine honor as their profits, 
Their own particular thralls, they would do that 
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou, 
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form [see 
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st 
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven, 
How I am galled,—might'st beseech a cup, 
To give mine enemy a lasting wink, 
Which draught to me were cordial. 

Cam. Sure, my lord, 
I could do 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 honorable. 
I have lov'd thee.——
Scene II.

The Winter's Tale.

Leon. Make that thy *question,* and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sally
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,
Is goats, thorns, nettles, tails 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 *bleach*?  
Cam. I must believe you, sir: I do;
and will fetch off Bohemia for't.
Provided, that when he's removed, 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 honor, 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 cupbearer
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 flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy 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 favor here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Well, what's the news t' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd 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 peruses me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord. [*dare not*
Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and
Be intelligent to me? *'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your churlish complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding

* "Make that thy question," | *c. if you doubt that Hermi-
one's dissility, go rot!" — *So bleached," | *c. so start off
from propriety.

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 sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman thence:
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 beseem 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 honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What *incidence* 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 honor, and by him
That I think honorable. 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, any, with all confidence he swears,
As he had sent't, or been an instrument
To *vice* you to—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 frailest reputation to
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great *s* 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 pill'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 *'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impartial, all way tonight.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by two 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 honor of my parents, I

Succession. — *Well-born.* — *Incident:* —

"'Tis Him," | *c. by him. — *To rice you,* | *c. to serve
you, — *With* | *c. with that of Judas,— *Upon his
faith," | *c. upon his settled belief.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Hermione, Mamilius, 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.

1 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 learnt it out of women's faces.—Pray
What color are your eye-brows?

[Now.

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

[Now.

2 Lady. Hark ye.

The queen, your mother, rounds space: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would 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;
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.

Her. I have one of sprites and goblins.

Mam. 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;
Yond! 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? Camillus with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scorn so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I

[Aside.

In my past censure! in my true opinion!—

Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accrues'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 hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the
Camillus was his help in this, his pander.—[spider.
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'; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the postern

[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 turn me:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. Whata this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about
Away with him: and let her sport herself—[her.
With that she's big with; for his Polixenes
Has made me thee swell thus.

Her. But, I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Hoe' er you lean to the wayward.

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,
"Tis pity she's not honest, honourable;

Praise her but for this her without-door form, [straight
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands,
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!
That mercy does, for calumny will scarce
Virtue itself)—These shrugs, these hums 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 adul'tress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady.
Scene 1. The Winter's Tale.

Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing! Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, least 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 feedory with her, and one that knows What she should shame to know herself. But with her most vile prince, that she's

A bed-sweerer, even as bad as those That vulgar gives bold'ast 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 this have publish'd me? Gentle my lord, You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say You did mistake.

Leont. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon, The centre is not big enough to bear A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison! He, who shall speak for her, is afof guilty, But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are, the want of which vain dew, Perchance, shall dry your pitties; but I have That honorable 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.

Leont. Shall I be heard? [To the Guards. Her. Who is that goes with me!—beseech your My women may be with me; for, you see, [highness, My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools; There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-

Has deserv'd prison, then aloud in tears, [tress
As I come out: this action, I now go eon, 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.

Leont. Go, do our bids; and make no tress.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

1 Leont. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice Prove violence; in which the three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Leont. For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down, and will not, sir, Please you 't 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 the stable where I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her; Than when I feel, 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.

Leont. Hold your peace!

1 Leont. 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 honest—fole—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven, The second, and the third, nine, and some e five; If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honor, I'll gend them all: fourteen they shall not see, To bring false genealogies: they are co-heirs, And I had rather glib myself, than they Should not produce fair issue.

1 Leont. 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 dandy earth.

1 Leont. What! lack I credit?

1 Leont. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord, Upon this ground; and more it would content me To have your honor the thing than your suspicion, Be blamed for't how you might.

1 Leont. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow Our forcible [instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness Imports this; which, if you (or stupid, 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 out, is all Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it, Without more overture.

1 Leont. 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 [ing:

Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceed-
Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For in an act of this importance 'twere Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post, To sacred Delphos, 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 had, Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Leont. Well done, my lord.

1 Leont. 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, Least she show the tenacious of the two fed hence Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business Will raise us all.

* An accomplice.—b But with," i.e., even with; merely with. The sense is, "What she should shame to share the bedchamber with the prince." Sc. "That is, no foundation can be trusted.—c It is afar off guilty. But that he speaks," i.e., is remotely guilty, in merely speaking.

"This action, I now go on," i.e., what I am now about to do.—d I'll keep me stable," i.e., I'll take up my abode.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison.—call to him:

[Exit on Attendants.

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 Attend, with the Jailor.

You know me, do you not?

Jailor. For a worthy lady, And one whom much I honor.

Paul. I pray you then, Conduct me to the queen.

Jailor. May I not, madam: to the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado, To lock up honesty and honor 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.— Withdraw yourselves. [Exit Attend. Jailor. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [Exit Jailor. Here's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes coloring.

Re-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 frights, 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: [them! These dangerous, unsane b'hunes! the king, beseech He must be told on't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman's 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 o' the child: The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam, Your honor, and your goodness, are so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A lasting 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 honor, Less 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, it's please the queen to send the I know not what I shall incur to pass it, [babe, 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 you not fear: upon mine honor, I Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.}

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leoni. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If The cause were not in being, part o' the cause, She th'adultress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she I can look to me: say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again.—Who's there? I Atten. My lord.

Leoni. How does the boy?

1 Atten. He took good rest to-night: 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leoni. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the diabolish of his mother, He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply, Fasen'd and fix'd the shame o'nt in himself, Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And downright languish'd. Leave me solely:—go, See how he fares. [Exit Atten. Fic! fie! no thought of him. The very thought of my revenges that way Recall 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 Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded None should come at him. Paul. Not so hot, good sir; I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,— That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh At each of his needless heavings,—such as you

Ⅳ "The blank and level," i. e., the mark and aim. — s "Leave me solely," i. e., leave me alone. — "Of no thought of him," i. e., of Polixenes.— Chaste; pure.
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.
I'Coming forward.
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How—
Away with that andurious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'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 honor) 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 excellent counsellor, yet that dares
Leon. Appear so in conforming your evil,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen! Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[Leaving down the Child.
Leon. Out! A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd! Paul.
Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors! Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou, dotard, [To Antonius.] thou art a woman,
'tid, unrooted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard:
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unrecoverable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't:
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all
You'd call your children yours. [doubt.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he

The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Ant. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead: say, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, figner.—
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No 'yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.
Leon. A gross bag!—
And, 'lozel, then art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
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 king'd fancy) something savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, 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 limbs, my lord; 'tis 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.
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife, to this:—
My child? away with it!—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 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or 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,
These are Leontes, Dixon.

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 weavers. O, the sacrifice!

How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthy
It was I 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’son.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults 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, some;
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh hon.
And gracious be the issue.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This session (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes’gainst our hearts: 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,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness’s pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

[Silence.

Enter Hermione, to her trial, guarded; Paulina
And Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. “Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.”

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boast me

A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me.
Leave me, and think upon my bidding."
To say "Not guilty!" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so *receiv'd.* But thus:—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Trouble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devils' d,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which *owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honor, *Ere
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would *spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
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 *Uncertain* I
Have *Stray'd,* I appear'd that if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or, in act, or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st kin
Cry "Fie!" upon my grave.
Leon.
I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain my what they did,
Than to perform it first.
Her.
That's true enough:
Though 'tis 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 honor be 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
[spoke,]
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conscience,
I know not how 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,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en 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 by down.
Leon.
Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And 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

---

That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion
of it will pass but for a life.—* Own, possess. — That is in my life, which is only grief, I would willingly spare, or lay down.—*Uncertain, I. e., unlawful.—* To stand in the hand, (a metaphor from cunning), joy, is to be the object which
direct sim is taken.—* Those of your fact, *I. e., they who have done like you.—* Concerns more than avails, *I. e.,
will be useless; will prove nothing.

Thee 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 call life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
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 bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hailed out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 't 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 honor,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

I. Lord.
This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [Exeunt 2 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.
Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of jus-
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have [tice.
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'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.

Off. [Reads.] *'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
his innocent wife 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?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all? the oracle
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, in haste.
Serv. My lord the king, the king's
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, *I. e., of the event of the queen's trial.

*Bugbear. — "Starr'd most unluckily," I. e., ill-starred—
Dragged,—* "Strength of limit," I. e., strength sufficient to go abroad after accomplishment.—* Completeness,— "Of the
queen's speed," *I. e., of the event of the queen's trial.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III.


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 and see what death is doing. [down.

Leon. Take her hence; her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover. I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: Beseech you, tenderly apply to her Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon [Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Herm.

My great proneness 'gainst this time oracle — I'll reconcile me to Polixenes, New 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 chase Camillo for the minister, to poison My friend Polixenes; which had been done, But could not stay his mind of Camillo tardish 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 tall'd with honor, to my kindy guest Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here, Which you knew great, and to the hazard Of all uncertainties himself & commanded, No richer than his honor. — How he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his pisty Does my deeds make the blacker! 

Re-enter Paulina.

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, last for me? What wheels, rack? fires? What playing? burning, boiling In lead, or oil? what old, or newer torture Must receive, whose every word deserves To taste of thy most woe! Thy tyranny, 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 fooleries were but spices of it. That thou hast betray'd the Polixenes, twice nothing; That did but show thee of a foul, inconsistent, And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much, Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honor, To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter, To be or none, or little; though a devil Would not have shed water out of fire, ere don't: Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts (Thoughts high for one so tender) left 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 weep Not drop'd down yet. 1 Lord. The higher powers forbid! Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear: if word, nor prevail not, go and see. If you can bring [outh, Tincture, 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 repeat 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 descend All tongues to talk their bitterness. 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. Ails! I have show'd too much The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd [help. To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past 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, — to, 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 deaths appear, unto Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit The chapel where they lie; and tears shall there Shall be my recreation: so long as nature Will bear up with this exercise, so long I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me To these sorrows. [Exeunt

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 The deserts of Bohemia? [upon

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 from 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 your best haste, and go not Too far the land; 'tis like to be loaded 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 o' 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, sometimes another; I never saw a vessel of like sorrow. 

"Thou art perfect," i. e., thou art well assured.
So fill'd, and so o'er-running: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice how'd before me,
And, gumming to begin some speech, down eyes
Become two spots: 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,
"Places remote enough in Bohemia,
"There we may leave it very well; 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 shall 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 no, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, ye, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
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!
There lie; and there thy character: there these,
[laying down the babe.
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch!
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd [Thunder. To loss, and what may follow. — Weep. I cannot.
But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.— Farewell!
The days freerows and more: thou art like to have
A hulaby too rough. I never saw [clamor? —
The heavens so dim by day. [bear roars.] A savage
Well may I get abroad! — This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter old Shepherd.
Shep. I would there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out
the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting
wrenches with child, wronging the ancestry, stealing,
fighting. — Thank you now! — Besides, but these
boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt
this weather? They have scared away two of my best
sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find,
than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by
the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't
be thy will! what have we here? [Taking up the
Babe.] Mercy on 't, a 'born; a very pretty brave! A
boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very
pretty one. Sure some scope: though I am not
bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in
the scope. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-
work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer
that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take
it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he
halloed and even now.—When, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.
Clo. Hillow, loa!
Shep. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come
hither. What all'st thou, man?
Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
land! — but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now
the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot
thrust a bodkin's point.
Shep. Why, boy, how is it?
Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how
it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's
to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor
souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em:
now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast;
and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd
thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the
land service,—to see how the bear tore out his
shoulder bone. Shep. Look to this boy, Perdita, and
said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. — But
make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea a flap-
dragoned it; — but, first, how the poor souls roared,
and the sea mocked them; and how the poor
gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both
tooring louder than the sea, or weather.
Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?
Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,
nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at
it now.
Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the
old man!
Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to
have helped her: there your charity would have
lacked footing.
Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st
with things dying, I with things new born. Here's
a sight for thee; look thee: a bearing-cloth for a
squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up,
boy; open, open. So, let's see. It was told me, I
should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling.
Open': what's within, boy?
Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all
gold!
Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so:
up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.
We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires
nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go. — Come,
good boy, the next way home.
Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll
see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and
how much he hath eaten: they are never 'curst, but
when they are hungry. If there be any of him left,
I'll bury it.
Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern
by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch
me to the sight of him.
Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him
't the ground.
Shep. Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good
deeds on't. [Exit."

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.

* * * * *

"Flap-dragoned it," l. e., swallowed it, as the ancient
topers swallowed flap-dragons. — A "bearing-cloth" was
a mantle of fine cloth in which a child was carried to be haps-
tized. — "Some changing," l. e., a child left behind by the
fairies, in the small of one which they had stolen. — Neeset.
— Mischiefous.
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years; and leave the growth untir'd
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 ancient's order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest thing in now reigning, and make stale
The glistening 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. Leonato leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine *me,
Genteel spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her causes,
I list not expressly; but let Time's news [daughter,
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
And what to her adherers, which I now offer,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace of
Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more important:
'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country:
though I have, for the most part, been abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe out not the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the keeping friendships of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou cal'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are not less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince.
What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have musings noted, he is of late much retir'd from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his remov'dness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not easy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. [Exeunt.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise our-

SCENE II.—The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When defraud'st begin to peer,—

With, high! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pace.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedges,—

With, high! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my prigging tooth on edge;

For a quart o' ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirro-libra chants,—

With height! with height! the thresh and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my bants.

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pipe; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheaves; when the kite builds, look to lesser thieving; my father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and Idrab, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly thieving; Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see!—Every 'leven wether tods:

* "The angle," i. e., the bait; the line and hook.—Autoly-
cus, in mythology, was the son of Mercury, and famous for
the arts of fraud and thievish.—"The red blood reigns
in the winter's pace," i. e., the spring blood reigns where
was late the domination of winter.—"Prigging," i. e., thieving,
cheating.—"Aunt!" was a cant word for a band or trull.—
"Three-pipe!" was a rich velvet.—Autolycus means that
he steals sheaves, and leaves the lesser pieces for the kite
to line their nests with.—"With die and drab," i. e., with
dicing and necocking.—"The silly cheat," i. e., picking of
pockets.—"Tods," i. e., will produce a toss, or twenty-
eight pounds of wool.
every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shillings, what comes the wool to?

*Aut. [Aside.]* If the spindle 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 weight of doe with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she says it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearmen; three-man song men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them mean and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have two sullen, to color the 'warden pies; mace, dates, plums, prunes, and spices, 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!*

[Growling on the ground.

Clo. I the name of me!—

*Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, 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 loutishness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.*

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a greater matter.

*Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel taken from me, and these detestable things put upon me.*

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garrisons here; but he's out of my mind. A horse-man's cost, it hath seems very hot service. I lend thee thy hand, I'll help thee: come; lead me thy hand.

[Helping him up.


Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.*

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

*Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with 'trol-My-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.*

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut. Vices you would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a *mo-

* * *

tion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Antolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! *Frig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and beaat-baitings.*

*Aut. Very true, sir, he is: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.*

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am noighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him. Clo. How do you now?*

*Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly toward my kinsman's.*

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut. No, good-fooled sir; no, sweet sir. Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing here.*

[Exit Clo. Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearmen prove sheep, let me be enrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!*

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And merrily bent thestile—a*

*A merry heart goes all the day, Your and tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Fio. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of Do give a life: no shepherdbess, but Flora [You Peering in April's front. This, your sheep-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't. Per. *Sure, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me; O! pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious 'mark of the land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most godless-like prank'd up. But that our faults In every mess have folly, and the feeders Disgust it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attir'd, so worn, I think, To show myself a glass.*

Fio. 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 forges 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, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd *flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?*

Fio. Appreach'd Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbled their deities to love, have taken

* "Counters," i. e., pieces of metal for reckoning with.—

*That is, singers of catches in three parts.—Tenors.—

*Hardens are large pears, now called baking pears.—

*"Trol-My-dames" was a name for the game of pigeon-holing."* A huck, with a bat, able, i. e., only sojourn or need for a time.—"Compass a fashion," i. e., obtained a puppet show.—

*Thief.—To "bent the stile," is to take the stile.—

*Your extremities," i. e., your extravagant conduct, in disguising yourself and adorning me.—*The gracious mark of the land," i. e., the object of all men's notice and expectation.—*To show myself a glass," i. e., to show her how she ought to be dressed.—*The difference," i. e., the difference in rank between them.—Ornaments.
Do you neglect them?

Per. *For I have heard it said, there is an art which, in their piedness, 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 that art which nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry a gentler sciens to the wildest stock, and make conceive a bank of bazer 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, were well, and only therefore desire to breed me.—Here's flowers for you; a lavender, litits, savour, marjoram; the mown end, that g' more to bed of 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 gazing, were I of your flock, and only live by gazig.

Per. Out, alas! You'd be so lean, that blasts of January Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend, I would, I had some flowers o' 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 Da's waggon; daffodils, that come before the swallow daries, and take The winds of March with beauty; violet din, but sweeter than the lides of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarrried ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady Most incident to maid's; bold oxlips, and The crowen imperial; lilies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack, To make you garniards of, and, my sweet friend, To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. 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, [ers. But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flow—Methinks, I play as I have seen them do In Wiltsum-postumals: sure, this robe of mine Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do Still better's 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 aims; Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs, To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you A wave o' 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.

* Because,—There is an art," i.e., the art of producing varieties of colors on flowers.—"Gilly-flowers" was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweet-williams. Perdita considers them an emblem of a painted or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them.
SCENE III.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

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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,
The true blood, which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to a fear, as I have purpose
To put to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. 1'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 snarcks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That wakes her blood:—look on't. Good sooth,
The queen of curds and cream.

[Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;—
Cyprus, black as 'er was crose;—
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;—
Masks for faces, and for noses;—
Ringlets, and hair-bracelet amber;—
Periwigs for lady's b chamber;—
Golden quofins, and stomachers;—
For my lads to give their dears;—
Pins and pokinking-sticks of steel;—
What maids lack from head to hel;—
Come, bye of me, come; come bye; come buy;—
Buy, lads, or else your lasses erg;—
Come, bye.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
should'st take no money of me; but being en-
trilled as I am, it will also be the bondage of
certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. 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.

Mop. 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 plackets, 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-bitting before all our
guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. 1 Charm
your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. 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 lost all my money?

Ant. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
here.

Ant. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

1 The burden of an old ballad.—k Points" were faces with tags.—t Kiln-hole, to whisper off these secrets; but you must be little-bitting before all our guests: 'Tis well they are whispering. 1 Charm your tongues, and not a word more.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV.

Mep. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o'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 birth; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mep. 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't, one mistress Talker, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I dare lie abroad? Mep. 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, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the land 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.

Mep. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids woeing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mep. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear it: 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune o'it a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, tis my occupation: have it with you.

SONG.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go.

Whither fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mep. O! whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mep. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: let me go thither.

Mep. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mep. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves.

My father and my gentlemen are in 'said talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenchers, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

[Exeunt Clown, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cope, my dainty duck, my dear-a? Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear a?—

Clo. Come to the pedler;

Mep's a miller,

That doth after all men's care-a. [Exit after them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all of 'thair: they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenchers say is a gallimaudy of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none o't: here has been too much homely foolery already. —I know, sir, we were you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the 'squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.

He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shep. Your heart is full of something, that does take [herd]? Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handled love as you do, I was wont [sack'd] To load my she with knacks: I would have ran—

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing [mattered] with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love, or bounty, you were [straited] For a reply, at least, if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are. The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O! hear me breathe my life Before the ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometimes lovd': I take thy hand; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the faun's 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 protestations: let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more

Then he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all; That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thev'rof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had [sense, and knowl-
edge,

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them, Without her love: for her employ them all, Command them, and condemn them, to her service,

Serv. —That is, dressed themselves in goat-skins.— Satyrs.—'Foot rule.'—Bought; trafficked. —Straitened.— Sifted.
SCENE III.  
THE WINTER'S TALE.  

Or to their own perdition.  

Pol.  Fairly offer'd.  

Cam.  This shows a sound affection.  

Sed.  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 spirit of his.  

Sed.  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.  

Flo.  Of that must be  
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.  
Contact us 'fore these witnesses.  

Sed.  Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.  

Pol.  Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.  

Have you a father?  

Flo.  I have; but what of him?  

Pol.  Knows he of this?  

Flo.  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? disposses his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?  

Flo.  No, good sir:  
He has his health, and ample strength, indeed,  
Than must have of his age.  

Pol.  By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfailing. Reason, my son,  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair postivety) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.  

Flo.  I yield all this;  
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.  

Pol.  Let him know't.  

Flo.  He shall not.  

Pol.  Pr'lythee, let him.  

Flo.  No, he must not.  

Sed.  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 sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect's a sheep-hook!—Then 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 briers, and  
made  
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh  
never  
That thou no more shalt never see this 3snack, (as  

Toy.

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,  
Far than Deucalion off:—mark thou my words.  
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we thee  
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—  
Worthy enough a heraldman; yes, him too,  
That makes himself, but for our honor thine,  
Unoverlay thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
These rural hatches to his entrance open,  
Or hoist his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
As thou art tender to'.  

[Exit.  

Per.  Even here undone!  
I was not much afeard; 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 wilt my eyes, and weep.  

Cam.  Why, how now, father!  
Speak, ere thou diest.  

Sed.  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,  
Thought to fill his grave in quiet; yes,  
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 cursed wretch!  

[To Perdita.  

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-  
ventur'd  
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 'twould be thus?  
How often said my dignity would last  
But till 'were known?  

Flo.  It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith: and then  
Let nature crush the sides of 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,  

1Farther,—It was ancienly the custom for the priest to  
throw earth on the coffin in the form of a cross, and then to  
sprinkle it with holy water.—  

2Leash, 1. e., leading-string.  

Low.
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfill my vow: I needs must think it honestly. Camillo, Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may Be thereat gleam’d: for all the sun sees, or The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide In unknown fathom’d, will I break my oath To this my fair belov’d. Therefore, I pray you, As have ever been my father’s honor’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.]

He’s irremovable;

Cam. 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 honor, Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see. Now, good Camillo, I am so fraught with a serious business, that I leave out ceremony. [Going.]

Cam. Sir, I think, You have heard of my poor services, ’tis the love That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly. How you deserve’d: it is my father’s music, To speak your deeds; not little of his care To have them recompens’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 honor I’ll put 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 disposition to be made, but by, As heavens forefend, your ruin) marry her; And (with my best endeavors in your absence) Your discontented 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, to trust 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 proceed Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me: This follows. 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) to Leonato: She shall be habit’d, as it becomes The partner of your bed. Mythinks, I see Leonato, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness, As ’twere the father’s person; kisses the hands Of your fresh princess; o’er and o’er divides him Twist his unkindness and his kindness; ’th one He obliges to hell, and bids the other grow Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What color for my visitation shall I 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. There’s some sop in this.

Cam. A course more promising Than a wild dedication of yourselves To unapt’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 loath 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 check, But not take “in the mind.”

Cam. Yea, say you so?

There shall not, at your father’s house, these seven Be born another such. [Years,]

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 Bohemian’s son, Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord, Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes Do all lie 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 5 apart.

Enter Autolycus.

Act. 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
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—

[Given it to Perdita.

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Ant. Alienate, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word.

[They 3 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 longings.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Ant. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble head, 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 extemore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, at this close on 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 constant 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 bears within her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, 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 about 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 deceiver, by I know how much an ounce.

Ant. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies! Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this b fardel will make him scratch his head.

Ant. [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Ant. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement,— [Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustic! whither are you bound? Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Ant. Your affairs there? what with whom? the condition of that b fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what b having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known discover.

* A pomander was a ball of perfumes, worn in the pocket or about the neck.
- A foot. [-] Hubub. [-] Birds. [-] Some boot. [-] Stripped.
Act V.

Cleo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Ant. A lie: ye are rough and hoary. 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.

Cleo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a counsellor, not like you, sir?

Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a counsellor. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I simulate, or 'touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no counsellor! I am counsellor, capable; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Ant. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Ant. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Ant. How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made us these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Cleo. This cannot but be a great counsellor.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Ant. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on'th's teeth.

Ant. The fardeI there? what's I the fardeI? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lie such secrets in this fardeI, 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.

Ant. Assy, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Ant. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'ast capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Ant. If the shepherd be not in 'hand-fast', let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Cleo. Think you so, sir?

Ant. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter, but those that are 'germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the ahtogham: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Cleo. Hither old man o'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Ant. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then, 'pointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; there stand, till he be three quart-
ters and a drum dead; then recovered again with aqua-vite, or some other hot-infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these tritulory rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? I being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Cleo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with a gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till bring it you.

Ant. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Ant. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Cleo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Ant. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Ant. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Cleo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Ant. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shoo them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him I will present them: there may be matter in it. [Exit.

Act V.

Scene I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed

[The hottest day fortold in the almanack.—Being something gently considered, I. e., for a gentlemanly consideration, or a handsome bribe.]
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.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blinthishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heilless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'nest companion, that o'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 taken something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon my 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'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Were 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' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-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 fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes 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 not 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 hath the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,—O, that care
Had squar'd me to 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 speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wise: one worse,
And better us', would make her saint'd spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-veck'd,
Begin, "And why to b' me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would 'incease 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 what part in't
You chose her? then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should 'riff to hear me, and the words what follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead Souls.—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 princess, (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 forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princes, 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 etsmene She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd:—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly elli'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 but did 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, Cleomences;
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V.

Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[Exit Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentlemen.]

He thus should stand upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jovel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Py'th'ce, 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 wedlock, 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 then have stood, butゲetting wonder us,
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lose
(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 brought Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend,
Can send his brother; and, but inurnity
(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
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome bither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And bath he, too,
Exped'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
'Tis adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smailus,
That noble, honor'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter
His tears proclim'd him, parting 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 gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it, 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 nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to beatach 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 clane, 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
Who is his honor, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay'st 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 quak'd: 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 spies 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. 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
Hatth she to change our loves.—Beweeth 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 mis-
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a mouth
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To Florizel.
Is yet unanswered. I will to your father:
Your honor not o'ershown by your desires,

*Graceful," i.e. full of grace.
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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AULUS CYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aul. Beweest you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aul. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

2 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 bear 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 ransomed, 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 extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Sir Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; 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'll 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, every great affluence, I 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 favor. 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 my mother, thy mother?" then asked Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries his daughter with "clipping 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 heart 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, of 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 was 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 wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an alms! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart was blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the wo had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. Not: the princess hearing of her mother's statute, 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 her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Though with all greendness 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?

3 Gent. I would be thence; that has the benefit of access. Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unprofitable to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.

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-pond 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 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discords.

"Who was most marred," i.e., those who had the hardest hearts. — Immortality. — Remote.
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.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentleman 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 gentleman 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.

Shep. 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, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere 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.

Shep. 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.

Shep. 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.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er 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 woldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, 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.—[Trumpet.

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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Chapel in Paulina's House.

Enter Leonato, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O! grave and good Paulina, the great comrade that I have had of thee! [fort Paul.

What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services, you have paid home; but that you vouchsaft, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Hiers of your kingdom, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina! We honor you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen! in 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, Exceals whatever 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.}

3 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 hast 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 woo'd her. I am ashamed: do 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 remembrance; 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 'Karelina,' I 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 color's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore hid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But 'll itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear brother, 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.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your May think anon it moves. [fancy 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

* A "franklin" was a freecelder, or yeoman. — Bold; courageous.

* Agitated.
THE WINTER’S TALE.

SCENE III.

Didst verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The figure of her eye has motion *in't,
  As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
  [Offers again to draw.
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. [but
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
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 chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear. [She stays him.
The redness 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 statute 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.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir,
Music awake her. Strike!—[Music.
'Tis time; descend; be stoe no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirrs.
[HERMIONE descends 2 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.
If 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 hoisted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
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, nine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where lived? 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 exaltation
Portake 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 shoul'dst 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 mine;
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 honorable 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 desirer'd. Hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

* "You precious winners," i.e., you who by this discovery
have gained what you desired.—Participate. — "Whose"
relates to Camillo.
KING JOHN.

Act III.—Scene 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King John.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Duke of Brétagne.
William Marshal, 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.

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 In my "behavior," i.e., in the words and actions I am now going to use.

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,

\[\text{Footnote:} \text{"Proud control," i.e., constraint; compulsion.}\]

To this fair island, and the territories, To Ireland, Poitiers, 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.

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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,

\[\text{Footnote:} \text{"Proud control," i.e., constraint; compulsion.}\]
And sudden presage of your own decay.—
An honorable 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.

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. My liege, here is the strangest controverty,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That 'er I heard: shall I produce the men?


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 faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-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 honor with this difference.

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, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he not claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with basterdy:
But wher's 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,
(For fain the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If any Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I 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 Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

* Conduct; administration. — "A trick," i. e., a peculiar cast of the features.

K. John. Mio ey 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 great 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 employ'd 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 sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is true: 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 bequeath'd
His lands 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 bear him;
And if she said phye false, the fault was hers,
Which she doth live on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives; Tell me, how if 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 dispossesses 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 royal son of Cœur-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's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such cel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-fourths 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 Nob 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.

* A "half-face" is a profile.—"This concludes," i. e., this is the conclusion to be drawn.—"Lord of thy presence," i. e., of the respect due to thy rank.—"Sir Robert's—is used for Sir Robert's.—The "three-fourths" pieces of Queen Elizabeth had a rose on the reverse side.—"To," i. e., in addition to.—Robert.
KING JOHN.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

[Enter Nay, I would have you go before me thisher.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name beget;

K. John. For henceforth bear his name whose

form thou bearest.

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:

[Enter kneels and rises.

Arise sir Richard, and Plunganet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand: I

My father gave me honor, yours gave land.

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got sir Robert was away.

[Enter the very spirit of Plunganet!—

I am thy grandson, Richard: call me so. [though?

[Enter Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what

Something about, a little from the right,

In the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,

And have is, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,

And I am, how'er I was begot.

K. John, Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;

A handless knight makes thee a landed 'squire—

Come, manum, and come, Richard, we must speed

For France, for France, it is for more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,

For thou hast got: i' the way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.

A foot of honor better than I was,

But many, 'ah, many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady—

"Good day, and sir Richard,"—"Bed, mercy, fellow;

"And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;

For new-born honor doth forget men's names:

'Tis too 'respective, and too sociable,

For your="conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's 'mess,

And when my knighting stomach is sufficed, I

When I sink my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of countries; they say dear sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book:

"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir;"

"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"

And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenees, and the river Po,

It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits "a mounting spirit, like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation;

And so am I, whether I smack, or no;

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,

That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Lady Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend

Sir Robert's son: why scorns' thout at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip!—spare!—James,

There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday, and never broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

'Could not get me; sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs!

Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco like.

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaimer'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father:

Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself Sir Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

To make room for him in my husband's bed.—

Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge.

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Who was by strong my urg'd, and my love's defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The swellest lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father.

Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kins;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hastid said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt. 1"Philippa" was the old name given to a swan—or—Ru-

mers; idle reports.—"Basilisco" was a cowardly bragget in

an old play.—An allusion to the fabulous story that king

Richard plucked out the heart of a lion to whose fury he was

exposed.
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.

Lee. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood, Richard, that robb’d the lion of his heart, and fought the holy wars in Palestine, by this brave duke came early to his grave: and, for amends to his posterity, at our 5importance bither is he come, to spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf; and to rebuke the usurpation of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome bither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion’s death, the rather, that you give his offspring life, shadowing 1his right under your wings of war. I give you welcome with a powerless hand, but with a heart full of unstrained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lee. Who would not do the right? 1

Aust. Upon thy cheek 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-face’d shore, whose foot spurns back the ocean’s roaring tides, and coops from other lands her islanders, even till that England, bred 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. [thanks, Const. O! take his mother’s thanks, a widow’s
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength, to make a 6more requital to your love. [Swords

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their In such a just and charitable war. [be bent

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall Against the brows of this resisting town:— Call for our chiefest men of discipline, To call the plots of best 5advantages, 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, lost madness’d 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 2indiscreetly 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 4expedient to this town; His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along has 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 th’ unsettled humors of the land: Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries, With ladies’ faces, and fierce dragon’s 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’d o’er, Did never float upon the swelling tide, To do offence and 4scaith in Christendom.

[Drums heard. 6

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand, To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

Enter King John, Elizor, Blanche, the Bastard Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace Our just and lineal entrance to our own: [permit If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;
Whiles we, God’s wrathful agent, do correct Their proud contempt that heats 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 armor here we swear, This toil of ours should be a work of thine; But thou from loving England art so far, That thou hast 4under-wrought 7her lawful king, Cut off the 6sequence of posterity, outfaced infant state, and done a rape Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey’s face: 1

These eyes, these brows, these moulded out of his; This little abstract doth contain that large, Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time Shall draw this 6brief into as huge a volume. That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born, And this his son: England was Geoffrey’s right, And this is Geoffrey’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 commis- To draw my answer from thy articles? [sion, France, K. Phi. From that 1supernal Judge, that stirs In any breast of strong authority, 6good thoughts To look into the slots 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. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down. Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France? Const. Let me make answer to 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 Liken in feature to his father Geoffrey,

1 Importance.—2 Greater.—3 That is, to mark the best station to overaw the town.—4 Expeditions; immediate.

* The goddess of revenge.—6 Wafted.—7 Destruction; dam- age.—8 Undermined.—Succession.—Abstract; opulent.
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Cons. 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 beseeches this presence, to cry "aid"
To these ill-tuned repetitions,
Some trumpet summon'd hither to the walls.
The king of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle. [Jects,
K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us
These flags of France, that are advanced here [first.—
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have either march'd to your encompassment:
The cannons have their bowsels 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 lime
Had been disributed, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Whose publickly, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrap'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 labor'd spirits,
Forwaried in this action of swift speed,
Craze harborage 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 voy'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son of the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this dowa-trodden equity, we trend
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no farther enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. 'Be pleased, then,
To do that duty, which you truly own,
To him that Bow's it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unack'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 proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls

* Austria wore a lion's hide, as the spoil of King Richard
Cœur-de-lion. — Bast. — Busis; tumult.

* "To cry aim to," i. e, to encourage. — Conference.
* Worn out,— Owns.— Circle; compass.
SCENE II.  

KING JOHN.

Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harbor'd in their rude circumferrence.  
Then, tell us: shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challenge't it,  
And shall we give the signal to our rage,  
Or shall we break in to blood our possession?  
In brief, we are the king of England's sub-  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [Aside:  
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.  
Ct. That we can not; but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,  
Have we remm'd up our gates against the world.  
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove  
And, if not, I bring you your witnesses. [The king?  
The fifty thousand hearts of England's breed,—  
Bast. Bastards, and else.  
K. John. 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.  
Ct. 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  
That to their everlasting residence  
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!  
[arms!  
K. Phi. Alien, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to  
Bast. St. George, that s'wung'd the dragon, and  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence! [To Austria.] Sirrah, were  
At your den, sirrah, with your lions, [At home,  
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  
In best appointment all our regiments.  
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.  
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[To Lewis.] and at the  
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.  

Alarums and Execcutions; 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 grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing thediscord'd earth,  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
Who are at hand, triumphantlv 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, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:  
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armor, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hitler return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.  
There stuck no plume in any English crew,  
That is remov'd by  

*Whipped.

Our colors 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.  
Ct. Here, from off our towers, at this night behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies: whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censur'd:  
Blows: Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confront—  
Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
[ed power:  
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, Eli-  
nor, Blanche, and the Bastards; at the other,  
King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and forces.  
K. John. France, fast thou yet more blood to cast away?  
Say, shall the current of our right room on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
With constant 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 by down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we  
Or aid a royal number to the dead,—  
Bear, Gracing the scroll, that tells 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 doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, e'mouzing the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings—  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal potent,  

[ed spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!  
K. John. Whose party do the townsman yet admit!  
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England who's your king?  
Ct. The king of England, when we know the  
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.  
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear prostration of our person here;  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.  
Ct. A greater power than we denies all this;  
And, till he be undetermined, we do stand  
Our former scroyle in our strong-bar'd gates,  
Kings of our fear; until our  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.  
Bast. By heaven, these  

[ed Angiers float you, kings,  
And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point  
At their insatiables at the king of death,  
Your royal presence be rul'd by me:  
Do like the  

[mutineers of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.  
By east and west let France and England mount  

[a] "Censur'd," i.e., determined; judged. — Deceiv'd.  
[b] "Scroyle," i.e., scabby fellows. — Mutineers.
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clammers have brad'ld down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfeigned desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That thou discoverst thy united strengths,
And part your mingled colors 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 favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Sneaks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if then hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
That 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, poll-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.

And so from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. 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! [stay,

Ct. Hear us, great kings: vouchesafe a while to
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those 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 favor: we are beat to hear.

Ct. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is sent to England: look upon the years
Of Louis, 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 serious 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, 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 a 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;
And two such 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,

* Soul-appalling. — Fions. — Speed.

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion: no, not death 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 rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
[seas;

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bane;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our cars are cudgell'd: not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bestumph'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eliz. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,

For by this knot thou shalt so surelie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown.
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe
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,
Last zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of petty passions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and conged again to what it was.

Ct. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forword

first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely
Can without book of beauty read his love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
(Except this city now by us besie'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blazon,
Holds hand with any princess of the world. [face.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? I look in the lady's
Lew. 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 infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with Blanch.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the crowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he dotheasy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now, [be,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
In such a love, so vile a lust 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,

* A stay," i. e., an interruption. — a * Table" is used here metaphorically for table, or writing-table.
SCENE I.  

KING JOHN.

Then this,—that nothing do I see in you, [judge,  
Though chariulish thoughts themselves should be your  
That I can find should merit any hate.  
K. John. What say those young ones? What say  
you, my nieces?  
Blanche. That she is bound in honor still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.  
K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you  
love this lady?  
Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,  
K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,  
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 pleas'd 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.  
Lew. She is mad and passionate at your highness'  
tent. [made,  
K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
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  
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 to some measure satisfy her so;  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlucky'd for, unprepared pomp.  
[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens  
Retire from the walls.  
Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part;  
And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier,  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
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 last  
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 way of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifference,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
And this same basis, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Chipp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,  
From a resolv'd and honorable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
Not that I have  
poor to  
clutch my hand,  
When his fair  
angels would salute my palm;  
But  
for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raleth on the rich,  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, 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 beggary.  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.  
[Exit.  

ACT III.

SCENE I.—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; thou hast mis-spoke, mishear'd:  
Bo 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 not punish this thy trusting,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
Oppress'd 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.  
Why dost thou press upon my head thus?  
Why dost thou look so sad upon 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?  
Be these sad signs conformers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.  
Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.  
Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?  
France, art thou with Blanch? And when becomes me of thee?—  
Fellow, be gone; I cannot break thy sight:  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.  
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?  
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.  
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.  
Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content,wert  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb, [grim,  
Full of unpleasing blds,  
Insightly stains,  
* Clasp.—Coins.—Because,—Susceptible.
Lame, foolish, crooked, *swart,* profidious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
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 didth in thee the qualities to make great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
Sh'r addulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And in her majesty, that usurping France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forewarn'd?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Pardon me, madam, I may not go without you to the kings — [thee.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with
I will instruct thy woes 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, bids kings come how to bow.

[K. Phi. sits 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 his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day's Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That in golden letters should be set,
Among the high *tides,* in the calendar?
Not, nor, nor, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame!—
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 scamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yet, 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 pawi'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reassembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you oppress me with yours;
The grappling vigor, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in unity and faint in peace,
And our oppression hath used this up to make.

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings! A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!

Lest 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! [War: war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O, Lynoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spell: thou shalt show it to the great:
Thou little villain, great in villany!
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'd with greatness. What a fool art thou
A ramping fool; thy fear, and hate, 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 recrurent limbs.

Aust. That will I, and shall speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recrurent limbs.

Aust. Thou darst not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recrurent limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hall, you amount deputies of heaven.
To thee, king John, my holy crown is I Pendulph, 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 willfully doth spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop Of Canterbury, from that holy see
This, in our forenamed 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 me, this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more.—that no Italian priest
Shall title 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 nauph's authority.


K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christ-
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest, lendem,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, cross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
What in that tale, 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 curb'd, and excommunicate
And blessed shall he be, that doth revol

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*"Swart," l. e., dark; dusky.—*Preterstitial.—By the "high tides" are meant *severa sections,* times to be observed among others.—*Prodigies also to make great;* l. e., be dispointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.—*"But" is used here for except.

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*"Force perforce," l. e., violently; by force.—*"To interrogatories," l. e., subjung to interrogatories.—"*Can task the free breath of," l. e., can force an answer from.
Sc. I.  
KING JOHN.  

From his allegiance to an heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call’d,  
Canoniz’d, and worship’d as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.  
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 a 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.  
[Hand.  
Eliz. Look’st thou pale, France? do not let go thy  
Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,  
And by disjointing hands hell lose a soul.  
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal,  
Bast. And hang a calf’s-skin on his recreant limbs.  
Well, Ruffian, I must pocket up those 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?  
Lev. 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. Of Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee;  
In likeness of a new-uptrimm’d bridle.  
Here, Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her  
But from her need.  
[faith,  
Const. O! if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need:  
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep me as thou wouldst keep thyself; [this.  
K. John. The king is mov’d, and answers not to  
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  
K. Phi. I am perplex’d, and know not what to say.  
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee  
If thou stand excommunicate, and curse’d? [more,  
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person  
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.  
Yours,  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
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, amenity, 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 clap this royal bargain up of peace,  
Heaven knows, they were besmear’d and overstain’d  
With slaughter’d 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 seizer, 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;  
Unswer faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
Of smiling peace to make a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle bow;  
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,  
Or 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 ²-caged lion by the mortal paw,  
A fisting 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 to be heaven perform’d;  
That is, to be the champion of our church.  
What since thou swor’st is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself:  
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is ² but amiss when it is truly done;  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
The truth is then most done not doing it.  
The better act of purposes missetook  
Is to mistake again: though indirect,  
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
And falsehood falsehood to be the cools cool;  
Within the scorched veins of one new burn’d.  
It is religion that doth make vows kept,  
But thou hast sworn against religion.  
[swearest,  
By what thou swearest, against the thing thou  
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 voueshafe them; but, if not, then know,  
The peril of our curses ⁴lights on thee,  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
But in despair die under their black weight.  
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!  
Bast. Wilt not be?  
Will not a calf’s-skin stop that mouth of thine?  
Lev. Father, to arms!  
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?  
Against the blood that thou hast married?  
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter’d men?  
Shall braying trumpets, and loud shrillish drums,  
Clamors of hell, be ⁵measures to our pomp?  
O husband, hear me!—ah, lack! how new  
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
Which till this time my tongue did not pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms ⁶of Knocling.  
Against mine uncle.  

* * *  
⁴So strong in both,* I. e., both in hatred and love.  
† A regret is an exchange of salutations.—Musi.
KING JOHN. ACT III.

Const. O! upon my knee, [Kneeling. Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom Fore-thought by heaven. [may

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive Be stronger with thee than the name of wife? Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholdeth, His honor. O! thine honor, Lewis, thine honor. Lou. 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 from thee.

Const. O, fair return of banish’d majesty! Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy! K. John. France, thou shalt me this hour within this hour. Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue. [Time, Blanch. The sun’s o’ercast with blood: fair day, Which is the side that I must go withal? [sadly! I am with both: each army hath a hand, And in their rage, I having hold of both, They whirl austerly, and dismember me. Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win; Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose; Father, I may not wish the fortune thine; Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive: Whoever wins, on that side I shall lose: Assured loss, before the match be play’d. Lou. Life, with me: with me thy fortune lies. Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies. [er.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance togeth- [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn’d up with inflaming wrath; A rage, whose heat hath this condition, That nothing can alloy, nothing but blood, The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France. K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire. Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy. K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let’s life! [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 Some fiery devil hovers in the sky, [hot; And pours down mischief. Austria’s head, he there, While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make My mother is assailed in our tent, [up: And ta’en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her; Her highness is in safety, fear you not: But on, my liege; for very little pains Will bring this labor 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, So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [To Elinor.

To Arthur. Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will As dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with K. John. Cousin, To the Bastard.] away for Eng- land: haste before; And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags Of powdering abodes: their impression’d angels Set at liberty: the fit ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon: Use our commission in his utmost force. [back, Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me When gold and silver beckes 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; kark, a word. [She talks apart with Arthur.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hu- We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh, [bent, There is a soul counts thee her creditor, And with advantage means to play 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. [yet; 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 gambols, To give me audience:—if the midnight bell Did, with his iron tongue and benzen mouth, Sound on into the drowsy 6ear 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 bak’d thy blood, and made it heavy, thick, (Which, else, runs 4tingling up and down the veins. Making that idiot, laughter, keep men’s eyes, And in 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 4conceit alone, Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words, Then, in despite of 4the 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 adjured to my act, By heaven, I would do it. K. John. Do not 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.

Hub. And I’ll keep him so, That he shall not offend thy majesty.
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 1 convented 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 Arse we not beaten? Is not the Angiers lost? [ill? Arthur ta’en prisoner? divers dear friends slain? And bloody England into England gone, O’bearing interruption, spic of France? Lew. What he hath won, 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, Of any kindred action like to this? [praise, K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this 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 pray thee, lady, go away with me. Const. Lo now; now see the issue of your peace! K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress, But that which ends all counsel, true redress, Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death! Thou odious器稳 stench! sound rottenness! Arise 2 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 vaulty brows; And ring those fingers with thy household worms; And stop this 4 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, Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.— O! that my tongue were in the mourner’s mouth, Then with 3 what passion would I shake the world, And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy, Which cannot hear a lady’s feeble voice, Which scorns a 4 widow’s invocation. Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow. Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so. I am not mad; this is the hand that kills me! 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, I were,

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For then, ’tis like I should forget myself: O, if I could, what grief should I forget!— French some philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be canoniz’d, cardinal; For, being not mad, but sensible of grief, My reasonable part produces reason; How I may 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 clouts were he. I am not mad: too well, too well I feel The different plague of each calamity, To K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. Of what love I in the fair multitude of those her hairs! Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen, Even to that drop ten thousand wise friends Do glue themselves in sociable grief; Like true, insuperable, faithful 5 lovers, Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. 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 surprise, 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 auge’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.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child, Lives in his bed, walks up and down with me; Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, 6 Remembers me of all his gracious parts, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form: Then, have I reason not 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,

[They are talking about a 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 care! [Exit.

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 spoilt this 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, On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

* Foot. — 1 "Of afflicted breath," i.e., of the body. —
  2 Refuse; reject. — 2 "This gap," i.e., this mouth.
  3 Breathe. — 4 Beautiful; comedy. — 5 Remains.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hub. Hear me those iron hot; and, look thou
Within the 
[stand
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 scruples: fear not you: look to
[Exit 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 good christendom,
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
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
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 dispipeous 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 with me?
Arth. Too fairly, 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 knelt 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,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But at your sick service had a prince.
Nay you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.  
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,  
Why, then you must:—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never mind, nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?  
Hub.  
I have sworn to do it,  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.  
Arth.  
Ali! none but in this iron age would do it.  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,  
And quench this fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hu-

snatch at his master that doth in terce him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.  
Hub. Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle o' eyes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.  
Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while  
You were disguised.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spicus with false reports;  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world  
Will not offend thee.  
Arth.  
O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.  
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.  
SEcene II.—The Same. A Room of State in  
The Palace.  
Enter King John, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALIS-

BURY, and other Lords. The King takes his  
State.  
K. John. Heres once again we sit, once again  
crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.  
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ever pleased oft;  
The faiths of men no'ner stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.  
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excesses  
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.  
Sal. In this, the antique and well-nated face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
Startles and frights consideration,  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.  
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
And, oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.  
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your high-
To overbear it, and we are all well-pleas'd;  
ness  
Since all and every part of what we would,  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

\[1\] "Terre," i. e., provoque; stimulato.— Owns.— "Close-
ly," i. e., secretly; privately.— "Once superfluous," i. e.,  
onece more than enough.— "To guard," i. e., to reverence—  
"In covetousness," i. e., in an over-ambitious desire to excl.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, I thus begging my fear;
I shall induce you with meaner 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,
You ask for that which my hand and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring 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, then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, 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 further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on yours depending,
Counts it your wealth 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 talks apart with the King.

Pem. 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
Doth show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The color of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like herald's trick 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 child's sweet death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand,—
God help me, and my will to its being live,
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. And 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
Think you, his death has promised the
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.

So thrive it in your game; and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which 'twas the breath 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 sorrows, and to age 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.

* "To sound," i. e., to speak out; to declare. — Release- ment. — That is, 'if you hold by a good title what you quietly (in rest) enjoy.' — Owned.
KING JOHN.

I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

_Bast._

I will seek them out.

_K._ 

Nay, but make haste; the better foot
O! let me have no subject enemies, [before.—
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

_Bast._

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit.

_K._ Spoke like a spritful, 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.

_Receive Hubert._

_Hub._ My lord, they say, five moons were seen to
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about [night;
The other four in wondrous motion.

_K._ Five moons?

_Hub._

Old men, and beldames, 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 grip the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw asmith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tutor'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 embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

_K._ Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urg'st thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish his death, but thou hast none to kill him.

_Hub._ Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

_K._ It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors 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 humor than advis'd respect.

_Hub._ Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

_K._ O! when the last account 'twixt heaven
And earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness the neonatation of ill deeds;
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
*Quoted," I. 6, noted; marked.

This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhor'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,—

[made a pause,

_K._ John. Had'st thou but shook thy head, or
When I spoke darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words, [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might have wrougt fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with a sign;
Yes, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to man.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles have 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 confined 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, however rude exterior, is
Yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon that 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 Arth._

_A._ The walls is high; and yet will I leaup 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.
Yet am I afraid I yet am sure of it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand steps 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
It is our affair, and we must embrace.

[Entry.

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

_Pem._ Who brought that letter from the cardinal!

_Sal._ The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private missive 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 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or 4 o'er we meet.

_Enter the Bastard._

_Bast._ Once more to-day well met, *distrimper'd* lords.
The king by me requests your presence straight,

*Expedient's;" 4 o'er; 4 o'er; or ever; before.—
*Distimper'd," I. o, discontented; out of humor.
Sal. The King hath dispose'd himself of us: We will not line his sin-besainted cloak With our pure honors, 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, a reason now. Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; Therefore, twere reason you had manners now. Pen. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege. Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else. Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here? [Seeing Arthur.]

Pem. Of death! made proud with pure and princely beauty, The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave, Found it too precious-princely for a grave. [held, Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you been Or have you read, or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you could do see? could you think, without this object, From 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 wail'dy wrath, or staning rage, Presented to the tears of soft remorse. Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this; And this, so sole, so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegotten sin of times; And prove a deadly bloodsh'd but a jest, Exemplified by this heinous spectacle. Bast. It is a damned and 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 breathless 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 act a glory to this head, By giving it the worship of revenge. Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words. Enter Hubert. 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. Avast, 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 by heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours. [say: I would not have you, lord, forget yourself, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Let I, by marking; but your rage, forget Your worth, your greatness, and nobility. [man? Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-

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 so'er speaks false, Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly lies. Pemb. Cut him to pieces. Bast. Keep the peace, I say. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Fulkbridge. Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury: If thou but frown 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 toast-iron, That you shall think the devil is come from hell. Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon- Second a villain, and a murderer. [bridge? 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 honor'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 a them: And lie, long traded in, it makes it seem Like rivers of remorse and innocence. Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house. For I am sti'd with this smell of sin. Big. Away, Toward Bury: to the Dauphin there! Pemb. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out. [Exit Lords. Bast. Here's a good world!—knew you of this Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [fair work? 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—say, 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 want'st a cord, the smallest thread Thy spider twisted from her web Will serve to strangle thee; a rope will be a beam To hang thee on; or would'st 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. I do suspect thee very grievously. Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath, Which was embosomed 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 an ax, 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 morsel of dead royalty, The life, the right, and truth of all this realm Is fled to heaven; and England now is left To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth The unawed interest of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bome of majesty
Doth dogged war bridle his angry crest,
And smaragth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and contents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
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: 'Tis to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[Exit: Hubert bearing out Arthur's body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Randolph with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.


K. John. 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 hollowness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'tis 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 mistempered humor
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 overthrow incurable ensues.

Rand. 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 bustling hunt.
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 Say that before Ascension-day at noon, [prophet
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.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Out, 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? [streets;
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the An empty casket, where the jewel of life.
By some damn'd hand was rob'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 have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and blank distrust,
And follow unacquainted colors here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who o'clock thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grasp thee unto a pagan shore;
What is the arm without the arm that combate?
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighborly?

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wresting in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Of what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Besides some complaisance, and a brave respect!
Let me write off this honorable dowry,
That silvery dot progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inaudition;
But this effusion of such manifest drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Sturtles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vault top of heaven.
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors,
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart leave 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,
Fall by a warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
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 knight your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandolph, attended.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the land 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 reconcil'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 threat'ning colors now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It only lie gently at the feet of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be prope'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal 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,
Yea, 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?
I, by the honor 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 underprop this action? ist not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as on my claim are liable,
Sweet in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not generated these islanders round
Vive le roy! as I have thank'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 o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till more 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.

Best. 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 willful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Best. By all the blood that ever fiery 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 apish and unmannerly approach,
This larness'd masque, and unavised revel,
This unheard sauciness 2 of boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dervish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you 'take the hatch;
To dive like buckets in concealed wells;
To erouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In var'd prison, and to throw the lead and shake
Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his 2 aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maides,
Like Amazons come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets chang'd,
Their needl's to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There's nothing brave, and turn thy face in
We grant thou canst outsold us. Fare thee well;
We hold our time too precicous to be spent
With such a 2 braboller.

1 "Bank'd," i. e., passed along the banks of the river.
2 "Drew," i. e., assembled; draw out of the field.
3 "To outlook," i. e., to face down; to bear down by a show of magnanimity.—Take the hatch," i. e., heap over the hatch.
4 "Aery," i.e., cry; nest.—"Thy brave," i.e., thy boast.
5 "Braboller," i. e., clamorous, quarrelsome fellow.

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"Clipeth," i.e., embraced. — "Between complication, and a brave respect," i.e., between the necessity of a reform in your man's way, and the respect or love I felt for his country. — "And even there," i.e., in what I have now said, "an angel spake." — For "Look," &c.—Appropriated.—In.
SCENE V.  KING JOHN.

Pend.  Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.
Lew.  We will attend to neither.—
   Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
   Plead for our interest, and our being here. [Exit; for
   Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forefront sits
A haro-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew.  Strike up our drums to find this danger out.
Bast.  And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.  [Euzent.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarms.  Enter King John and Hubert.
K. John.  How goes the day with us?  O! tell me:
Hub.  Badly, I fear.  How fares thy 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 Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess.  Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'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 Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.  [Euzent.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Same.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and Others.

Sal.  I did not think the king so sturd' with friends.
Pem.  Up once again: put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal.  That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spine, alone upholds the day.  [field.
Pem.  They say, king John sore sick hath left the
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.  For our interest, and our Wounded to death.

Mel.  Fly, noble English; you are bought and
Untread the road-way of rebellion,  [*sold:]
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 repose the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.  Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,

SCENE V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lew.  The sun of heaven, methought, was lost to
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush, [set.
When English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire.  O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colors clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.  Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew.  Here.—What news?

Mess.  The count Melun is slain: the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supplies which you wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew.  Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
I did not think to be so sad to-night,  [*heart!]
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
I say: Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

* Dissolveth.—  * Our rankness," i. e., our wonton wildness.—  * Innovation.—  * Bad.
SCENE VI.—An open Place in the Neighborhood of Swinestead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou? [or I shoot.
Hub. Of the part of England.
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not I do—
Of thine affairs, as well as thine of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a b perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please, Thou mayst befriend me much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
Have done me shame.—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should escape 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 air, 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
Yethinks, and, peradventure, may recover. [ry
Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
And brought prince Henry in their company; [back,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold that indignant, 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.

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinestead-Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corporally; 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
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assuillet him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Dost he still rage? [Exeunt 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 unsniffed: and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their thronging and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, [sing,
Whom chants a dolorous 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 *indigest,
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
It would not out at windows, nor at doors. [room:
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
And none of you will bid the winter come, [off,
To thrust his icy fingers in my now;
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. There, that were some virtue in my
That might relieve you! [tears,
K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confound'd to tyrannize
On unreprovable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spile of speed to see your majesty.
K. John. O, Prompt! thou art come to set mine
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd; [eye,
And all the shrouds, whereby my life should sail,
Are turn'd 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.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing bitherward,
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,

* Keep good quarter,” i. e., keep at your posts,—b "Perfect,” i. e., well-informed.—c Without.—c* At leisure,” i. e., after some delay.
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
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our faluting 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 honor 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 spair'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 everlastingly.

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
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand 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, [true,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true.

[Exeunt.]
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

Dramatis Personae.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.
Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, his Son.
Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Act III.—Scene 4.

ACT I.


Enter King Richard, attended; John of Gaunt, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honor'd Lancaster,
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. [him.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded If he appeal the duke on ancient malice, Or worthyly, as a good subject should,

On some ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that ar-On some apparent danger seen in him, [gunnet, 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.-[Exit 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 befall 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! [us,

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters
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 I will shine mine soul answer it in thee. 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 steel 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. ‘Tis 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; Ye cannot judge of such a trial to my blood, As to be hush’d, and nought at all to say. First, the very reverence of your highness curbs me From giving reins and spurs to my free speech, 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 terming him be no knight on my liege, I do defy him, and I spit at him; Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain: Which to maintain I would allow him odds, And meet him, were I tied to run a foot Event 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, [gage, Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my Disclaiming here the kindred of the king; And lay aside my high blood’s royalty, Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except: If guilty drunk have left thee so much strength, And turn thy tongue for thy high blood’s sport, By that and all the rites of knighthood else, Will I make good against thee, arm to arm, What I have spoken, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear, Which gently bid my knighthood on my shoulder, I shall answer thee in any fair degree, Or chivalrous design of knighthood trial; And when I turn to, if thou art not light, If I be traitor, or unjustly fight! [Charge? K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray’s It must be great, that can honour it so Much as of a thought of ill in him. [true— Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it That Mowbray hath receiv’d eight thousand nobles, In an account for kindred of his highest soldiers, The which he hath detain’d for duell’s employments, Like a false traitor, and injuries 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, Fretch 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 Gloster’s death; Suggest his soon-believing adversaries, And, consequently, like a traitor coward, Shun’d out his innocent soul through streams of blood Which blood, look like saving Alba’s woes, 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’st thou to this? Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his face, And bid his ears a little while be 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 arm I make a void; Such neighbour near to our royal blood Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize The unstooping firmness of my uplifted soul. He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou: Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow. Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, so low as to thy heart, Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest. Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais, Disburse’d I duly to his highness’ soldiers: The other part reserv’d I by consent; 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 Gloster’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 honorable 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 b’g’d Your graciousness my pardon, I would have had it. This is my fault: as for the rest appeal’d, It issues from the rancor of a villain, A recreant 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. In haste whereof, most heartily I pray Your highness to assign our trial day. [me. K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentleman, be hold’ry Let’s purge this choler without letting blood: This we prescribe, though no physician; Deep malice makes too deep incision. Our doctors say this is no month to bleed. Good uncle, let this end where it be begun; We’ll call the duke of Norfolk, you your son. Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age— Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk’s gage.

*That is, ‘the cause you come on.’—Impeach. "Too good to be so," i.e., ‘too good or great a traitor and miscreant to be set so as thou fearest here.’—My right-drawn sword, i.e., my sword drawn in a right or just cause.—Unharmable.—Possess.—Knavish; wicked.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his
Gaunt. When, Harry! when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again. [No strop. 
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid there is
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 disgrac'd, impaich'd, and baffled here;
I pack'd to the soul with slander's worm'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood.
Which breath'd this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage:—lions make 6 leopards tame.

Nor. Yea; but not change his spots: take but 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 lown, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times bard'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grew in one:
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Thus, when my liege, mine honor I try me:
In that I live, and for that will I die. [Begin.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you
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 outwiter'd dastard! Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,
Or from so base a path, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, 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 'tStone you, we shall see
Justice 4 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 solicit me, than thy exchaims,
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 'tis seen 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,
Weep not their plights 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;
In that'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By ev'y 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 liest, 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 witch'd disease,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
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 is the messenger? may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, farewell, old
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell 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 courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff 4 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:—
What?—
With all good speed at 6 Plasyh visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untroudden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, 5 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. Herald, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Ann. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

1 * No boot," l. c., no alternative for thee.— 2 An allusion to the crest of Norfolk which was a golden leopard.—Re-
con. 3 "Design," l. c., show; mark out.— 4 The part I had in," l. c., the relationship I held to.

6 Assent,— 5 "A caitiff recreant," l. c., a villain crying for mercy.— 7 At Plasyh," l. c., at the house of the Duchess.—
8 Unpeopled offices," l. c., unfurnished store-rooms.
KING RICHARD II.

Scene III.

Arm. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and
For nothing but his majesty's approach. [stay

Flourish. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat
on his Throne; Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greenes,
and others, who take their places. A Trumpet
is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet with
Then enter Norfolk in armor, 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. [art,
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou
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 valor! [folk;
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor.-
Who hence come engaged by my oath,
(Which, God know, a knightly gild violate!) Both
to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that affrays 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 armor,
preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus platted in habiliments of war;
And whereby, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause. [thither,
Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou
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,
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valor,
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 others
Appointed to direct those fair designs. [hand,
Boling. Lord marshall, let me kiss my sovereign's
And bow my knee before his majesty:
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. [new
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your high-
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, [arms
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 go'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.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, [To Gaunt.] the earthly author of my
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, [blood,]
Both with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's warm wool coat,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the happy favor of his son. [ous!
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosper.
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 the

Nor. However God, or fortune, 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 uncontro'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth utterly-rate
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 espy
Virtue and gallant courage in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the 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, diplayal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combat-

A Charge sounded.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.

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 b fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbors' swords;

* Yielding.—Brighten.—Helmet.—^ To jest,^ I a, to
play a part in a masque.—of Truncheon; staff of command.—
*b Nurled.
For the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rapturous envy, set on you
To make your peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so round'd up with bolsterous tumult'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpet's dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wraithful 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 round'd up with the enchain'd fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions
But tread the stranger paths of banishment. [be, Boiling. You will be done. This must my comfort
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those 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-slow hours shall not determine
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 what is cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstrung'd viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Determined in his purpose,
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have cajol'd my tongue,
Doubly * portculis'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfailing, 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;
Which is thy own will, or my helpless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plainings come 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
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands; [thee,
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with ourselves)
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 heart-hated hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or compleat any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boiling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
[They kiss the king's sword.
K. Rich. Norfolk, so fare, as to mine enemy.
Thus 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 along
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;
And 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 griev'd heart: thy sad apparel
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd from four away.—[To Bolingbroke] Six frozen
winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boiling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
End in a word: 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 my eye (a lamp) must let me see this life. [live.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow; [give:
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to farrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy past years are current with his; for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd; upon good advices,
Whe reto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather, [sour.
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had I been a stranger, not my kinsman,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
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.
Gaunt. Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[Flourish. Exeunt King Richard, and Train.
Amn. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not
From where do you remain, let paper show. [know,
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side. [words,
Gaunt. Of to what purpose dost thou bide thy
That thou art not no greeting to thine friends?
Boiling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe that abundant dolor of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boiling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters, I they are quickly gone.
Boiling. To men in joy; but grief makes one
An hour ten. [ure.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleas-
Boiling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
1 Consideration.—1 "A party-verdict gave," i.e., had a part in it.
2 A partial slander," i.e., the reproach of partiality.
3 Grief.
SCENE I. — 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 paring teeth were shed? Aum. ’Faith, none for me; except the northeast Which then blew bitterly against our faces, [wind, Awak’d the sleeping rhuem, and so by chance Did grace our hollow parting with a tear. [with him? K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted Aum. Farewell: and, for my heart disdain’d I my tongue Should so profane the word, that taught me craft To counteract oppression of such grief, That words seem’d buried in my sorrow’s grave. a


Marry, would the word “farewell” have lengthen’d And added years to his short banishment, [hours 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’d his courtship to the common people: How he did seem to live 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 to were to banish their affects with him. Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench; A brace of draymen bid God speed him well, And had the tribute of his supple knee, With — “Thinks, my countrymen, my loving As were our England in reverence his, [friends? — And he our subjects’ next degree in hope. Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts. Now for the people, which stand out in Ireland, ’Expedient munificence must be made, my liege, Ere farther leisure yield them farther means, For their advantage, and your highness’ loss. K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war: And, e for our coffers with too great a court, And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light, We are enforce’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: Whereto, 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? [lord, Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my 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. 

ACT II.

SCENE I. — London. An Apartment in Ely-house. GAUNT on a Couch; the Duke of York, and Others, standing by him. Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe In wholesome counsel to his undisposed youth. [my last York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your For all in vain comes counsel to his ear. [breath; Gaunt. O! but they say, the tongues of dying men Enforce situations like deep heaps on earth. [vain; Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent In for they breathe truth that breathe their words in He that no more 4 may say is listen’d more, [pain.

4 Undergoing. — a Affections. — b Expeditions. — c Because.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious 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 soul and me,  
I must have name, grown a king, to flatter thee. [live?  
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that  
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 I 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;  
I'll in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill,  
Thy death's bed is no lesser than the land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Commit'st thy pointed body to the care  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.  
A thousand flatt'rous sit within thy crown,  
Who 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 this world,  
It were a shame to let this land by 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,  

Pressing on an ague'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 unrevenged shoulders.  
Gaunt. Of 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 beal in heaven 'mongst happy souls,  
May be a precedent 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 die not shame with thee:  
These words hereafter let thy tormentors be.—  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to live, that love and honor 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.

4 Mad.—"*Thy state of law," 1 e., thy legal state.—"Lose  
them love to live," 1 e., let them love to live.
SCENE I.

KING RICHARD II.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words To wayward sickness and age in him: He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here. [so his: K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford's love; As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.


North. Nay, nothing; all is said.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument: Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. [Be York the next that must bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. K. Rich. The riper 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 do we 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 Glover's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Not Gaunt's rebellions, 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 he never let his head go bare; 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 herown'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. K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter? York. Pardon me, if you please; if not, I plea'd Not to be pardon'd, am content withal. Seek you to seize, and grieve into your hands, The royalties and rights of banished' 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? To inherit Hereford's rights away, and take from time His charters and his customary rights; Let not to-morrow, then, enuee 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, Can't the letters patents that he hath By his attorneys-general to me His livery, and deny his offer'd holmage, You pluck a thousand dangers on your head, You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

* "Must be," i. e., is yet to come.—Kerns were the light-armed pensionary.—An allusion to the idea that no venomous reptile live in Ireland.—That is, when he was of thy age.—His livery," I. e., the delivery of his lands to him, and prick my tender patience to those thoughts, Which honor and allegiance cannot think. [hands K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands. York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell: What will ensue 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. Buskly, to the earl of Wiltshire, Bid him repair to us to Ely-house: [straight: To see this business. To-morrow next We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trust: And we create, in absence of ourselves, 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, BUSKY, AMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead. Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke. Willo. 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.

Ern't be diaburden'd with a fib'lar tongue. North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm! Willo. Tends that thou dost speak, to the duke of If it be so, out with it boldly, may I? [Hereford? 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, Boref and gelded of his patrimony. [are borne North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs In him, a royal prince, and many more Of noble blood in this declining land. The king is not himself, but has been led By fateurs; 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 pill'd with grievous taxes, And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts. Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd; As 'blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what: But what, o' God's name, doth become of this? North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath But basely yielded upon compromise, [not, That which his noble ancestors achiv'd with blows: More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars. Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm. Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man. [him. North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars, His burdensome taxation notwithstanding; But by the robbing of the banished 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 unavow'd is the danger now, For suffering so the causes of our wreck. [death, North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of

*Free.—Deprieved.—Pilgaged.—"Blanks," i. e., the seals of gentlemen and commoners affixed to blanks.—k Security," i. e., confident in our security.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT II.

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is. [eusa.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost.
Ross. Be 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
In Brittany, receive'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, [Quoint,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tail ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedition,
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 slavish yoke,
"Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from breaking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gift,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspur:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that
Willo. 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-harming 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 biding farwell 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 trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord, the king.
Bush. 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,
Find's a shade of grief more than himself to wall;
Which, back'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's
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye, [not seen;
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: however it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy
As, though 2unthinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something 3woe;
Or something hath the nothing that I 4guess:
'Tis 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 hop'st 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 And driven into despair an enemy's hope, [power,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspur.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and 5what is worse,
Percy, the lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Wiltoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclain'd Northumber-
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 houseold 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 gawping 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 ceasing hope: he is a fatterer,
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, 6part-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 lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Where others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop 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 Flashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.
SCENE III.  KING RICHARD II.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:—
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
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 entruth had not provok’d him to it)
The king had sev’r’d off his head with my brother’s.—
What! are there no post dispatch’d 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 carts,
And bring away the armor that is there.—

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus 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,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
The king hath sev’r’d off my head with my brother’s—
What! are there no post dispatch’d for Ireland!—
How shall we do for money for these wars!—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—

[Exit Servant York and Queen.

Busby. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland;
But none returns. For us to levy power, [and, Proportional 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 waverers’ commons; for
Their love
Lies in their purses, and whose empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally con-
demn’d.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king. [castle:]
Green. Well, I’ll for refuge straight to Bristol.
The earl of Ulster is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs 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 ne’er shall meet again.

Busby. That’s as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Busby. 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.

Those high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw our carriages, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethank me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurge to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil’d
The tidiness and pleasantness of the gravel;
But theirs is sweeten’d with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;—
And hope to b 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 have thought, my lord, to have learn’d
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen? [court,
Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the
Broken his staff of office, and dispers’d
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

Percy. He was not so resolv’d, when last we spake
Together. [cur.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed trait-
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurge,
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 Ravenspurge.

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. [duke.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, to perform
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love’s recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it from Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yond’st tuft of

trees,

Mann’d with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Sey-

North. Lose else of name, and noble estimate. [mour;

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-

looughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love
A banish’d tritor: all my treasury [pursues
Is but yet unfelt thanks, which, more enrich’d,
Shall be your love and labor’s recompense. [lord.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble

Wilt. And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

* DeLoyalty; treachery.

"To joy," i.e., to rejoice.
KING.
The more thanks, th' 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] 3 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. [ing, Berkeley.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my mean- To race one title of your honor out. To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will, From the most gracious reign of this land, The duke of York, to know what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent 4 time, And fright our native peace with self-born 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 Whose duty is deceitable and false. [knee, Boling. My gracious uncle— [me no uncle: York. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 4 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 then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march So many miles upon her peaceful bosom, Frighting her pale-face'd villages with war, And ostentation of despoothing arms? Come then, that because right 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 priser 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. [ford; Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here- But as I come, I come for Lancaster. And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace, Look on my wrongs with an 4 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 performe, and given away To upstart unbrithes? 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, Annerlee, my noble kinsman; Had you first died, and he been trowd down, He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father, To rouse his 4 wrongers, chase them to the bay.

*That is, 'Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford: my answer is, it is to the Duke of Lancaster.'—"The absence of the time of the king's absence."—"indifferent, i.e., impartial.

I am denied to sue my 4 livery here, And yet my letters patent give me leave: My father's goods are all distrain'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. [Abused. North. The noble duke hath been too much Ross. It stands your grace 4 upon to do him right. Wills. Base men by his entailments are made good. York. My lords of England, let me tell you this: I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs, And labord 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 it 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, 4 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; there, if need be, I shall By Bushy, Bagot, 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. [Excit.

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten And hardly kept our countrymen together, [days. And yet we hear no tidings from the king; Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell. Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh- The king reproves all his confidence in thee. [man: Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd, [stay. And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven; The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth, And these look'd prophetic 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 or fall of kings. Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled, As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [Exit. Salisbury. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind, I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
SCENE II. 

KING RICHARD II.

Fall 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 fortune goes. [Exit.

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 pernicious lives, 
For 'twere 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 unhappied and disgraced:—
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 made my English breath in foreign clouds, 
Eating the bitter bread of banishment, 
Whilst you have fed upon my signories, 
Dispar'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods, 
From mine own windows torn my household coat, 
Raz'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, 
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd 
To execution, and the hand of death. [Exeunt.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to 
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell, [me, 
Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our 
And plague injustice with the pains of hell. [souls, 
Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispersed.

[Execut Northumberland and Others, with 
Bushy and Green.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house; 
For God's sake, fairly let her beentreated: 
Tell her I send to her my kind commendations; 
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. [Away, 
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, 
To fight with Glendower and his complices: 
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.


K. Rich. Barklyough castle call they this at hand?

* Clean, l. e. quite; completely.—"Dispersed," l. e. destroyed.— Device; motto.— "Commendations.
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'er throws thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Weis men, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, I'c told;
Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand
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! than 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 favorites 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 Than can my care-ten'd tongue deliver him. [liege, K. Rich. Mine car is open, and my heart pre-
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. [par'd:
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss 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 shall 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 wo, 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 riversown 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 big, and a clasp their feeble joints
In stiff unwieldy armor against thy crown:
Thy very beadsman learn to bend their bows
Of a double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty 'bills
Against thy sent: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell. [ill.
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so
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 re-
Dog, easily won to fawn on any man! [heart
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my Three Judases, each one three worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

* Ye? is called double-fatal because of the poisonous quali-
ty of its leaves.—* Battle-axes.

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again incurse 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, 'gainst the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?
Scroop. Yes, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
And this is the duke, my father, with his power?

[ speaks. K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man
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 deceased 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 3model of the barren earth,
Which serves as post 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 he was never depomp'd, some sin 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 sits,
Scoffing his state 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, honor'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,
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 never sit and wail their
But presently prevent the ways to wall.
To feel the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Given, 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 servile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chuff'lt me well.—Froud Boling-
broke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This aque-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is, to win our own.
Say, Sroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Sroop. 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.

* Barlow. - 4 Pattern; portion. - 5 Tradition, I. c., tra-
ditional practices; customary homage. - 6 Force. — By little
and little.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beseech 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 everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, worse a slave, shall kingly be.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To *ear 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.
Ann. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. Does he me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's sight to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.
Enter, with Drum and Colors, 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 bid his head.
York. It would beseem 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
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 royalty is man's, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king.

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of your line and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Of belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen 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 th' advantage of my power,
And let the summer's dust with sharp'd blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of thousand'd Englandmen:
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 braying 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 wind:
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 sound'd, 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, lightens 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,
Because we thought ourselves thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless by profound, stately, or vast
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 muttering in his clouds on our behalf
Arms of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat 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 lives 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 pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the
Should so with civil and uncivil arms

*a. "To ear," i. e., to till; to plough.

b. "To ope the purple testament of bleeding war," i. e., to ascertain what fortune war will assign him. c. "The flower of England's face," i. e., England's flowery face.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT III.

KING may't and, Sorrow [Exeunt God your I'll of that some]

And, 'A as a gentleman, I credit him. [returns.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
His noble cousin is right welcome hither
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 commends.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND retires to BOLINGBROKE.

We do debate ourself, cousin, [To Aumerle.] do
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair! [we not,
Shall we call back Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? [words,
Aum. No, my good lord: let's fight with gentle
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
swords. [of mine,

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
That laid the sentence of dread bastishment.
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of a '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'at thou, proud heart?
I'll give thee scope to bent,
[Unbounting.
Since foes have scope to heat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbrooke.

[K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
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 figur'd 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 desipred tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a deark in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woe,
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 he doth attend
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [Phanton,
[NORTH. retires again to BOLING.

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 mourning larks should sing. [Excurs, 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,—

[Kneeling.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
I 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 mine 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. [have,
K. Rich. Well you dese're:—they well deserve to
That know the strongest and surest way to get—
cousin,

Uncle, give me your hand: say, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have I'll give, and willing too,
For do we must what force will have us do.—
SET on towards London,—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yes, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then, I must not say no.

[Flourish. Exeunt.


Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
To drive away the heavy thought of care? [garden,

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls. [rubs.

Queen. Twill make me think the world is full of
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's but to complain.

4 A leg," i.e., a bow.—The base court was the lower court of the castle.—Footsilly.—s Profit.
SCENE I.  

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.  
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.  
1 Lady. May I weep, madam, would it do you good.  
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me  
And never borrow any tear of thee.  
[good,  
But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shade 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 forerun with woe.  
[Queen and Ladies retire.  

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.  

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' danging apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
Thus ye may, that is, you may, use the same degree of care,  
To see the meanest fruit-tree, the smallest weed is cut;  
The weedy soil's from wholesome flowers.  
I Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,  
Showing, 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 caterpillers?  
Gard. Hold thy peace.  
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:  
The woods that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pich'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;  
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.  
I 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 hand,  
As we this garden.  
At the time of year  
When the wood begins to put on its robes,  
To set out every species of flower and plant,  
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.  
The superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself hav'd borne the crown,  
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.  
I 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. Of! I am press'd to death, through want  
Of speaking.  
[Coming forward.  
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,  
How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this un-  
pleasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man?  

*Woe is forerun with woe," I. e., woe is a harbinger  
to woe.—Sprouts; twigs.  
A pale," I. e., an enclosure.  
*Knots were corresponding garden patches or beds.  
*"Tis doubt," I. e., double doubt; there is little doubt,—An allusion to the ancient punishment of pressing to death, inflicted  
upon prisoners refusing to plead.  

Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall?  Say, where, when, and how,  
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.  
Gard. Perchance, 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 England strong,  
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?  Of! 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 plaudit thou gav'st may never grow.  
[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.  

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy story be so  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
[worse,  
Here did she fill 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.  
[Exeunt.  

ACT IV.  

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.  
The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne;  
The Lords temporal 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 Gloucester's death;  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his time-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 thy daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,  
I heard you say,—"'Tis not my own 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 bleak this land would be  
In this your cousin's death.  
Aum.  
Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonor my fair *stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honor soild  
With the attender of his slanderous lips.  

* Drop,—Unlimely,—"My fair stars," I. e., the superior stars that presided at my birth.  
Only the inferior stars, according to Pliny, were supposed to be predominant at the birth  
of persons in the lower ranks of life.
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. Bogus, for heaven: thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would be the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valor 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,
Thou wast cast of noble Gloucestery's death.
Fitz. There's no true man that tvnest it twenty times.
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.
Perrey. Aumerle, thou liest; his honor is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou 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;
My heart is thee on with full as my life;
As may be hol'd in thy treacherous rear
From sun to sun. There is my honor's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
[all.
Aum. Who *sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The other time Aumerle and you met.
Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true. [true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonorable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That his sword shall render vent and revenge, Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie to lie In earth as quiet as thy father's skull, In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse.
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a *wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new *world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men To receive the noble duke at Cahens.
Aum. Some honest Christian traitor with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honor.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he's return'd, Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Bishop. That honorable day shall never be seen.

**On sympathy," i.e., on equality of blood and rank—
"From sun to sun," i.e., from sunrise to sunset—
"Who *sets me else?" i.e., Who else offers me the pledge of battle?—
"In a wilderness," i.e., where no help can be had against him—"in this new world," i.e., where I have just commenced my career.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord. [the boom
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
Of good old Abraham—*Lords apppellants,
You may rest assured all rest at peace.
Till we assign to you your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.
York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name I'll ascend the royal throne.
Bishop. Marry, God forbide!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best becoming 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 noble souls should
Learn him forswear 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 judg'd but they are by hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty, His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crow'd, planted on ear
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he not present! O! *forswear it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls reclin'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 wool:
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 confound;
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 rise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Least child, child's children, cry against you—woe!
Norfolk will have you argued, sir; and, for your Of capital reason we arrest you here. —[pains,
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 *conductor. [Exit.
York. Boling. Lords, you that 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.
SCENE I.  

KING RICHARD II.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.

K. Rich. Ahack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I have yet 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 of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometimes cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve, [none.
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand,
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well 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 tried majesty did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Hany 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,
Now is this golden crown like a deep well, [yours.
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air.
The water 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
You may my glories and my state dispose, [mine.
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares
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 youcontented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no; but, for I must nothing be;
Therefore no 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 kingliness 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:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbrokethat swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing giv'n,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achieve'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's sent to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry, unking'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 depô'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and most I rotav out
My weav'd up folly? Garter 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 would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a fossil, damn'd in the look of heaven.—
Nay, all of you, the stand andlook upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth butt 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.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these arts.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undock the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou hast taught, insulting
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd.—Ahack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
And if my name be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror litter straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

Exit on Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come
Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a Glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost too smile me. Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fae'd so many fannies,
And was at last out-face'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this:—

"If thou would'st," l. c., if thou would'st read a list of thy own deeds,—"Sort," l. c., et company.—"Thy Majesty is a traitor."—He is used for his.
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 torn soul's;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wall, 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

Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyors are you.

That rise thus nicely by a true king's fall.

[Exeunt K. Richard, and Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. [down

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The souls to come: the children yet un-
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn. [born
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? [herein,
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to reflect
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.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Attendants.

Queen. This way the king will come: this is the
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
Way To whose flat bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

—A "Conveyor," i.e., jugglers; thieves.—b "Ill-erected," i.e., erected for evil purposes.—"The model where old Troy did stand," i.e., the likeness of that cheerless waste where proud Troy once stood.

Thou map of honor; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous "inn,
Why should hard-favor'd grief he lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alchymist guest? [so.
K. Rich. Join with grief; fair woman, do not
To make my end too sudden: let my soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn 'brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. He thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our heir and lives must stand a new-advent crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath 't 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'errower'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? [beasts,
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if nought but
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 talk'st,
As from a 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 &c.
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit thy 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 compassion 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, where-withal
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 with righteous fings, 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 forthwith.
K. Rich. Durst divine, wherefore?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;—

—2 "They embrace."

And yet not so, for with a kiss I was made.—
Part us, Northumberland: I toward the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned therewith a sweet May.

Seat 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 twain, together weeping, make one woe.
When thou art gone for me in France, I'll thee here.

Better far off, than near, being ne'er the nearer.

Go; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

[They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [part.

[They kiss again.

So, now I have mine own again, before That I may strive to kill it with a gown. [They:

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond de-
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
When weep ing made you break the story off, [rest.
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgivings ’em hands, from windows’ tops,
Throw 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,—

Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!”

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed’s neck,
Bespake them thus,—”I thank you, countrymen!”
And thus still doing, thus he pass’d along. [whilst.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-garn’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 scowl on 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 bodes of his grief and patience.

That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel’d

The hearts of men, they must perfervce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pried 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 honor I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;

But that is lost for being Richard’s friend.

And, manor, you must call him ’Roundal 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-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

[Time.

York. Well, hear you well in this new spring of
Lest you be crop’d before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and tri-
umphs?

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 belt?

Yea, look at thou pale? let me then see the writing.


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 ’he’s enter’d into

For gay apparel! ’gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing. [show it.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not
York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord? [horse.

York. Ho! who is within there! Saddle my

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 honor, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman. [Aumerle
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, 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,

* Aumerle was soon after deprived of his dukedom, but allowed to retain the earldom of Rutland. The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips of parchment appended to them.
And wilt thou pluck my hair son from mine age,
And rob me 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,
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! were he twenty times
My son, I would approach him.

Duch. Howst thou ground'd for him,
As he were done, thou wouldst be more pitiful,
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been diabolic 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. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke as King; Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:
If any plague hung 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 effeminat boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support
So dissolute, [princes,

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
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 common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favor; and with that
He would unhor the hardest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, 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
So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your
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,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after love 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.
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
And cause to fear.

King: York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool hardly
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Bolingbroke 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, beget'st his penitence.
Forgo to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou such, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and deld't himself?
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall enclose
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies:
Thou hast set 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.

Duch. [Within.] What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this

Duck. 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 alter'd, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know, she's come to pray for your soul 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.
[Here:] York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make
Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle
liege.

Aum. 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
Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

...
YORK. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

Kneel. Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duck. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face:
To his eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
Nor comes from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
Pray with my heart, and soul, and all besides:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our kcentshall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
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.

Duck. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
And 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' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king: say, "Pardonnez-

Duck. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The choppong French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitious heart plant thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do piece,
Pity may move thee pardon to relieve.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duck. I do not sue to stand:
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duck. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet do I sick for fear: speak, speak of peace,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.
Duck. A god on earth thou art. [Rises.
Boling. But for our trusty [brother-in-law, and the
With all the rest of that consorted crew, [abbot,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good music, help to ordre 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.
Duck. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Sir PIERCE OF EXTON, and a Servant.

Exton. Dilst 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.

Exton. "Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake
And 'twas together, did he not? [It twice,
Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he 'wisthly look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will frid his foe. [Exeunt.

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:
For, though the king of this world be not
And, here is no creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two begot
A generation of still-breding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In hurriers like the people of this world,
For no thought is countenanced. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are interniz'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a "small needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves.
Nor shall not be the like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refute their shame
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they had a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then, treason maketh me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then, am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unkind'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But what'ye, I am,
Nor I, nor any man, but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being in the world's music and air? [Music.
Ha, ha! keep time,—How sou 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 dainties 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 sigils they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,
Where to my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, 'tis too late, 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 postng on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand foiling here, his 'Jack o' the clock.'
This music mads me: let it sound no more,
For though it hath hoope 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 greats 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! [friend,
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
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 chapping 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,
Was born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gaull'd and tir'd by Jaunching Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Keep. My lord, wilt please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
[Thee! K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Strikes the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.
Go thou and fill another room to hush
[He kills another: Exton strikes him down.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That stagger's thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
[land.
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Exton. As full of valor, as of royal blood:
Both have I split: 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.
[Execut 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 Glastonbury;
But whether they be ta'en, 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 press:
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 Bourne, and Sir Benedict 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 clogs of conscience, and sour melancholy, [ster,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
The king's doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. A 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; no
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife;
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honor 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 bither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
[wright
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

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 labor,
But neither my good word, nor princely favor:
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 shall 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 bier.
[Execut.

* Enjoy.—Immediately.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT III.—Scene 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
Henry, Prince of Wales.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland:
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Michael, a friend of the Archbishop of York.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland:
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.


Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds 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; these 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 oppos'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 these 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

\*Strands; shores. \*“Entrance,” i.e., surface.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What ye stern night our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear enterprise.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But ye stern night; when, all at once, there came
A post from Wales laden 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 dear corpse there was such misuse,
Such beauty, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of. [broil

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this
Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord;

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
For more uneaven and unumevento news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood's 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 their much of 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
Beside that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And his smooth't face 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 earl of Fife, and eldest son;
To beaten Douglass, and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and 1 the bold Menteith;
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? Is't cousin, is it not?

West. Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast

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 honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had chang'd
In credulous clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. [coz,
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you,
Of this young Percy'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 earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is War-
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
[cozeter,
Which makes him 1 prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him 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 danger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

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
gotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst
true know. What a devil hast thou to do with the
time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack,
and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of
bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and
the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-
color'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st
be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me, now, Hal; for
we both talk yesternight; go by the moon and the
seven stars, and not by Pharus,—be, "that wandering
knight so fair." And, I pr'ythee, sweet wagg, 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. Then, the last then?—e'en roundly, roundly.

Fal. Merry, then, sweet wagg, 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 Di-
anna's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, misions 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 counte-

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too;
for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, deth
cobb 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
absolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with
drinking,—lay by; and spent with crying,—spring
in; now, in as low an ebb as the best of the lad-
der, 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. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of
dughter?—Yea?

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 box have I to do with my
hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning
many a time and oft.

1""Then out of anger can be uttered," i. e., more than anger
will suffer me now to say.—That is, "Let not us, who
adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day."—"Lay
by," i. e., be still.—"Bring in," i. e., bring in more wine.——
"The 14th" i. e., 14th of Oct. as cocklin, was worn by sher-
iffs' officers: it was called a "robe of durance," in respect to
its durability.
SCENE II.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

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, 1 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 faddled, as thou wilt the rusty cuch of old father antic, 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 brave 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 humor, 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 hangman hath no lean wardrobe. "Sblood, I am as melancholy a gib betch as a darning woman.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.
Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a 'hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou has the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalst, sweet young prince. 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 in the street 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, an 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 pursu-tomorrow, Jack?
Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one: I do but call Hal, villain, and blaffe me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of thee in: from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins:—Now shall we know if Godshall have set a match,—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a 'true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of promises; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for conversing the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Godshall. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I haveHvisoers for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Godshall 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, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chaps?
Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. 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 abuses of the time want countenance. Fairwell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell thou latter spring! Farewell, 1 All-hallowen summer! [Exit Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honest lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Godshall, shall rob those men that we have already way-hid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the hoary, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, where-in 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.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll

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1 Marks—"Ten shillings" was the value of a coin called a royal or red—"Fine weather at All-hallowen tide. (i.e., All-Saints, Nov. 1) is called an "All-hallowen summer."
tie them in the wood: our visors we will change,
After we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of
backram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward
garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard
for us.

Pois. 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,
that it comprehends lies that this same fat rogue
will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at
least he fought with: what warts, what blows, what
extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this
lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all
thing necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in
Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Pois. Farewell, my lord. [Exit Pois.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contingent clouds
to smoother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Beard tainted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors, 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 behavior I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how 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.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERL YT, WORCESTER,
HOTSPUR, Sir Walter Blunt, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and tem-
Unapt to stir at these indignities, [privately,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You treads 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 help to make so portly.

North. My good lord,— [do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant 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. [To North.

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 misprision
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 bridgemoor; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-hand at harvest-home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in 'sniff;'—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers more dead bodies lay,
He call'd them untruth'd knives, unmanfully,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so prate'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd negligently, 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 tell'd me the sovereign lying on earth
Was parcell'd for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre 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 mad, unjusted boy, that of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, 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,
Whate'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, i.e., 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, dam'd Glenover,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that carl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home!  
Shall we buy 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,  
Whom I once shall ask 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 sedgy bank,  
In noble crosstake, 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  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
[drink,  
Who then, so affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crest head in the hollow bank  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Color her working with such deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then, let him be not shudder'd with revolt.  
[him:  
K. Hen.  
Thou dost belibe him, Percy, thou dost belibe  
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. Gentleman of Shrewsbury,  
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,  
As well I make a hazard of my head.  
[Offers to go.  
North.  
What! drunk with chol'ry? stay, and pause  
Here comes your uncle.  

Re-enter Worcester.  

Hot.  
Speak of Mortimer!  
'Rounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, 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 unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.  

North.  
Brother, [To Worcester] the king hath  
made your nephew mad.  

Wor.  
Who struck this heat up after I was gone?  
Hot.  
He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd 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.  
Wor.  
I cannot blame him.  Was he not prochain'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.  

Wor.  
And for whose death, we in the world's wide  
Live scandaliz'd, and feoully spoken of.  

Hot.  
But, soft! 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's subornation, to be crown'd,  
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 further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and blushed off,  
By him, for whom these shameys ye underwent?  
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your tarnish'd honors, 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 speedy payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,—  

Wor.  
Peace, cousin! say no more.  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontent  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
As do to o'er-walk a current, rooting lead,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a snaive.  
Hot.  
If he fall in, good night!--or sink or swim,  
Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honor 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.  

Hot.  
By heaven, methinks, it was an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honor 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 honor by the locks,  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corvial all her dignities,  
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!  
Wor.  
He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.—  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.  

Hot.  
I cry you mercy.  

Wor.  
Those same noble Scots,  
That are your prisoners,—  

Hot.  
I'll keep them all.  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Indent," i. e., sign an indenture or compact.—*"Con- 
founded," i. e., lost.—*"Changeling hardiment," i. e., in 
mutual bravery; in reciprocals acts of valor.—*Curled.
You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisonners you shall keep.

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 starving shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Hear you, cousin, a word.

All studys here I solely a 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.

Fear well, cousin, I'll talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wisp and stagnant impotent foul
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scour'd with rods,
Netted, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?
A plague upon it—is it in Gloucestershire?
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smilies, this Bolingbroke, [purg.
Shold! when you, and he came back from Ravens-
North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why, what a candid dealt of courtesy
This favouring greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—"when his infant fortune came to age,"
And,—"gente Harry Percy," and,—"kind cousin,
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done,
Nay, If you have not, to 't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, 't faith.

Then once more to your Scottish prisonners.
Deliver them up without their ranson 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 Northumberland.

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 aboof, thou still let's 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 marr'd.

Wor. And 'tis 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 so ere long 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 Douglas, 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,
Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and bowls, and groans applaud our sport.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't not be four by the day,
I'll be hanged: Charles's wain is over the new chimney,
And yet our horse not packed. What, ostler! Out. [Within.] Anon, anon.

Car. 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 'css.

Enter another Carrier.

Car. Pans and beans are as dank here as a dog,
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bota; this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! I the 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 fles: I am sung like a tetch.

1 Car. Like a tetch? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a louch.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two inches of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never a eye in thy head? I must not hear! An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged;—last no faith in thee?

Enter Gadsby.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock? 1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Footnotes:
1 A bow, 2 i. e. a body of forces. 3 Charles' wain is the constellation of the Great Bear. 4 Cut is the name of a horse. 5 Measure. 6 Moist. 7 The louch is a small fish supposed to breed fleas. — 8 "Raze," from the Spanish raiz, signifies a root: hence the term raw-ginger, or root-ginger.
SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.
1 Cor. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, faith.
Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.
2 Cor. Ay, when I canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.
Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?
2 Cor. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.
[Ecuest Carriers.]
Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!
Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth a pick-purse.
Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from laboring: thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: 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 away presently.
Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.
Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.
Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if thou dost talk of men of truth; or, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starving. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, 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, mustachio-plumed, mal-m Warner and barber's sons: but with nobility and 1-singularity; burgomasters, and great 2-ones—yes, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink 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, when they ride up and down on her, and make her their float.
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, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.
Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholdling 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.

* * * * *

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poin: Bardolph and Petro, at some distance.

Poin. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gutted velvet. P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Where's your Poin? Hal.
P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.
[Pretexts to seek Poin.
Fal. I am assured 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 further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape 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 medicines.
Poin!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Petro!—I'll rob a foot further! I'd not be so 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 strike.] Whew!—A plague upon you all!—and in my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou causest hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down! 'Shood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to celt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be taken, I'll peach for this. As I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poin. O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poin and I will walk lower: if

* A proverbial phrase, frequently used in old plays. — A "franklin," I e., a freethinker; a yeoman. — "Clerks of Saint Nicholas," or old Nick, was a cant term for thieves. — A Footland-raker," I e., footpad. — Thieves. — A raddle upon boots and boots. — "Liquored," I e., gorged, stuffing to boots. — Fern-seed was supposed to have the power of rendering persons invisible. — Ushin; profit. — "To cult," I e., to trick; to foil. — An allusion to love-potions. — A vulgar phrase, often used in old plays. — A vulgar phrase, often used in old plays.
they ’scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gadz. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poons. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, [Aside to Poons.] where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,
say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we’ll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!”

1 Trav. Jesus bless us!

Thieves. Strike; down with them; cut the villains’ throats. Ah, whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knives. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs? I would, your store were here. Oh, bacons, oh! 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 two true men. Now 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. And 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.]

[Horace.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to 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 lards the lean earth as he walks along; Won’t not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roars!”

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.

—which to 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: ‘tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord Fred, one of this kind of danger, we’ll pack this flower, safer. “The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;” the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.’—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly kind, and you lie. What a lackbrain 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 heart and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish’d woman from my Harry’s bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is’t that takes from thee Thy stomack, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit’st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks, And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey’d musings, and curs’d melancholy? In thy faint slumber’s by thee have watch’d, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, “Courage!—to the field!” And thou hast Of sallies, &c. retirals; of tents, tents, talk’d Of palisadoes, &c. frontiers, parapets; Of badlakes, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners’ ransom, and of soldiers shain, And all the’ occurrences of a heady fight. Thy spirit with thee hath been so at war, And this hath so bestirr’d thee in thy sleep, That heads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles on a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear’d, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden ight. O! what portents are Some serious business hath my lord in hand, [these? And I must know, else be he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago. [sherrif]

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
Scene IV.

First Part of King Henry IV.

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What horse! a roan, a crop-ear, is it not? Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan shall be my horse. Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance*! Bill Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Serv. To *esperance*! the motto of the Percy family. — *To line,* I. 6, to strong-lengen. — Puppets. — Puppets; dolls.

Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me) and when Christian king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarce; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off. — To conclude, I am so good a prudent in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost each honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, chipped even now into my hand by an under-skinner; one that never spake other English in his life, than,—"Eight shillings and sixpence," and,—"You are welcome!" with this shrill addition,—"Anon, anon, sir! Scree 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 pannier 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'll show thee a precedent.

Pois. Francis!
P. Hen. Thou art perfect.
Pois. Francis! [Exit Poins.]

Enter Francis.

Pois. [Within.] Francis! Fran. Anon, anon, sir.
P. Hen. Five years! by't thy lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, 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.
Pois. [Within.] Francis! Fran. Fran. Anon, anon, sir.
P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis? Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—
Pois. [Within.] Francis! Pois. Anon, sir,—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.
P. Hen. Nay, but look you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—I was a pennyworth, was't not?

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.
Pois. [Within.] Francis! Fran. Anon, anon. P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?
P. Hen. Will thou rob this beather-jerkin, crystal-button, *knot-pated,* agate-ring, *puck-stocking,* eardis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do ye mean?

*a "A Corinthian," I. e., a debauchee.—** "Breathe in your watering." I. e., take breath when you are drinking.—*Pupper,—* The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by these contemptuous epithets.—*"Knot-pated," I. e., shorn-pated; cropped.—*"Puck-stockings" were dark-colored stockings. —*Caddis was a kind of forest or warped lace.
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.

Fra. What, sir? Poius. [Within.] Francis! P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou hear them call me?

[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.] Poius!

Re-enter Poius.

Poius. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. Nay, every a trifle, my lad. 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 humors, that have show'd themselves humors, 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?

Fra. 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 Hotspur 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 life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," say she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give me my house a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle,"—I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brown shall play dame Mortimer's husband's wife, Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poius. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a venality too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll swear neither-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extinct? [He drinks.]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titian kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titian, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's 4d wine in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous men: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if mankind, good mankind, 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 any thing. 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 Poins there?

Poius. Zounds! ye fat paunch, an 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 drink to-day.

Fal. By Jove, O Villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drink'st 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 taken a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, 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 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler knocked like a hand-saw! cce signum. [Draining it.] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bard. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bard. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebew Jew.

Bard. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What! fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,

P. Hen. What four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poius. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly
trust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven! why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poi.n.s. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hills, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Theirawl points being broken,—

Poi.n.s. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson, obscene, greasy sallow-kneeh, What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us thy reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poi.n.s. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What upon compulsion? No; were I at the #strappedo, 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, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-pressure, this horse-back-breaker, this hungry bill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elfskin, you dried neats-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-tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poi.n.s. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four 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, and, with a word, out-face'd 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 nimly, with as quick dexterity, and retired for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-call. 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, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poi.n.s. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

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 upon the true prince? Why, thou knaveest, 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 Jesus! My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would 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. Prythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit. ]

P. Hen. Now, sir; by thy lady, thou saidst fair;—so didst thou, Peto;—so didst thou, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no;—fie!

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 beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before: I began to take his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the tmaner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran' st away: what instinct hast 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 portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold 3 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 tbonwest! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine 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-sing: a plague

*Poi.n.s were tagged laces for fastening the garments, as well as the sharp ends of weapons. —Kendal green took its name from Kendal, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture.—A keek is a round lump of fat.

Falstaff's device was a dreadfull punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals.

*The noble and royal were two coins, the former valued at 6s. 8d., the latter at 10s. —'With the manner,' i.e., in the fact. —The fire in Bardolph's face. —That is, drunkenness and poverty. —Bombast is cotton for stuffings.
of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

There's villainy in the news abroad: here was a
John Ravy 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
Amnon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold,

and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of
a Welsh hook.—what, a plague, call you him!—

Petr. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, of the same; and his son-in-

law, Owen; and old Northumberland; and that
spightly 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 it hit.

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 cuckold! but, afoot, he will

not budgel a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too,

and one Moulake, and a thousand blue-caps more.

Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy
father's heard is turned white with the news: you
may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot

June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy
mainland heads 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, could 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, faith: I lack some of thy
instruct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly child to-morrow,
when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me,

practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and exam-

ine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I content.—This chair shall be my 4

stage, 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, an 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 Cambyse's vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, Jesu! This is excellent sport, faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for tricking tears are

vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my Stuart
queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

P. Hen. O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these
harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, goodTickle-

brain!—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou
spendest thy time, but also how thou art accom-
pained: for though the camomile, the more it is
trodden on, the faster it grows, 1 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 chieflly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish langing of thy neither lip, that doth warn me.
If, then, thou be son to my body, here lies the
point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at!

Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a rascal,

and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked.

Shall the sun of England prove a thief, and take

purse? 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, I

see virtue in his books. If then the tree may be

known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then perempto-

rily 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, both in word and matter, hang me

up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's

here.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Host. From noble Lords, from England.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are griev-

ous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll

tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy! hence-

forth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried

away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in

the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy
companion.

Why dost thou converse with that

2 hulk of humors, that bolting-butch of beastliness,

that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard

of sack, that stuffed clowk-bag of guts, that rosted

Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly, that

reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian,

that vanity in year.

Wherein is that hulk of sack, to
taste sack and drink it? wherein meat and cleanly,

but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,
in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein

in villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but

in nothing?

1 Tickle-brain" was the name of a strong liquor.—2 A.

michet, i. e. a grunt-boy.—3 A rabbit-sucker, i. e. a

rascal person.—4 The bolting-butch is a ussel shrew that

separates flour from bran.—5 The bombard was a large

leathern vessel to hold beer.—At "Manningtree," in Essex,

on the occasion of fairs, a large ox was roasted whole.
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 knew.  

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, and, what he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, 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 Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, villain Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old 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.  

[Execut. 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 I am Calm! my lord, my lord!—  

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. 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? I never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.  

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 bawds;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.  

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.  

[Execut 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 answer there,  
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 these gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.  

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have rob'd these  
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.  

[men,  
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.  

[Execut, Sheriff and Carrier.  

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.  

Peto. Falstaff—hat asleep behind the arras, and snoting like a horse.  

P. Hen. Hark, 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, a sauce.  

4d. Item, sack, two gullions.  

5s. 8d. Item, anchoieves, 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 honorable. 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 morrow, Peto.  

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.  

[Execut.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.  

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.  

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.  

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will  
you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester.—A plague upon it! I have forgot my book.  

Glen. No, here it is.  

SIT. Cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you,  
His check looks pale, and with a rising sigh  
He wishes you in heaven.  

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen  
Glendower spoke of.  

Glen. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shall'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.  

Glen. 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.  

Tremble.  

Glen. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did  
Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens  
And not in fear of your nativity.  

[on fire,  
Dissolved nature oftentimes breaks forth  

* St. Paul's Cathedral. — a Beginning; commencement.  

Cressets were lights set upon beacons, and also upon poles,  
which were carried in processions.
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch’d and vex’d
By the imprisoning of unruly wind.
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old baldeme earth, and *tumbles down
Steeple’s, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandum earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The great van under the moon, and the herds
Were strangely chamorous * in the frighted fields.
These signs have mark’d me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp’d in with the sea
That chidst the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman’s son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And held me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I’ll to dinner. [mad.

Mort. Pence, cousin Percy! you will make him
Glend. I can call spirits from the vastly deep.
Hot. Why, there’s no man can do so for can:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. 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.
Or while thou live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come; no more of this unpardonable chat.
[head
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom’d Severn, Iave I sent him
b Roadless home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots and in foul weather too!
How *scap’d he agues, in the devil’s name?
Glend. Come, here’s the map: shall we divide
According to our three-fold order tn’en? [our right
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn, * hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assigned:—
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures * tripartition 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 neighboring gentlemen.
Glend. 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 alack,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
[Here, Hot. Methinks, my noble, north from Burton
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 damn’d up,
And here the *smag and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [doth.
Glend. Not wind! it shall; it must: you see, it
Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,
And runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
*Golden the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
[here
Hot. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
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.
Glend. I will not have it alter’d.

Hot. No, nor shall you not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. 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. I’ll mark, 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 turn’d,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
’Tis like the forc’d gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn’d.
Hot. I do not care.[friend;
I’ll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I’ll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. 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.
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the *moldwarp 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 moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimpie-skamble 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 devil’s names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, “Humph,” and
“well,” “go to,”
But mark’d him not a word. O! he’s as tedious

*Part.—Bending, windimg.—Corner.—Fine; spruce.
*Grotesque.—Carved or painted ornaments, e. g., the ornamental verse.—Claddhistick turned, &c. in a thud.—“The writer of the articles.—The moldwarp (German, nothharf) is the mole.
As a tied horse, a railing wife; 
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and a gourd-host in a windmill, far,
Than feed on ʌcates, 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 ʌconcealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines 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 humor: '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
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 dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, harshness, ʌopinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. [speed.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
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.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she,
And my aunt Shall follow in your ʌconduct speedily.

[perc.

Glend. Speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here.
A peevish self-willed harlotry, and one
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[She speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these ʌwelling ʌheavy
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame, [en,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[She speaks again.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation;
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learnt thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in summer's bower,
With ravishing ʌdivision, to her ʌinte.

[mad.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she e'en run

[She speaks again.

Mort. 0! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton ʌbrushes lay
you down,
And rest your gently head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-brows crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference ʌtwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed 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 ʌbook, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand tongues 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 humors.
Lies still ye tight, and hear the lady sing
In Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear, lady, my ʌbrach, bow in
Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's ʌfault.

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 nay, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart! You
Swear like ʌto a coffin-maker's wife.
Not ʌyours, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
As God shall mend me; and, as sure as day;
And giv'st such succent surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst farther than ʌFinsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such ʌprotest of pepper-ginger-bread,
To ʌvelvet-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 when ye will.

[Exit. ʌVisit.

Glend. Come ʌon, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: ʌwe'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,
[hand,
Must have some private conference; but be near
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing ʌservice 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 misreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires, [tempts,
Such poor, such bare, such low, such mean \\at-
Such base, such vile, and render'd such aspect
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 doubleless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devil'sd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear
By smiling b pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
For passion on my true submission. [Harry,
K. Hen. God forgive thou hast then is Percy 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 state and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had I still his loyal to possession,
And left me in remissless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor like-dilead.
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 Boling-
like?"
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 crown'd king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rush \\a(bivin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; \\discarded state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profus'd with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every hearseless vain \\comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets.
E'encond'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They suffer'd with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, wherever 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 sum-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather draw'd, and hung their eye's-bids down,
Sleep in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutt'd, 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-wearry of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now dost that I would not have it do,
Make blind sense 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 Ravenspurg;
And so, as I wish then is Percy let me wonder
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st; and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court thy at his browns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; thou shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have way'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garland all of blood,
And stain my favor in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, where'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-for Harry chance to meet.
For every honor sitting on his livin,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head

* Undertakings. — b Sympaths; parasites. — c "Loyal to possession," i.e., true to him that then had possession of the crown. d Furins are brushed down, or small left for the fire.
* Rival. — e "E'encond'd himself," i.e., gave himself up.
Scene III.

First Part of King Henry IV.

My shames redounded! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every story up.
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperate:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will try a hundred and one thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
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,
It promises he keep on every hand,
As ever offer'd fool play in a state.
K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him his son, lord 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 Glosstershire; 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 4 him fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Eastcheap. 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 likings; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I'll win thousands of brown deaths. Ah, 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.—Come, 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 poof—but's 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 many a man doth of a death's head, or a memento
morti: I never see thy face, but I think upon hellfire,
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 God's angel: but
thou art altogether given over, and well, 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
fatuus, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in
money! Of thou art a perpetual triumph, an ever-
lastening bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thou-
sand 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 saltwater 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 4 hen? have you in-
quired 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
by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the title
of a haire 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'll I? 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 quarrell to beguile me
of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlass, filthy dowlass: 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
shilling 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 should he? Do you not know him?
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 seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty
mark.

Host. O Jesus! I have heard the prince tell him,
I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a 6 Jack, a sneak-cup;
'sBlood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like
a dog, if he would say so.

Bonds.—Part.—Intelligence.4— Feeds him fat. i. e., feeds himself fat.—The 8 apple-John is a species of apple
that will keep two years.—Liking," i. e., condition; plight of
body.
Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching. Falstaff meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door? Is faith! must we all march?

P. Hen. Nay, 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, I hear me.

Fal. Prythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest 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. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

Host. 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 you else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn a fox; and for womanhood, maid b 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 should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a knave to any other.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?


Fal. 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 c 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 cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Ye; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: darst 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, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

a A "drawn fox" is a "hunted fox", or one drawn from his cover. b "Maid Marian" was a man dressed like a woman; a character in the ancient Morris-dance. c Owed.
Such a 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 b'fear.  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.  
Nay, task me to your word; approve me, lord.  
Doug. Thou art the king of honor:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will 'be hear'd.

Hot.  

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.  

What letters hast thou there!—I can but thank you.  
Mess. The three letters come from your father.  
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?  
Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.  
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,  
In such a justling time? Who leads his h'power?  
Under whose government come they along?  
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.  
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?  
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.  
Wor. I would the state of time had first been,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.  
[Infect

Hot. Sick now! drop on now! this sickness doth  
The very life-blood of our enterprise:  
'Tis catching hither, even to our smell.  
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 c'remove'd, but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly c'possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?  
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maum to us.  
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limh 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 c'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 c'list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.  

Doug.  

'Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reveracion:  
We know 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 mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.  
Wor. But, yet, I would your father had been here.  
The quality and c'hair 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 proceeds, kept the earl from hence.

---

And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful fiction  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the c'offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.  
This absence of your father's c'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'ertake it toppy-tarry 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 term of fear.  

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! 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 further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards c'indenteth 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 c'dazzled the world aside,  
And bid it pass?  
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plumed like c'eagles, that wing the wind,  
Bated, 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 c'cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vanqu't with such case into his seat,  
As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And c'witch the world with noble horsemanship.  
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,  
This praise too nourish aug'ne. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-cy'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 c'reprisal is so ugh,  
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thundershutt,  
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 core,—  
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.

---

A "The Douglas" is an expression applied by way of pre-  
eminence, to the head of the Douglas family.—Bedain.  
B "Beard him," i. e. oppose him face to face.—Forces.  
C "Removed," i. e. whose interest is remote. —Feainting:  
flaunting.—Informed.—A "main" is a head at the time.—Limit.  
D "Whereas,—1 Retirement," i. e. a support to which we  
may retire or fall back.—Complexion ; character.  
E "The offering side," i. e. the side that offers battle; the  
assailing side.—B "Draws," i. e. draws back.—Throw.  
F "Ostriches," Ready.—G "Cuisses," i. e. armor for the  
thighs.—Bewitch.—Prize.
of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy thrust 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 skillful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, powder for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: touch, 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.

Fal. 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 Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.


Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dou. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.


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. You speak it out of fear, and a cold heart.

Ver. True, my lord, for no slander, Douglash by my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honor 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 our uncle Vernon's are not yet come up: Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is apace, Their courage with hard labor tame and dull, That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy, In general, journey-bated, 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.

"To toss," i.e., to toss upon a pike.—"Leading," i.e., experience in the conduct of armies.
Scene IV.

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
Ever your great deserving, 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 unbounded majesty.
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your 1's aye; a whereupon
You adjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Andacious 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 yourselves 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, 1 with my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unmindful 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 livery, 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
Perceiv'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, proffer'd him their oaths,
Given him their heirs, and what you'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps 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 lie 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 favorites, 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. In short time after he depos'd the king;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, sullev'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every officer were well plac'd,

* Fellowship ; fraternity. — Grievances.— 1 His livery.
1 a., the delivery of his lands.— 3 a. The more and less," i.e.,
the greater and the less," Taxed.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King’s Camp near Shrewsbury.


K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer Above yond* bursky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperate.

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 sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

[Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester! ’tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv’d our trust,
And made us b’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 unknit
This churlish knot of all-shoarred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal’d meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of breach’d mischief to the unborn times?

Vor. 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.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! I say, how comes
it then?

P. Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, *chewet, peace!

Vor. It pleads your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favor, 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 outrage
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 wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the gracious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo’d
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us’d so

As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo’s bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love dust not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforce’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 true deeds,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate,
Proclaim’d at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color, that may please the eye
Of sickle changelings, and poor discontentments,
And, which go, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of humbly innovation:

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impart his cause;
Nor moody heggars, starving for a time
Of pelmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this enterprize,
If once they join in it well. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprize 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 grapple with this latter new with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a tavern 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 mislead upon your cousin’s part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both him and they, and our love, then, shall
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.


P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms. [Charge.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
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 bring me down in the battle, and
bestride me, so; ’tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus 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

* Woody.—b Put off.—c Jackdaw.

4 "Stand opposed," i. e., stand in opposition to you.—
5 "Set off his head," i. e., taken from his account.
him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in such subtle things. What is honor? A word. What is in that word, honor? What is 'tis honor? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died 'O Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Destruction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: honor is a mere 4 scutchcomb, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, sir Rich.—The liberal kind offer of the king. [ard, Ver. Twice we best, he did. 

Wor. Then are we all undone. It is not possible, it cannot be, The king should keep his word in loving us; He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults: Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes; For treason is but trusted like the fox, Who, never so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up, Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. Look how we can, or sad or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our looks; And we shall feed like oxen at a stall, The better cherish'd, still the nearer death. My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood; And an adopted name of privilege, A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen. All his offences live upon my head, And on his father's: we did train him on; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all. Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know In any case the offer of the king. Ver. Deliver what you will, I say, 'tis so. Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas; Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up My lord of Worcester.—Uncle, what news? Wor. The king will bid you battle presently. Doug. Defy him by the lord of Worcester. Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king. Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid! Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus: By now forsaking that he is forsworn: He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us. [Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentle men! to arms! for I have A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth, [thrown And Worcester, that was engag'd, did hear it, Which cannot choose but quickly bring him on. Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king.

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight. Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads; And that no man might draw short breath to-day, But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, How should he's 5 tasking? seem'd it in contempt? Ver. No, by my soul! I never in my life Did hear a man profess so much modesty, Unless a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise and proof of arms. He gave you all the duties of a man, Trim'md up your praises with a princes tongue, Spoke your deserving as a chronicle, Making you ever better than his praise, By still dispraising praise, valued with you; And, which became him like a prince indeed, He made a blushing 6 cital of himself; And child his truant youth with such a grace, As if he master'd 7 then a double spirit, Of teaching, and of learning, instantly. There did he pause: but let me tell the world, If he outlive the envy of this day, England did never lose so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness. Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored Upon his follies: never did I hear Of any prince so wild o' 8 liberty. But be he as he will, yet one ere night I will embrace him with a soldier's arm, That he shall shrink under my courtesy.— Arm, arm, with such speed!—And, follow, soldiers, Better consider what you have to do, [friends, 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 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 space.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale, For I profess not talking. Only this— 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.


Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus Thou cross'st me? what honor dost thou seek Upon my head?

4 "Tasking," i. e., reproof. — "Cital," i. e., mention.
5 "Master'd," i. e., was master of. — "Own," i. e., so wild o' liberty, i. e., so wild and licentious. — "Esperance!" was the motto of the Percy family.
Dogn. Know, thou, my name is Douglas; And I do haunt thee in the battle thus, Because some tell me that thou art a king.  
Blunt. They toll thee true.  
Dogn. The lord of Stafford dear to-day has bought Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry, This sword hath ended him: so shalt it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.  
Blunt. I was not born a yeilder, thou proud Scot; And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.  

They fight, and Blunt is slain. 

Enter Hotspur.  
Hot. O Douglas! haste thou fought at Holmedon I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.  
Dogn. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies 
Hot. Where?  
[the king.  
Dogn. Here.  
Hot. This, Douglas! no: I know this face full 
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt, [well:  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself;  
Dogn. A fool go with thy soul, 'where'er it goes!  
A borrowed' title hast thou bought too dear:  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?  
Hot. The king hath many making in his costs.  
Dogn. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his costs;  
I'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 scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:  
—there's honor for you; here's no vanity.—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three 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 hoods of vanquiting 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 Percy be alive, thou'rt 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 sack a city.  
[P. Hen. What! is't a time to jest and daily now?  
[Throws it at him, and exit.  
Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in my way, I'll kill, let him make me carbado of me. If I like not such a winning honor as Sir Walter hath, give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end.  

*Seemingly. — "No vanity," is used ironically, to denote the excess of the quality.— "Turk Gregory" is Pope Gregory the Seventh, surnamed Hildebrand.—A carbado is a piece of meat scored for the gridiron.  

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.  

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince Henry, Prince John, and Westmoreland.  
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou'st break't so 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, 
Lead 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: 
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive 
The prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd no nobility 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 Johns and Westmoreland.  
P. Hen. By God thou hast deceived 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 ungrawn warrior.  
P. Hen. No! Of this boy. 
Lends mottle to us all.  
[Exeunt.  

Alarums. Enter Douglas.  
Douglas. Another king! they grow like Hydra's 
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those [heads. 
That wear those colors on them:—what art thou, That counterfeitst the person of a king?  
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves 
So many of his shadows thou hast met, [at heart, And not the very king. I have two boys 
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field: But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee; and defend thyself.  
Douglas. I fear thou art another counterfeit, And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king: But mine I am sure thou art, whose thou be, And thus I win thee.  

They fight: the King being in danger, enter P. Harry.  
P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art Never to hold it up again! the spirits [like 
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms: 
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who never promised, but he means to pay. 

They fight: Douglas flies. 
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gaysway hath furrow sent, And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.  
K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while. 
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;  
And show'd wilt make'st some tender of my life, 
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.  
P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury, That ever said I herculest for your death. 
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you; 
Which would have been as speedy in your end, As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labor of your son.  
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Nicholas Gaysway.  
[Exit King Henry  

*Reputation.
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 house of York 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 honors on thy crest I'll crop, to make a garland for my head. HOT. I 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. Enter Douglas : he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, andexit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls. HOT. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth. I better brook the loss of brittle life, Than those proud titles thou hast won of me: They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:— But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool; And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy But that the early and cold hand of death Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust, And food for—[Dies.

P. HEN. For worms, have Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!— Ill-won'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now, two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough;—this earth that bears thee dead, Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal:— But let my favours hide thy mangled face, And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing these fair rites of tenderness, Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven: Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, But not remember'd in thy epitaph.—

[Seeing Falstaff on the ground.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh Keep in a little life! Poor Jack, farewell: I could have better spair'd a better man. O! I should have a heavy miss of thee, If I were much in love with vanity. Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day, Though many derrer, in this bloody fray. [Embellow'd will I see thee by and by; Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit. Fal. [Rising.] Embellow'd! if thou embowell me to-day, I'll give you leave to 4 powdere me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagan't Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion, in the which better part, I have sav'd my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in thy thigh come you along with me. [He takes Hotspur on his back.]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

P. HEN. Come, brother John; full bravely hast Thy maiden sword. [thou'ls'd P. John. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? P. HEN. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and On the ground.—[bleeding Art thou alive? or is it phantasy That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, 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 u 'Jack. There is Percy: [Throwing down the body.] if your father will do me any honor, 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 forgiven, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the tithe: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'ounds! I would make him cut a piece of my sword. P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard. [John.— P. HEN. This is the strangest fellow, brother 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 trumpet 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, Pardou, and terms of love to all of you? And would'st thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, * * * A Jack," i.e., a paltry fellow.\footnote{\textsuperscript{1}}
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  
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.  
K. Hen. With all my heart.  
P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honorable bounty shall belong.  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
His valor, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.  

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall put in act without delay.  
P. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,  
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.  

Exeunt.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Act III.—Scene 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales;
Prince John of Lancaster;
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester;
Earl of Warwick;
Earl of Westmoreland; Of the King's party.
Gower; Harcourt; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
Lord Hastings;
Lord Mowbray;
Sir John Coleville.

Travers and Morton, Retainers of Northumberland.
Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and a Page.
Poins and Peto.
Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.
David, Servant to Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bulk,Recruits.
Fang and Snare, Sheriff's Officers.
Rumor, the Presenter.
A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.
Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.
Hostess Quickly. Doll Tear-Sheet.

Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

INDUCTION.

Workworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of Tongues.

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 musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swolen 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 anatomize
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

*The stops are the holes in a flute or pipe.
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his unpointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ⁴ 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 Rumor's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same. ¹

Enter Lord Bardolph. ²

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!—Where is the earl?

Ward. Who 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:
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer. ⁴[Exit Warder.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.
North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute
Should be the father of some ⁵ stratagem. [bow
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, I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will! ²
Bard. 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
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. Of such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
 Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cesar's fortunes.
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bard. I spoke with one, my lord, that came from
A gentleman well-bred, and of good name, [thence;
That freely render'd me these news for true. [sent
North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I
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 happily may retell 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 ⁶ forespent 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 hath 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 panting 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.

Say he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill-luck!

Bard. Who, he?
He was some ⁷ hiding 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 title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the ⁸ strong, wherein th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness! an inexpressible
Sight. Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. 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 trembling— and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so fair, so spirited,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-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 thus
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.
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord, your son—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion 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 thon thy ear his divinity lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be lay'd 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 confusion in thine eye:
Thou shrink'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak ⁹ 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 bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

¹ A silken pallus is a bagged lacing.— ² Hadding. ³ e., base; low.— ⁴ Reach— ⁵ A witness'd usurpation, l. c., an attestation of its ravages.

² That is, Northumberland's castle.— ³ Some stratagem,— i. e., some important or decisive event.— ⁴ Exhausted.
Scene II. Second Part of King Henry IV.

Remember'd knocking a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. 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 sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being 'bruitied once, took fire and heat away
From hence, till rest, tempest! courager of his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in he alabed, 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,
Lead to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of Honour. 'Twas too dire for him 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 mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having enclouded me with darkness more
To make me sick, being in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'nd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, 'buckle 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 en'gd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou 'nosc
A sharp comment, with joints of steel.
Crutch! Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The rag'dst hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' en'gr'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
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [lord.

Thou. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
Bard. Sweet car, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord, [said,
And sum'd the account of chance, before you let us make head. It was your presump'ture,
That in the 4th of blows your son might drop:

manned with an agate till now: but I will in-set
you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel,
and send you back again to your master, for a jew-
el; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose
chin is not yet fleged. I will sooner have a beard
grew 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 amis 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 batchelor.
He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumble-
ton about the satin for my short cloak, and my
shoes?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him bet-
ter 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 whoreson Achitophel; a
rascal yea-foolish knife, to bear a gentleman in
hand, and then stand upon security.—The whores-
on smiths do now wear nothing but high
shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and
a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,
then must they stand upon security. I had as lief
they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as 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 wife 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 wor-
ship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul’s, and he’ll buy me a
horse in Smithfield: an I could get a wife in
the stews, I were manned, horsed, and twined.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that com-
ted 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 rob-
bbery.

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good
service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now go-
ing with some charge to the lord John of Lan-
caster.


Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any
thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must
speak with him.

Atten. Sir John.

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging? Is
there not wars? is there not employment? Doth
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 rebel-

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say we 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 may give me such a truth as, 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 tak’st leave, thou wert
better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avant!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. 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 salut-

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
dearness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease,
for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Nay, 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 pa-
tient: your lordship may minister the potion of im-
prisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I
should be your patient to follow your prescriptions,
the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, in
indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were mat-
ers against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned con-
sel 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 slendier.

* An agate is used metaphorically for a very diminutive
person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings
and jewels—Youngster.—An agate is also a fish of the size
of a rich man begging for water to cool his tongue.—To "bear
in hand," is to keep in expectation by taking promise.—
"You have a handsome," i.e. in their debt, by taking up
goods on credit.—In St. Paul’s Church.—Alluding to the
old proverb: "Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St.
Paul’s for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet
with a whore, a knife, and a jade."
Scene III. Second Part of King Henry IV.

Ch. Just. You have mislaid the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mislaid me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall 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 wasp's candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did any of my wax, my growth would prove the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gray, gray, gray.

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 will look upon me without weigthing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell; virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valor is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertain to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. These are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our lives with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of your youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scowll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part 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 morning, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaining, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' 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 repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old saucy.

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 young prince hath severed you and prince Harry. I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea! I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look, you pray, all you that kiss my holy peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two strips 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 you and our armies join not in a hot day: for, 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 scoured 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 have crosses. Fare you well: commend me to your cousin Westmoreland.

Fal. I must upon this Excerpt Chief Justice and Attendant.

Ch. Just. What is? Do not you agree with Sir Walter in his opinion? A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and leechery; but the gout 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 lingers 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 gout! or, a gout of this 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 color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; 'Twill turn diseases to commodit.

[Exit.

Scene III.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

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?

Mowb. 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 musters grow upon the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns

With an incensed fire of injuries. [Thus—

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth

1 A wasp's candle was a large candle for a feast.—1 A quibble upon grasses, trials, and a coin called a cross.

1 A quibble upon grasses, trials, and a coin called a cross.

A "threescore beetle" was a large beetle with three bundles.

1 A "three-cornered" hanger was a large beetle with three bundles.

1 A "three-cornered" hanger was a large beetle with three bundles.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

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 4 yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord! ay! good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. 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 'fain 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. And I but sit him once; an he come but within my line.

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 escape. He comes continuously to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubber's head in Lumbert-street to-morrow. Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exon 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 lone woman to bear; and I have borne,

1 Multitude.—Dressed.—A ballad's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.—Thrust.—Grasp.—Act.
and borne, and borne; and have been tubbed off, and tubbed off, and tubbed 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 malseye-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare: do me, do me, do me my offices...

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 quen 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 rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fusslician! 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? [noise?] Doth this become your place, your time, and busi-You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on him?

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Easchcap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what suit?

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 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 vantge of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John?—Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of ex- clamation?—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. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a *wared-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou diest swear to me then, as I was wash- ing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Kech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? I coming ia 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, de- sire 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-cash: 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 confidant brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level con- sideration; 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 truth, 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 honorable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my hum- ble 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 answers in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.

Enter Gower.

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.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. 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 waterwork, 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 humors, there is not a better weath in England. Go, wash thy face, and *draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on 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!

* Homicidal.—Homicide.—Man-slayer.—Partly gilt.
"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.
[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Page.]
4 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?
Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march’d up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.
Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good master Gower.
Fal. My lord!
Ch. Just. What’s the matter?
Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?
Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.
Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?
Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?
Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right feeding grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.
Ch. Just. Now, the lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.
Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.
P. Hen. ‘Tis faith, it does me, though it discords the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Dost it not show visibly in me to desire small meat?
Poins. Wray, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.
P. Hen. Belike then, my appetit 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-color’d ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superlity, 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 upp thy holland: and God knows, whether those that brawl 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.
Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idle! 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, Poins?
Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.
P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.
Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.
P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should tell thee, for 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.
Poins. 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 obduracy 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.
Poins. The reason?
P. Hen. Why. This would’st thou think of me, if I should weep?
Poins. 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 accepts your most worshipful thought to think so?
Poins. Why, because you have been so lowd, and so much engrailed to Falstaff.
P. Hen. And to thee.
Poins. 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.
Bard. God save your grace.
P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.
Bard. Come, you virous ass, [To the Page.] you bashful 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 pottepot’s maidhead?
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?
Bard. Ay, thou whereon uppright rabbit, away! Page. Away, you rascally Althea’s dream, away!
P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?
Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she 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.
Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cutters!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.
Bard. And you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

* Bastard children, wrapt up in his old shirts.

* Outward show. —Odell; induces. — Brave; courageous.
—* A red lattice," i.e., an alehouse window.
SCENE III.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?
Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the *martelos, your master?
Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. 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 2ween to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There's some of the king's blood in you." "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 honorable Romans in brevity;”—he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded,—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repeat 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 familiars; 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 3but 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 4frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old 5church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What 6 pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish hellers 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. 2Giving 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 St. Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a pretence! a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Workworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter, give even way unto my rough affairs: [ter, Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more. Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn, And, but my going, nothing can redeem it. [wars! Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endued't to it than now; When your own Percy, when your own heart-dear Harry, Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honors lost, yours, and your son's: For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it! For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light, Did all the chivalry of England move To do brave acts, he was, indeed, the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. He had no legs, that practised not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant; That for those could speak loud, and tardily, Would crown their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight, In military rules, in humors of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book, [him! That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous O miracle of men!—him did you leave, (Second to none, unsounded by you) To look upon the hideous god of war In disadvantage; to abide a field, Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem defensible:—so you left him. Never, O, never, do his ghost the wrong, To hold your honor more precise and nice With others, than with him: let them alone. The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong: Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers, To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Mornmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart, Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me, With new lamenting ancient oversights. But I must go, and meet with danger there, Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

\(^{1}\text{Act.}\)
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

ACT II.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar’s Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

Dol. I make them? gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the disease, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. “Your brooches, pearls, and oewches”—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 chambers bravely:

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as putrefacit as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another’s confluences. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better studded in the hold.—Come, I’ll be friends with you: thou not going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody—cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Dol. Hang yourself, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Dol. Host! thou hear? it is nine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tiscick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbor Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then:—“Neighbor Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil; 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 swaggering companions.”—There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I’ll no swaggerers.

Fal. He’s no swaggerer, hostess: a tame cheat, faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—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 swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when he doth as a swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland.

Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,

Have of their puissance made a little taste. [king.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the

Thee, and you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son;

He was so suffer’d; so came I a widow,

And never shall have length of life enough,

To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

Fie, Doll: come to my noble host.

[my mind,

North. Come, come, go in with me. ’Tis with

As with the tide swell’d up unto its height,

That makes a still-standing, 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.

Dol. I make them? gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the disease, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy; our chains, and our jewels.

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a The plant rosemary, the symbol of "remembrance," is here alluded to.—The "apple-john" is an apple that will keep two years.—Sneak was a street ministril: a noise of musicians anciently signified a concert.—Old urs, i.e., merry doings.
SCENE IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Dol. So you do, hostess.  
Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.  

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.  

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.  

Fal. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wise, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy claps, an you play the salty cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket hilt stave 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 were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore'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 occupy, 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.  
Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her.  

Page. Pray, thee go down, good ancient.  

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebüs and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down with, dogs! down!  

Dol. Haven, dogs! down!  

Host. Have not Hiren here?  

Hostess. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late i' the faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.  

Pist. These be good humors, indeed!—Shall pack-horses, and hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with Caesars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.  

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. Go, my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good year! do you think I would dasy her? for God's sake, be quiet.  

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.  

Fal. Come we to full points here, and are et ceteras noth-

Pist. Fal. Sweet knight, I kiss thy zeal.—What! we have seen the seven stars.  

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.  
Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway's bags?  

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-grout 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 incision? shall we incise? [Sneezes up his sword.  

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!  

Host. Here's goody stuff toward!  

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.  

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.  

Fal. Give you down stairs.  

[Drawing.  

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these territs and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.  

[Exeunt BARDOLPH and Pistol.  

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone.  

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 swearest! Come, let me wipe thy face,—come on, you whoreson chaps.—Ah, rogue! i' 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 dar'st 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. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew bon-pirg, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and joining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven!  

*This line is parodied from an old play.—^That is, we shall stop here, and have no further entertainment.—*Pist.  

**Galloway's bags** i.e. common huckeys.—*Pitch throw.—*Pistol makes use of fragments of old ballads and old plays.—*Thrusting.
Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poius, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humor is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poius has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-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 bate 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 taxing the ear; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidiups.

P. Hen. Would not this nay of a horse wheel have his ears cut off?

Poius. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Fal. 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?

Poius. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not chasping to his master's old tables, his notes.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses. [heart.

Doll. Nay, truly: I kiss thee with most constant Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love c'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap toward. A merry song I come: it grows late: we'll to bed. Thou'll forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsomely till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. Poius, Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing. Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poius, 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 whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcoming [Puncting his hand upon Doll. Doll. How, you fat fool? I scorn you. Poius. My lord, he will drive you out of your

*The childish sport of see-saw was called "riding the wild mare."—Falstaff is called the "nave of a wheel" from his roundness.—"Trigon," L. tr. triangle; an old astrological term.—Cloak.
SCENE I. Second Part of King Henry IV. 391

Give me my sword, and clout.—Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.

Patt. Now comes in the sweetest morsel 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?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently: A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Patt. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undersever 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.

Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peased-time; but an honester, 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.

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 Warwic;

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 Art 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 keep me so long in th' unquiet state Of restlessness and fear? Why should not slept sleep, Upon uneasy palls 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 viles, In loathsome beds, and leavest 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 rufian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With drooping clamors in the slippery abroad, That with the hurly death itself awakes? Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-bow in an hour so rude; And in the calmest and most stilllest 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. [lords.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. Yes, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our king—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 restored, With good advice, and little medicine. My lord Northumberland will some be cool'd. [fate, K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of 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 was 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. 'Tis not ten years gone, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together, and in two years after Were these two wars: it is but eight years, since This Percy was the man nearest my soul; Who like a brother to'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,) I To Warwick.

When Richard, with his eye brimful 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:"— Then, though God knows, I had no such intent, But that necessity so bound the event, That I most greatly, were compelled 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 dissolv'd; The which observ'd, a man may prophesy, With a near aim, of the main change of things As yet not come to life, which in their seeds, And weak beginnings, lie intreasured. 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 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord: Rumor 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 this prize in very easily. To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd a certain instance that Glendower is dead. Your majesty hast 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, Feeble, 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 good Lord. And how doth my good cousin in Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, god-daughter Eliza?

Sil. Alas! a black cowel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William has become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the limes of court shortly. I was once of Clentam's: where, I think, they will take of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called my thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly 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 swing-backers in all the limes of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the d-bona-roras 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 Skugan'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, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stanford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Double, 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 forcandy 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?

a Cross.—"A black ouzel," i.e. a black-bird. —Rakoc. 
Wench.—"Boy."—Clapped in the clout at twelve score, "i.e. hit the white mark at twelve score yards.

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pound.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff'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 him 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.

Shal. 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 accommodo:—very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call it you? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to 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'll 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 Surry-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in communion 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? Shal. 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 limb 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, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use:—very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[To Shallow. ]—Mould, my heart is prick'd well enough before, as 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.

† Dress.
Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.
Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside; know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see. —Simon Shadow!

Ful. Yea marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?
Shal. Here, sir.

Shal. Shadow, whose son art thou?
Shal. My father's son, sir.

Ful. 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.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?
Ful. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the master-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!
Ful. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.
Ful. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. You, sir.

Ful. Thou art a very ragged warr. Shadow. Shall I prick him, sir John?
Ful. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. —Francis Fleeble!
Fec. Here, sir.
Ful. What trade art thou, Fleeble?
Fec. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Ful. 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 petticoat?

Fec. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no master-book.

Ful. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Fleeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnificent mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fec. I would Wart might have gone, sir.
Ful. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst 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 Fleeble.

Fec. It shall suffice, sir.

Ful. I am bound to thee, reverend Fleeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!
Ful. You, marry, let us see Bull-calf.
Bull. Here, sir.

Ful. 'T were God, a likely fellow.—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—Ful. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?
Bull. O lord! sir, I am a diseased man.
Ful. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whereson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Ful. 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?

Shal. 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.

Ful. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my truth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John! do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?
Ful. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?
Ful. Sir, she lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.
Ful. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bosa-roba. Dost she hold her own well?

Ful. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old: certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Night-work before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Ful. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, 'Hem, 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 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.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand 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.

Fec. By my truth, 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.
Fec. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Ful. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. —I have three pounds to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Ful. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Ful. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Fleeble, and Shallow.

Ful. 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.

* Coins of the value of ten shillings.
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 *semblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow. —Here's Wat's; —you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, —give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, —how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare man, and spare me the great ones. —Put me a calver into Wat's hand, Bardolph.

BARD. Hold, Hold; escape: thus, thus, thus.

FAL. Come, manage you my caliver. So: —very well: —go to: —very good: —exceeding good. —O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald 4 shot. —Well said, Faith, Wat: thou'rt a good scholar, thou'rt a tester for the caliver.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, 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 6 show, there was a little 9 quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: 'ah, tah, tah,' would he say: "bombe." 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 do a dozen mile to-night.

BARD. Pity that you give the soldiers costs.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affair, and send us peace. At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

FAL. 4 Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. 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 of lying! This same starred justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Tumniltown street; and every third word a lie, dier paid to the bearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forged radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions and his 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 rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the 6 over-scutched huivases that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear: they were his fincuses, or his 'good-nights.'

*Resemblance; similitude. — A caliver was a small, light musket, or hand-gun. — "Traverse," i. e. match. — "Shot," i. e. shot. — "Arthur's show" was an exhibition of archery. — "Quick; nimble. — "Tumult-town street, or Turnmillstreet, near Clerkenwell, was a famous resort of bullies, rogues, and other desperate characters. — Whipped. — Titles of little poems. And now is this Vice's 4 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 4 burst his head, for crowding among the martial men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own 9 name; for you might have thrust him, and all his apparel, into our eel-skin: the case of a troble houblow was a manison for him, a court; and now has he found and beaves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two 6 stones to me. If the young 20 dance be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but may snap at him. 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? [Grace.
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discover- To know the numbers of our enemies. [Crs forth,
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 receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus: — Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold 9 sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retird, to rige his growing fortunes, To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overlive the hazard, And fearful meeting of their opposite. [ground,
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news? Mess. 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. Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out. 1 Let's away on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here? Mowb. 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, 2 guarded with 2 rags, And countenanced by boys, and beggars; — The buffoon called Fie, in the old moralities, used a wooden dagger, similar to that of the modern Harlequin.— 1 Broke. — "Gaunt is thin, slender. — "A philosopher's two stones," i. e., twice as good as the philosopher's stone.— The dace and pike are both river fish, the latter noted for its voracity.— "Hold sortance," i. e., be suitable.— "Well-appointed," i. e., completely accoutred.— "Guarded," i. e., ornamented. —
I say, it damn'd commotion 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 honors. 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 white investments figure innocence,
That need and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate it?
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glove's, 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 diseas'd:
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed 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 judge, as an ender, and by diploma,
Troop in the thousands 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
[ suffer,
What wounds our arms may do, what wounds we are
Possess'd of grievances. griefs heavier than these we.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforce'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,
How much, in these ill-conceived times,
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 sabord'd to grumble on you,
That could seal this lawful part, only 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.
That reason, 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 honors?
West. O! my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
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 restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honor, had my father lost,
That needs the review of time, and review of me
But, what a Henry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through 4 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 b wander down,
His own life hung upon the staff he throw'd:
Then throw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by his account, and by his account,
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 knows, on whom fortune would then have smiled?
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 grace'd, indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere 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.
Mowb. But he hath fore'd us to compel this offer,
And it prove'd from policy, the best.
West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a b klen our army lies,
Upon mine honor, 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 armor all as strong, our cause the best:
Then, reason 'ill our hearts should be as good;
Say you not, then, our offer is compel'd?
[Hey.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no par-
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, in his father's stead?
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what condition we shall stand upon?
West. That is intend'd in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question. [schedule,
Arch. Then, take my lord of Westmoreland, this
For this contains our general grievances:

*T heir armed staves in charge," i.e., their lances fixed in the rest for the encounter.—2 S ights," i.e., spears.—
Truncheons.—"You overween," i.e., you overrate yourself.—"Within a ken," i.e., within sight.—"Reason will," i.e., it is reasonable.—Understood.
Each several article herein redress'd; 
All members of our cause, both here and hence, 
That are aspiring 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 show 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 your valuelion 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 chalk, 
And good from bad find no partition. 
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is wary 
Of dainty and such pick'ing 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 misdoeapts 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 strickling, holds his infant up, 
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm 
That was upres't 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. This very true: 
And therefore be assure'd, 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. Please your lordship, 
To meet his grace just distance 'twixt our armies? 
Mowbr. Your grace of York, in God's name then, 
set forward. 
Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we come. 

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\* Strengthened—^"Awful," i. e., lawful; under the due use of authority—^*Consist," i. e., rest—^Trivial—^"Our royal faiths," i. e., the faith due to a king—^"Piddling; insignificant—^Tablets; table-books. 

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SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest. 
Enter, from one side, MOVERAY, the Archbishop, 
HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince 
JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers 
and Attendants. 
P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousins, 
in 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 bell, 
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 favor, 
Would he abuse the countenance of the king, 
Alack! what mischief might he set abroad, [top, 
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop, 
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken, 
How every soul were within the bonds 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 favorite dowl his prince's name, 
In deeds dishonorable? You have taken up, 
Under the counterfeited seal of God, 
The subjects of his substitute, my father: 
And, both against the peace of heaven and him, 
Have here upswarm'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 
The parcels and particulars of our griefs; [court, 
The which have been with scorn shov'd from the 
Whereon this Hydra-som of war was wov'n: 
Whose furious ey's may well be charm'd asleep, 
With grant of our most just and right desires, 
And true obedience, of this madness cure'd, 
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty. 
Mowbr. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes 
To the last man. 
Hast. And though we here fell down, 
We have supplies to second our attempt; 
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them; 
And so much success of mischief shall be born, 
And heir from heir hold this quarrel up, 
Whiles England shall have generation. [shallow, 
P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too 
To sound the bottom of the after-times. [rectly, 
West. Pleadeth your grace, to answer them dis, 
How farthforth you do like their articles. 
P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well: 
And swear, here, by the honor 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 graces shall be with speed redress'd; 
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 

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\* An iron man," i. e., clad in armor.—\* Dull workings, i. e., labors of thought.—\* Taken up," i. e., raised up in arms.—\* In common sense, i. e., in the sense of general danger.—\* Succession. Approve.
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 restored love, and unity. [ses.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redress-
P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [the army
Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer.] and deliver to
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part,
I know, it will well please them: hie thee, captain.
[Exit Officer.
Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
1 Drinks.
West. I pledge your grace: [2 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.
2 Drinks.
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 foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sor-
row
Serves to say thus,—some good thing 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
March 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
Will not go off until they hear thee speak.
[stand,
P. John. They know their duties.
Re-enter Hastings.
Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyked, they take their courses
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.
West. Is this proceeding just and honorable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
P. John. I pown'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor,
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 strays;
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 Cole-
ville, 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 date.
Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight
is your degree, and your place, the date: Coleville
shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and
the dungeon your 5-dale,—a dale deep enough; so
shall you be still Coleville of the date.
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 obedience 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 helfy
of any indifferency, I were simply the most active
fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb
undoes me.—Here comes our general.
Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmore-
land, and others.
P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now.—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[Exit West.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When everything 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 valor. 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
lither with the very extremest inch of possibility:
I have fondered nine-score and odd posts; and here,
travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and imma-
culate valor, taken sir John Coleville of the date, a
most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what
of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly
say with the hook-nosed fellow of b Rome, I came,
saw, and overcame.
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 hooked with the
rest of this day's deserts; 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 girt two-pences to me, and L, in the clear sky
of fame, o'ershrine you as much as the full moon
doth the cinders of the sole element, which show like

Footnote:—Julius Cæsar.—"The cinders of the ele-
ment," a ludicrous term for the stars.
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, mummied, husbanded, and filled, with excellent endeavor 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 forswear 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 Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, require: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exeunt.

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 To this debate that bleddeth at our doors, [end 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 substities 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.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphavy, my son of Gloucester, Where is the prince your brother?

[Exit Humphrey.

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Gloucester, thou hast not met 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 Of meditiation, 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 flint, As 'humorous as winter, and as sudden As flame before a wall, when the spring of the day. His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd; Chide him for faults, and do it reverently When you perceive his blood inflin'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 a cement, 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? can’st thou tell that?

Cla. With Pages, 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’ unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when 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!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
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 on, and learn’d; which once attain’d,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which few come but the memory of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. ’Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her
In the dead carrion. [Enter Westmoreland.] Who’s here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, thy son, dost kiss thy grace’s hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hasting, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel’s sword unsheath’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.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the launch 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 fullest 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 enjoy 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.

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.
And he will do that in his mirth he’s pleased to do.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th’ incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, 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 lustily births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Hath found some months asleep, and leap’d them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow’d, no ebb between
And the old folk, time’s doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick’d and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certainly, 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 favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me this paper between my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hallow, and be 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
How doth the king?

War. [abroad.]

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.

War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince,
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Cla. 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.

[Exit all but Prince Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
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 pestiferous!
When thou dost pinch thy bedfellow, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scales with safety.—By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

*Will.—"Fear me," i.e., make me afraid.—*Ladybird, i.e., one with small birds: monster.—*As the year," i.e., as if the year,.—*A historical fact. It happened Oct. 12, 1411.—*Slow; soothing.—*Gates.—A biggin was a head-band of coarse cloth: so called because worn by the
Beguines, an order of nuns.
Did he aspire, 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 ringol hath divor'd
So many English kings. Thrice due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plentifully:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.—Lo! here it sits.

[Putting it on his head.]
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole
Into one giant arm, it shall not force [strength
This lineal honor 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.

Cla. Dost the king call?  
War. What would thy majesty? How fares thy grace?
[Enter Lords.]
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my
Cla. We left the prince, my brother, here, my
Who undertook to sit and watch by you. [liege,
K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he?
He is not here. [let me see him:
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we staid.
[My pillow?
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath taken it hence:—go,
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose [seek him out.
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 brooked their sleep with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pit'd up
The chamber'd heaps of strange and heavy 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 murmer'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend's sickness hand! 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 demeanor in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd th' 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
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. [thought:
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee!
Suen 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 set.
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 hidst 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 heart,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only that I knew not with forgotten parts
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 sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, ape of idleness!
Now vigorous combats, purge you of your scum:—
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double glad his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honor, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold 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,
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 immortal,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honor, 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 wilderness die
And never live to show th' incredulous 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,
Ing, And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depend-
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worth of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

*" Ringol," i. e., circle.—*" Tolling," i. e., taking toll.—
* Accumulations,—* Exeunt.
Preserving life in medicine a potable:
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd,
Hast cut thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, 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 affectation 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 wassail 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 night'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleasing 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
The 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 honor snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistance's;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou seest, 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 as 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 stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
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;
Thenplain, 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.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lan-

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal

K. Hen. And thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
on 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. Dost any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

Wer. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Land be to God! — even there my 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.

[Exeunt.

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 I precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we saw 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 countenance for shoeing, and plough irons.

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 suck he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend 'tis 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, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincet against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against

2 "Cock and pie" was ancienly a common substitute for an oath.—Warrants.— Cast up; computed.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

ACT V.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and Others.

Warr. 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. Peace be with him that hath made 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. [find, P. John. Though no man be assured what grace to you stand in costliest expectation: I am the sorrier; 'twould, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair, Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor. Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see, that I will beg A ragg'd and forestal'd remission. If truth and upright innocency full me, I'll to the king, my master, that is dead, And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Warr. 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 and Amurath's son, But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, For, to speak truth, 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 cares: Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I; But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears, By number, into hours of happiness.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measure'd rightly, Your majesty had no just cause to hate me. King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget So a joint burden laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

* That is a pardon obtained by beggarly supplication. — Amurath IV., emperor of the Turks, died in 1508; his second son Amurath succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast,—"Was this easy?" I. e., Was this a light offence?
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. 403

May this be wash'd in Letho, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness 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 sort 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 go where you have set your decree to butt;
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 it 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 if you have a king, speak in your stated
What I have done, that misbecame your place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
Well, King. You are right, justice; and you weigh this
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
Shal. 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
The wrong that you have so; and bear
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst 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-practis'd, wise directions.
And, prince 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 a parliament,
And let us choose such limits of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
hand in hand 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.

Our coronation done, we will dispatch,
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.—Glostress. The Garden of Shalow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbor, 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 sir.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. Davy 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.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
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, sitt profance! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart's all.

[Exeunt.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [Singing.
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? 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.

[Exeunt.

* A second body, i.e., a representative. ** Propose a sm., i.e., imagine that you have a son. *** In your state, i.e., your regal character and your good intents; warning. — Seriously; soberly. — "The state of floods," i.e., the majestic dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods.

2 Summon.—"Profanes I" (Italian) 'Much good may it do you!"—Shrove tide was the ancient carnival.—"Leather-coats," i.e., apples; commonly called rusticates.
Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wastest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little thin fellow, 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.'

Shal. By God's leggins 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.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look, who's at door there. Ha! who knocks?

Pat. Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, who drinks a bumper.]

Sil. Do me a right, And do me knight: 'S mingos.

Is't not so?

Pat. '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.

Pat. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir.

Pat. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, the art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By-lady, I think he be, but gentleman Puff of Barbary.

Pat. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, and helter-skelter have I rode to thee; and tidings do I bring, and lucky joyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

Pat. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joyes.

Pat. O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news?

Let king Copelanus know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.]

Pist. Shall dagonius curs confront the Heliconis. And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding. Pistol. Why then, hainest therefore.

Shal. 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. FARRY 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 lane, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spanish.

Pat. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Pat. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyous day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pat. What! I do bring good news.

Pat. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we ride all night.

—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [Exit Bard.]

—Come, 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 woe 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 Beadle, dragooning 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.

I 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.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hast better than lastest struck thy mother, thou poper-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!

I Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions bagain; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished converser! If you be not swung, I'll forewear half-kittles.

I Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come. Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of suffrance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice. Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones! Host. Thou art weary thou!

* The door-sa!it is the nail in a door on which the knocker strikes, supposed to be derived from reiterated strokes. * Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a catch poll. * To enable her to counterfeit pregnancy. * The causes, or foreparts, had frequent reference to the skin or any part, in a barbarous kind of embossed work, to which allusion is here made. * Beadles usually wore a blue livery. * A half-kettle was kind of apron. * Anatomy; skeleton.
Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!  
1 Bead. Very well.  

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey. 

Enter two Grooms, stewing Rashes. 
1 Groom. More rashes, more rashes!  
2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.  
1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch.  

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page. 

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do mark the countenance that he will give me. 

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. 

Fal. Go home, Pistol; stand behind me.—[To Shallow.] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to shift thee. 

Shal. It doth so. 

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.  
1 Pist. It doth so. 

Fal. My devotion.  
2 Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth. 

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift thee. 

Shal. It is most certain. 

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. 

Pist. 'Tis semper ideum, for absconque huiil est;  
'Tis all in every part. 

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed. 

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage. 

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contiguous prison; Haul’d thither by most mechanical and dirty hand:—[snake, Round up revenge from ebon den with fall Alecto’s; For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth. 

Fal. I will deliver her. 

[Shouts within, and trumpets sound. 

Pist. There roar’d the sea, and trumpet-clanger sounds. 

Enter King and his Train, including the Chief Justice. 

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal! 

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal 

*imp of fame! 

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy! 

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: fall 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-swoll’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; knew, the grave doth gape 

* Child; offsprings.—* Henceforward. 

For thee three 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 doubles, 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 color. 

Shal. A color, I fear, that you will die in, sir John. 

Fal. Fear no colors: 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 fortuna me tormenta, *il sperare me consente. 


P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king’s. 

He hath *intent, his wansted followers 
Shall be all 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. 

[lord. 

P. John. The king hath call’d his parliament, my 

Ch. Just. He hath. 

P. John. I will not 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. 

EPILOGUE. 

*By one that can dance. 

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. 
My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, 
and my speech to beg your pardons. 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 

* "He hath intent," i. e., he designs; he purposes.
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 Oldcastle 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.

* Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, probably, the écurie royale at the foot of modern play-bills.
KING HENRY V.

ACT V.—Scene 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. { Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD. 
DUKE OF EXETER. Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK. Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE. 
SIR THOMAS GREY, { Conspirators.¹
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLEELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, OFFICERS, in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, SOLDIERS. ²

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

²The SCENE in England, and in France.

CHORUS.

Enter Chorus, as Prologue.

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 daud'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 ³O the very ³casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O! pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high and mighty fronts the perilous,
Narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

¹An allusion to the circular form of the theatre.—²Helmet.
"Imaginary forces," i.e., powers of imagination; fancy.
Printing their proud hoofs i the receiving earth; 
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings, 
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times, 
Turning th' accomplishments 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.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber 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 th' eleventh year of the last king's reign 
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd, 
But that the a scrambling and unquiet time 
Did push it out of farther b question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us, 
We lose the better half of our c possessions; 
For all the temporal lands, which men devout 
By testament have given to the church, 
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,— 
As much as would maintain, to the king's honor, 
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights, 
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires; 
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age, 
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil, 
A hundred alms-houses, 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. 'Twould 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.
The tenth nor the first 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 th' offending Adam out of him, Leaving his body as a paradise, 
'T envelop and contain celestial spirits.

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-marving, 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 unfold, 
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks, The air, a charter'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 practic part of life

*Scrambling— Debate.— Listen to.

Must be the mistress to this d theoretic: 
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it, 
Since his addiction was to courses vain; 
His e 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 sequestration 
From open haunts and f popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best, 
Neighbor'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 crescere in his faculty.

Cont. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'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? Dost his majesty 
Inclined to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent, 
Or, rather, b swaying more upon our part, 
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us; 
For I have made an offer to his majesty,— 
Upon our spiritual convocation, 
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 withal.

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 
(Areas, his grace would fain have done) 
The sever'd, 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 
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come, 
To give no sooner 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? 
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

Exe. 'Tis, shall we call in th' 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 k thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and 
Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred 
And make you long become it!

* That is, *His theory must have been taught by art and practice.*—'Companions.—' Popularity," I. e., familiarity 
with the common people.—" Increasing; growing—' In- 
clined, not noted in him any study, and unhidden passages," I. e., the 
particulars, and unconcealed circumstances.— 'Task our 
thoughts," I. e., keep our thoughtsibus.
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 written—
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 grandsire’s tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play’d a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion’s whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another heir claim it from the land,
All out of work, and bold 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 ensigns.

Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the
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 follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirit
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 t’ invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of these marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the piling borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the courting

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 lined of the lady Ermengare,
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 his 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 highnesses claim from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to furbane their crooked titles

Usurp’d from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you,
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law of 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, wreath, or bow your reading,
On which you enhance your understanding soul.

With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

Therefore, take heed how you impound our person,
How you take not proper care against of war:
We enrage 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,
’Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjunction, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe your 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
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 their progeny from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam militres non succedunt,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land,"
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Some and 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 inheretrix in Salique land;
Which law, (I say,) as truly as I said and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call’d Meisen.
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 defunct of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos’d 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 depos’d Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Charibell, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the throne 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 1 found 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

A 4 Opening titles miscreate," L c, displaying false titles—
4 In approbation," i. e., in pressing; in establishing by
privily change your understanding soul—
4 Explain,—Convey’d himself," i. e., derived his title.

4 Lay open,—at the battle of Cressy. — 4 For action," i. e., for want of action.—That is, 'Your highness hath in-
4 think and what dishonorable the line of to have a phrase—
4 Those marches," L c, the borders of England and Scotland.
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a greedy neighbor to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Gailing the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighborhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than burn'd, my liege;
For hear her but exemplified 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 train with prisoner kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea.
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.
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 be regarded nest that the weasel pot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and ravish more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the cat 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.
With hope that the armed hand doth not abound,
Th' advis'd head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into ports, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore dolo heaven divide
The state of man in divvy functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of state;
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 pilage they with merry march bring home
To the tentroyal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singling masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowling in,
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
Their sud'dey 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;
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 defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thirce such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardness, and policy.
K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from
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 epigraph.

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. Many 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 savor too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meet for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. 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 chahnes. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We never val'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourselves
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;

Dominion.—A galliard was an ancient dance.—The hazard is a place in the tennis-court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.—A term at tennis.—This poor seat, i. e., the throne.—Living hence, i. e., withdrawing from the court.
Scene I.  
KING HENRY V.  
411

Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness, 
When I do rouse me in my throne of France: 
For there I have laid by my majesty, 
And plooted like a man for working days, 
But I will rise there with all 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; and his soul 
Shall stand sore charged 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 all that yet ungot, and, if it will, 
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn. 
This but 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 save but of shallower heart. 
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.— 
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well. 

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. 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, 
That may with seasonable swiftness add 
More feathers to our wings; for, God before, 
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. 
Therefore, let every man now task his thought, 
That this fair action may on foot be brought. 

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire, 
And silken dailliness in the wardrobe lies:
Now strife the armourers, and honor's thought 
Reigns solely in the breast of every man. 
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse; 
Following the mirror of all Christian kings, 
With winged heels, as English mercuries: 
For now sits Expectation in the air: 
And hides a sword, from hills unto the point, 
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets, 
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers. 
The French, advis'd by good intelligence 
Of this most dreadful preparation, 
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy 
Seek to divert the English purposes. 
O England! model to thy inward greatness, 
Like little body with a mighty heart, 
What might'th ouf to do, that honor would thee do, 
Were all thy children kind and natural. 
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out 
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills 
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men, 
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second, 
Henry lord Scroop of Masham, and the third, 
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,

* Bails of stone supplied the place of bullets, when ordnance was first used.

Have, for the guilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!) 
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France: 
And by their hands this grace of kings must die, 
If hell and treason hold their promises, 
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 
Linger your patience on; and well digress: 
Th' abuse of distance,' and so force a play. 
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed; 
The king is set from London; and the scene 
Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton. 
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit, 
And thence to France shall we convey you safe, 
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas 
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may, 
We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 
But, till the king come forth, and not till then, 
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. 

[Exit.


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 thought I will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

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. '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 crest, 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 save their threats about them that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, 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 'chner now!—we shall see willful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Fish!

Pist. Fish for thee, Iceland dog; thou prink-ear'd cur of Iceland! — [Draws his sword.]

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

--Gold.—"My task," I e., my determination,—"I cannot tell," i. e., I know not what to say or think of it.—A tike was a large dog, now called a mongrel.
Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus. 1  
Pist. Solus, outrageous dog! O viper vile!  
The solus in thy mouth most marvellous face;  
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, 2 perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the solus in thy bowels:  
For I can 3 take, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.  
Nym. No, I am not  
Barbarous; you cannot conjure me.  
I have an humor 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 humor of it.  
Pist. O bragart vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and dating death is near;  
Therefore 4 exhale.  
Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that  
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts,  
as I am a soldier.  
[Draws.  
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.  
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.  
[ 5 Pistol and Nym shoothe their swords.  
Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in  
fair terms; that is the humor of it.  
Pist. Coupe le gorge, that's the word?—I defy  
y 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 hazar kite of Crescids's kind,  
Doll Tear-sheet by name, and her consequence:  
I have, and I will hold, the 6 quondam  
For the only she; and—pausca, there's enough.  
Enter the Boy.  
Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my  
master, and your hostess.—He is very sick, and  
would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between  
his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pun: 7 faith  
he's very ill.  
Bard. Away, you rogue.  
Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crew a puding  
one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.  
[Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.  
Pist. 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'erswell, 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 humor of it.  
Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.  
[ 8 Draw again.  
Pist. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,  
I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.  
[Course.  
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their  
Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be  
friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too?  
Pist. Pythyon, put up.  
Nym. I shall have of 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 suther be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
[Sheathes his sword.  
Give me thy hand.  
Nym. I shall have my noble?  
Pist. In cash most justly paid.  
Nym. Will then, that's the humor of it.  
[They shake hands.  
Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.  
Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly  
to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of  
a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable  
to behold. Sweet men, come to him.  
Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight,  
that's the even of it.  
Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right:  
His heart is fractured and corrodere.  
Pist. Let us condole 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 them—  
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
[elves,  
Crowned with the 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 bedfellow,  
Whom he hath dulf'd and cloyd' with gracious favors;  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!  
Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scoot,  
Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.  
K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will abroad.  
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Marshy  
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 9 head assembled them?  
Scoot. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
best.  
[Exeunt.  
K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well per  
We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;  
Nor need not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.  
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,  
Than is your majesty: 2 there's not a subject,  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shild of your government.  
Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies,  
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts = create of duty and of zeal.  
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank—  
And shall forget the office of our hand,  
[Fulness,  
Sooner than 3 quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness.  
Scoot. So service shall with steel'd sinews toil,  
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,  
Exeunt.  
K. Hen. "In head," i. e., in forces. = Agreement; accord.  
= "Create," i. e., compounded; made up. = Recompense.  

1) "solus"  2) "perdy"  3) "take"  4) "exhale"  5) "quondam"  6) "pausca"  7) "fath"  8) "compound"  9) "head"
KING HENRY V.

To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That railing against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on *our more *advice, we pardon him.
Scoope. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.
Com. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Scoope. To show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Ains! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy boisons 'gainst 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 dis-
gusted.

Scene II.

Thou hast brought us to a thought, though Cambridge, Scoope, and Grey, in their dear
And tender preservation of our person, care,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
Who are the *state commissioners?

Com. I one, *my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scoope. So did I, *my lord:-
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there
is yours:—
[knight,
There yours, lord Scoop of Marsham:— and, sir
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 absent to-night.—Why, how now, gentle-
men!

What see you in those 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?

Com. I do confess my fault,
And do submit you to your highness' mercy.
Grey. Scoope. 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 care, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As though you were on your masters worrying 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 apperitions
Belonging to his honor; 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 Scoop? thou cruel,
Ingratitude, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,
That knewst the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have rov'd me into gold,
Would'st 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 scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so *grossly in a natural *enmity,
That admiration did not *swoop 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,
Had got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety:
But he that *temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gild'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasy *Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of *affiance! Show men duteous!
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they violent?
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,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so fully *indulged, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best *indulged,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt 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 Scoop, of Marsham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.
Scoope. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
But which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Com. 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.
Behold the God that made us to be so refined,
*Endowed; gifted:—"Which I in suffrance," i.e., at
which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice.

* "Sends off as gross," i.e., as apparent.—*Pitifully;
evidently.—*"That admiration did not whoop at them," i.e.,
that excited no exclamation of surprise.—*"That
temper'd thee," i.e., that *ruled thee.—*Tartarus.—"Of
affiance," i.e., of the mutual confidence of man and man.—
Behavior, etc.—*"Finer are these," i.e., so refined.—*Endowed; gifted:—"Which I in suffrance," i.e.,
at which prevention, in suffering, I will heartily rejoice.
Jain'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 his peers to servitude,
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 tender,
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 glories.
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 patience in the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

[Exeunt.]

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 yeam.—

Bardolph, be bythie; Nym, raise thy vacant veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, where'some'ry'er he
is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Ar-
thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.

'A made a fine cu'd and went away, as it had been any
Christian child; 'a parted ev'ry just between two days, and one ev'ry third between six.
For after I saw him tumble 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? quoth 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 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; 'twas a
color he never liked.

Boy. A said once, 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 flea stick
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 shog? the king will be gone from
Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips
Look to my chattels, and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay!"

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And bold-fist is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, carete be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy 4 crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

Quick. What! cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but
alien.

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
Dolphin, 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 royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orléans, 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 is his apprehensions now in a fire,
As wasters to the sucking of a gulp.
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.

Dut. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we war us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so * dull 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, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble 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 Whitson morris dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O 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,

* Mrs. Quickly means luscious.—"Thy 4 crystals," i. e. dry thyme eyes.—* Dull, i. e., render torpid, inactive.
How modest in exception, and, withal, how terrible in constant resolution, and you shall find, his vanities forspent 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, 'tis not so, my lord high constable; but I think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh the enemy more mightily than he seems, so the proportions of defence are fill'd; which, of a weak and nigardy projection, doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scattering 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 breed out of that bloody strain, that haunted us in our familiar paths; witness our too much memorable shame, when Creesy battle fatally was struck, and all our princes captiv'd by the hand of that black name, Edward the black prince of Wales; whilst that his mighty sire, on mountain standing, up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, saw his heroidal seed, and smil'd to see him, Mangie the work of nature, and deface the patterns that by God, and by French fathers, to be true to, and do the same—

**Enter a Messenger.**

**Mess.** Ambassadors from Harry King of England do crave admittance to your majesty.

**Fr. King.** We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.]

You see, this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

**Dau.** Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs must spend their months, when what they seem to threaten runs far before them. Good my sovereign, take up the English short, and let them know of what a monarchy you are the head:

Self-love, my liege, is not so vilo a sin as self-neglecting.

**Re-enter Lords, with Exeunt 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 honors that pertain, by custom and the ordinance of times, unto the crown of France. That you may know, 'tis no sinister, nor no 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,

**[Giving a pedigree.**

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 he take for it: Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming, in thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove, that, if requiring fail, the storm will be strong, 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 swallowed 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 wondrous vaul'tages of France shall bide 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 valour, 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 assur'd, 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. [Full.

**Fr. King.** To-morrow shall you know our mind at 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. [Conditions. **Fr. King.** You shall be soon despatch'd with fair a night is but small breath, and little pause, to answer matters of this consequence.

**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 fancies, and in them behold, Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

**Choir.** Let me to France with a mighty step.
SCENE I.—France. Before Harlequin.

ALARUM. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Grosier, 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-favor'd 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'erhang and gout his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit.
To his full height.—On, on, you noble English!
Whose blood is as the red, red roses,
That frett out from fathom of war-proof.
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought.
And shew'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be coy 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 harte 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.

Bord. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knockers are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

[Abound.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for honors do knock.


Boy. Would I were in an aloofhouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But dipter would I now.

Boy. And as duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

[Enter FLEELLEN.

Fle. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaint, you cullets!

[Driving them forward.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!—[cluck!

Good lawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet Nym. These be good humors!—your honor wins bad humors.

[FLEELLEN drives out Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashbucklers. 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-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a 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 'a 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 anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; here it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry fourcoats. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their hammer-clips; 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. [Exit?"
Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.

Gov. Here 'a come; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous fabulous 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, guile day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, great captain James. Good king, now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Christ, la, tish 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 blowed up the town, so Christ save me, la, in an hour. Of! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I perceive you now will you vouchsafe me, you look, a few disquisitions 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.

Mac. I think, by not being very guile, guile dear, guile captain both: and I saithe quit you with guile love, as I may pick occasion; that saith I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christ 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 Christ, do not, 'tis shame for us all: God save me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is threats to be cut, and works to be done, and there isht nothing done, so Christ saithe me.

Jamy. By the mass, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do guile service, or aile lie the grand for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay me, I will be as merry as I may, the least I can do that is the brief and the long. Marry, I was full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, you look, 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 knife, 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 Christ saithe me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.


Gow. 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.

* Requite; answer.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

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 parle we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves, Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy 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 Harfleur, 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 conquering wide as hell, raging like grass Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war, Army'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats In desolation wide; with consecrating wide as hell, raging like grass Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violence? What rein can hold licentious wickedness, When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as boistrous spend our vain command Upon their enraged soldiers in their spoil, As send precepts to the Leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur, Take pity of your town, and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy. If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters; Your fathers taken by the silver swords, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the wall; Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtered men. What say you? will you yield, and this avoid, Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end.

The Dauphin, whom of succor 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 live 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 Exeutor,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,

\[ Gates opened. \]
And fortify it strongly 'gainst 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 Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we 2 addrèss'd.

\[ Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town. \]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Alice. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Angleis?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres; ory, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres.

Je pense, que je suis le bon coeleste, d'y gnay deux mots d'Angleis visiblement. Comment appellez vous les angles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appelons, 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 Angleis.

Kath. Dites moi l'Angleis pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fâche la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. El est troy difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de 

dcioub. Comment appellez vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.


Alice. Out. Sans vostre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi dréil que les nôtys d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne deute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. Nervez vous pas déjà oublie ce que je vous ay enseigné?

Kath. Non, je récévez à vous promptement.

Alice. De hand, de fingre, de nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de bilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je: de elbow, de nick, et de sin: Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de con.


Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, non seulement. Je receverai autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à dîner.

\[ Exeunt. \]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bour- 

bon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river

Sonne.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France: let us quit all.

And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Duc. O Dieu vivant! Shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our father's luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds,

And overlook their graffiers?

Duc. Ha! Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman

Mort de mie! If they march along,

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a 'slabbery and a dirty farm

In that 4 nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Mettele. Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this

Is not their climate figgy, raw, and dull,

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for 'a mere addrest, their barly broth,

Deccot their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosy? O! for honor of our land,

Let us not hang like raping isicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whilst a more frosy people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,

Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

Duc. By faith and honor,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,

Our mettle is bred oat; and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth,

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bohm. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach 'lavolles high, and swift & corantos;

Saying, our grace is only in our hands.

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjouy, the herald? sped

him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up: princes! and, with spirit of honor, earl'd

More sharper than your swords, lie to the field.

Charles De-linethod, high constable of France;

You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,

Alconson, Bradant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouari, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrelle, Boclequait, and Charlois,

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

For your great & states, now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land.

With 'peones pointed in the blood of Harfleur,

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth split and void his rheum upon.

Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—

And in a captive chariot into Rouen

\* Last. — "Wet; moist." — 4 A "nook-shotten isle" is an island shooting out into promontories—"Sur-rein'd," i.e., 

overridden.—The berdane (Fr. le berdane) was an old sprightly dance.—Dances.—Hugs; streamers.

\* Prepared.
SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services confederate at the bridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor 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, lieutenant, 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.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors: the Noy of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, 4
And luxom valor, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That godless blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—
Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plaid, with a muller 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 constant, 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 a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral. [Kem;]

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and sworn on For he hath stoln a psax, and hanged must 'a be. A damned death! Let gallows gaps for dog, let man go free, And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffice. But Exeter hath given the doom of death, 4

For psax of little 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 reprooch:
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 goat pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Friendship
Pist. Die and be damned; and u was thy
Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[Exeunt Pistol, making the sign.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeiter: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a utter'd as prave words at the bridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, and 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 sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new coined oats: and what a beard 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 sanders 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 my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the bridge.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Soldiers 'sick and tattered.

Flu. Got please your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? canst thou 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 prave passages. Marry, th' athversary 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 prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonably 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, if your majesty know the man: his face is all babukles, and wheelers, and knods, and flames of fire; and his lips plews at his nose, and

4 A fig—An allusion to the Spanish and Italian mode of poisoning by means of figs.—A sconce was a fortification made round, in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce.—The old English were very curious in the fashion or cut of their beards.—Pimples.

4 Pastures.—Proverbs.
K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in

their.

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 VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures,

the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world.

Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my

horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dan. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high con-

stable, you talk of horse and armor—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any

prince I would.

Dan. What a long night is this!—I will not change

my horse with any that trembles but on four pasteras.

Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails

were air; le cheval voltant, the Pegasus, qui a les

marnes de feu! When I besride him, I sorr, I am a

hawk; he trots the air; the ear sings when he

touches it; the basest born of his hoof is more nu-

sical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dan. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast

for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull ele-

ments of earth and water never appear in him, but

only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him:

he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may

call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and

excellent horse.

Dan. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like

the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance en-

forces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dan. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from

the rising of the bark to the lodging of the lamb, very

desired praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as flu-

dent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues,

and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a sub-

ject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sover-

eign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (fa-

miliar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their partic-

ular functions, and wonder at him. I once

writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Won-

er of Nature!"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mis-

stress.

Dan. Then did they imitate that which I com-

posed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dan. He well; which is the prescript praise, and

perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday, your mistress

shrewdly shook your back.

Dan. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dan. Oh! then, belike, she was old and gentle;

and you rode, like a "kern of Ireland, your French

hose off, and in your straight trowsers."

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dan. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so,

and ride not warily, fall into foul bags. I had

rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

* "By my habit." I. e., by his herald's coat. — " Upon our
court." I. e., in our turn. — " Impediment; hindrance. —

* " Kern of Ireland," I. e., an Irish boar. — * Trowsers,

1 Giving a chair.

2 Enters Montjoy.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in their.

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 VII.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dan. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince I would.

Dan. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that trembles but on four pasteras.

Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were air; le cheval voltant, the Pegasus, qui a les marines de feu! When I besride him, I sorr, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the ear sings when he touches it; the basest born of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dan. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dan. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dan. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the bark to the lodging of the lamb, very desired praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once wrote a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature!"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dan. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dan. He well; which is the prescript praise, and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dan. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dan. Oh! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a "kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trowsers." 

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dan. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bags. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.
SCENE VII.

KING HENRY V.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la triste lasse embourbier: thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverbs, some little kins to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armor, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluous, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

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 hedged valor, and when it appears it is hate.

Orl. Ill 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 over shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. 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 this 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 armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish ears! 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 robustions 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: consider what we shall do about it. [Exeunt.

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see; by We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time, When creeping murmur, and the poring dark, Fills the wide vessel of the universe, From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night, The lum of either army still sounds, That the full sentinel their secret whispers, The secret whispers of each other's watch: Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames Each battle sees the other'sumber'd face: Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents, The armorers, accomplishing the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation. The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning's nam'd. Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul, The confidant and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night, Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp So tediously away. The poor condemned English, Like sacrificial, by their watchful fires Sit patiently, and lily ruminate The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats, Present them unto the gazing moon So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold The royal captain of this ruin'd band, Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head! For forth he goes, and visits all his host, Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile, And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.

* Foolish. — *Lowly; gently. — *Shadowed; shaded. — *Over-saucy.
KING HENRY V.

ACT IV.

Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath environd him,
Nor doth he deliberate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears in attain,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His bleared eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, 0 for pity! we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger.
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—
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.

Erping. 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
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh vigor.
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.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
And, then, I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exeunt Erpingham.


Enter Pistol.

Pist. Who was 't here?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discus unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail st thou to the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a buckwheat, 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 truly bullet What's thy name?


Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Corn?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leck 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.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The ?fco for thee then?

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

[Exeunt.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Chesh Christ, speak lower.
It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the nobility of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you bear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morn which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet lie should; for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a

1 Jolly follow.—Child; offering.—"The fez," i. e., a fez.—Agrees.
man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the emblem shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by; in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his afflictions are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like decorum. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would be gone, I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, I would be here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. 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 childrenrawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitable dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that used them to it, whom to disoblige were against all pretention of objection.

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 assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled injuries, 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 arbitration of swords, can try it out with all unsighted soldiers. Some, penitent, 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 pilage and robbery. Now, if these men have defaced the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his badge: war is his

scene; so that here men are punished, for before-break of the king's laws, in now the king's quarter: 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 impurities 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 outlive that day to see 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. And, if I well 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 bosom: 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. 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 now, 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. [Exeunt Soldiers. 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 privates have not too, 
Save ceremony, save general ceremony? 
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul? but adulation?
Art thou angit else but place, degree, and form?
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wher'in thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing
What drink'st thou off, 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?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dreamer,
That play'st so subly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptor, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The s'farced title 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 majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body full'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with d'istasteful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But a sack'd key, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phurbas, 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 labor to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the bare noble-and and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

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, 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.
1 Richard's body have interred now,
On it have bestow'd more contrive tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their widder's hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, 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,
And say—tomorrow 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 Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cup, and daily remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall never go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
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 gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, while 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 battles set,
And will with all experience 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 Eng—
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwise'd five thou—

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter all the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?—Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sat. 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,—warries all, alien!—
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor.

[Exeunt Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valor, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O! that we now had here

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 so now
To do our country's lust; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who but feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear:
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God shall preserve you, if you would not lose so great an honor.
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 us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and sees old age,
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 see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
Our gayness and our a gift are all b besmirth'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 slovenly.  
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 labor;  
God help me with the money for ransom, gentle herald;  
They shall have none, I swear, but 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 hither  
for a ransom.  

Enter the Duke of York.  

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg 
The leading of this ward.  
[March away:  
K. Hen. Take it, brave York.  
Now, soldiers,  
And how thou pleasedst, God, dispose the day!  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.  


Pist. Yield, cur.  

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.  

Fr. Sol. On est sieur Deu!  

Pist. O! signieur Dow shall be a gentleman.  

* Perpend my words, O signieur Dow, and mark:—  
O signieur Dow, thou diest on point of fox,  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransom.  

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!  

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;  
For I will fetch thy ¥ rim out at thy throat,  
In drops of crimson blood.  

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras!  

Pist. Brass, cur!  

Thou damned and b luxuriant mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?  

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!  

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a run of moys?—  
Come hitter, boy: ask this slave in French,  
What is his name.  

Boy. Etoutez: comment êtes vous appelé?  

Fr. Sol. Monseigneur le Fer.  

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.  

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and b fork him,  
and ferret him.—Discuss the same in French unto him.  

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,  
and fork.  

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.  

Fr. Sol. Quoi dit-il, monsieur?  

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites

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*a Gilding.—Soiled. —Vanguard.—d * Discuss. —i. e., explain. —¢ Perpend. —I. e., consider; attend to. —Fier was an old ean word for a sword, so called from a famous sword-cutter named Fox.—* Rim. —I. e., dinairy.—¢ Lascivious. —Pistol's may be probably intended in this mind for mordors.—¢ Firik, —i. e., beat; scourge.—¢ Explain.
SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Flu. Kill the pays and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter besides; they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnificent, are all one reckonings; save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Monmouth and Macedon, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my pains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wrathes, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his pains, did, in his ales and his anges, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pell-mell: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, with a part of the English Forces and Prisoners; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France. Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill; Tell them the news of this our victory, And void the field: they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr, 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.

Exe. 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 fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable licence, That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To look our 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.
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, that it is! — 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-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most brave battle here in France. K. Hen. They did, Fluellen. Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesty be remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty knows, to this hour it is to be honorable edge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day. K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman. Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welshlood out of your body, I can tell you that. God pluck it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too! K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman. Flu. By Chesu, 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 me just notice of the numbers dead, [him: On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow lifter. [Points to Williams. Exit Montjoy and others. Exe. 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 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 swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a 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 *c* coward and a villain else, an't please your 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 great a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a *Jack* sauce, as ever his pluck shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

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*a* Coward.—*b* Great sort," i.e., high rank.—*c* Saucy Jack.
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 Alençon. And, 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.

K. Hen. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty’s manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowe-knavish fellow, with your own majesty is me testimony, and witness, and avowments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

’Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And 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 oursell thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty must not judge you, if 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 And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honor in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

K. Hen. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve peace for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of pravvls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the pester for you.

K. Hen. Will I will none of your money.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledg-That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum.
The dead with charity enclos’d in clay, And then to Cabias; and to England then, Where ne’er from France arrived more happy men.

Enter Choristers. Chor. Vouchsafe: all those that have not read the story, That I may prompt them: and if 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 bear the king Toward Cabias: grant him there; there seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts, Athwart the sea. Beheld, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth’d Which, like a mighty whiffler, ’fore the king [sea, 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 forbids it.

ACT V.

Enter Choristers.

Chor. Vouchsafe: all those that have not read the story, That I may prompt them: and if 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 bear the king Toward Cabias: grant him there; there seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts, Athwart the sea. Beheld, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth’d Which, like a mighty whiffler, ’fore the king [sea, 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 forbids it.

* A Whiffler is an officer who walks first in processions.
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 pet his pate four days.—Prithee, I pray you; it is got for your green wound, and your bloody cocoxemb.

**Pist.** Must I bite?

**Flu.** Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

**Pist.** By this leek, 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: thou dost see, I eat.

**Flu.** Much good do you, said knife, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is got for your broken cocoxemb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

**Pist.** Good.

**Flu.** Ay, leeks is good.—Hold you; there is a great to heal your pate.

**Pist.** Me a great!

**Flu.** Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, and I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

**Pist.** I take thy great, in earnest of revenge.

**Flu.** If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, 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.** Why, if you are a counterfeit cowardly knife. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you a gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not the less handle an English cudgel; you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[Exit.]

**Pist.** Dost fortune play the huswife with me now?

**News.** Have I, that my Doll is dead! the spirit Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgel'd. Well, baw'd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars,
And swear, I got them in the Gallin 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 Unto our brother France, and to our sister, [*met. Health and fair time of day:*—joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—]

*Stunned. — Scuffling; screeching. — Disposition; temper. — A huswife, i. e., jilt; hussy. — Ho-pilat. — That is, Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.*
And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We, also want you, Kate, our American — And, princes French, and peers, health to you all. Fr. King. Rightjoyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England; fairly met:— So are you, princes English, every one. Q. Isia. 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 been in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: The venon 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 cry amen to that thus we appear. Q. Isia. You English princes all, I do salute you. Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love. Great kings of France and England, that I have labor'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 congreag'd, 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, Dear nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births, Should not in this best garden of the world, Our fruit and image, lift up her lovely visage (?) Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd, 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 over-grown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs: her hollow less The durnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, Do root upon, while that the couler rusts, That should 1deracinate such savagery: The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the scythe, all uncropped, rank, Conceives by idleness, and nothing teams, But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckses, burs, Losing both beauty and facility; And 2all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, Defective in their natures, 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 grow, like savages, as soldiers will, That nothing do but meditate on blood, — To swearing, and stern looks, 2cleared't attire, And every thing that seems unnatural. Which to reduce into our former 4favor, You are assembled; and my speech entreats, That I may know the *let, why gentle peace Should not expel these imperfections, And bless us with her former qualities. [peace, K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the We do promise you, governor of Burgundy — Which you have cited, you must buy that peace With full accord to all our just demands; Whose tenors and particular effects You have, enclosed brie'dly, in your hands. 1 & 2 This bar," i.e., this barrier; this place of congress, 4 Root out. — Disordered; dishevelled. 4 "Favor," here, means comeliness of appearance. 5 Hindrance. Kurly; hasty. 6 Dancing.
or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-asses, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look *greenly,* nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright 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 sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I suppose these plain solutions, 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 I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perform 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' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a panter; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will *fall,* a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun and the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; 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 all 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 quand vous avez la possession de moi, (let me see, what then? — *Saint Dennis be my speed!*)—*donc vous et moi:* it is as easy for me, Kate, to tell thee my heart, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

**Kath.** Siens votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois que je parle. 

**K. Hen.** No, 'faith, is not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

**Kath.** I cannot tell. 

**K. Hen.** Can any of thy neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you'll desire me to disguise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou best mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scammeling, and thou must therefore needs make a good soldier-bredger. Shall

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*a "Greenly." I.e., like a young lover; awkwardly.

*b "Uncoin'd," i.e., like plain metal, yet without impression.—Shrink; fall away.

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**"The weak list,"** I.e., the slight barrier.
Enter the French King and Queens, Burgundy, Bedford, Glosier, Exeter, Westmoreland, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind.

Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet roset over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consent to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maidens, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspec- tively: 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.

Exe. 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,—Praecorissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Anglise, et heres 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. [raise up

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood 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 neighborhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen! [ness all,

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me wit That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

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 pact 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! [day,

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peons' for surety of our leagues. Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Sennet. Exeunt.]

Enter Chorus. As Epilogue.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen, Our bending author hath pursed 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 iv'd This star of England. Fortune made his sword, By which the world's best garden he achieved, 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, In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exe.]

*Temper. — Condition.
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.
Earl of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk.
Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Sir John Fastolfe.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
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.
Reignier, 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 Reignier.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan La Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants, both on the English and French.

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.

Bed. Hung the heavens with black, yield day to night!

*An allusion to the practice of hanging the stage with black when a tragedy was to be acted.

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have conspired 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,

*"Consented unto," i.e., conspired together to promote.
Scene I. First Part of King Henry VI. 435

More dazled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speche:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered. [blood?

Exc. With corn in black: why mourn we not in
Hen'ry is dead, and none stand alive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonorable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors 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. Glover, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thus let the world commend 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. [in peace.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms.
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 nectar of salt tears,
And none but women to wall 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 Cæsar, or bright Cassiope.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guipue, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guyors, Poictiers, are all quite lost. [corse?

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his head, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the

Exc. How were they lost? what treachery was
us'd?

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 obtained.

Bed. Wake, awake, English nobility.
Let not all that your honor's new-begot:

*There was a nation long prevalent that life might be destroyed by metrical charms.—Nurse.

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exc. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—
Give me my steel'd coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
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 mis-
France is revolted from the English quite, [chance.
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Regnier, duke of Aujon, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon fliteth to his side.

Exc. 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.—
Bedford, if thou be shak, I'll fight it out. [mess]

Bed. Glover, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
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 have been proud to swell Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What? wherein Talbot overcame? 'tis so?

3 Mess. O! no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at 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 unrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, plac'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusingly.
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 everywhere, enraged he flew.
The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood against him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out again;
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'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 deed, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Wallon, 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'll play myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dauntless foe-men is betray'd.

3 Mess. O, no! he lives; but is taken prisoner.

1 Mess. Her, 1. e., England's. 4 Their interminable miseries.
1 o, miseries which have had but a short intermission.
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter’d, or took, likewise.  

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.  
I’ll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:  
Poor of their lords I’ll charge for one of ours.—  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I,  
Bonfires in France withforth 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 1 cause all Europe quake.  
3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg’d.  
The English army is grown weak and faint;  
The cord of Salisbury cannot support it.  
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 proclain young Henry king.  [Exit.  
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
Being ordain’d his special governor;  
And for his safety there I’ll best devise.  [Exit.  

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 stem of public weal.  [Exit.  

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.  

Flourish. Enter Charles, with his Forces; Alençon, Reignier, and others.  

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,  
So in the earth, to this day is not known.  
Late did he shine upon the English side;  
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.  
What towns of any moment but we have?  
And pleasant here were we near Orleans!  
’Tis past them, mere fashion’d English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.  [Becomes Aure.  
Alençon. They want their porridge, and their fat bull  
Either they must be dictated like mules,  
And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.  
Reignier. Let’s raise the siege. Why live ye idly here?  
Talbot 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 alarm! we will rush on them.  
Now, for the honor of the 3 forborne French!  
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,  
When he sees me go back one foot, or  
[Exeunt.  

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.  

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier, and others.  

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—  
Dogs! cowards! bastards!—I would ne’er have fled,  
But for they lords left me to hide my enemies.  
Reignier. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;  
He Righet as one weary of his life:  
The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.  
Alençon. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,  

a "Their hungry prey," i. e., the prey for which they are hungry.  

During the time Edward the third did reign,  
More truly now may this be verified;  
For none but Sumons, and Golfaisses,  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!  
Lean raw-bon’d 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 know them; rather with their teeth  
The walls they’ll tear down, than forsake the siege.  
Reignier. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device,  
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;  
Else, were their could they hold out so, as they do.  
By my consent, we’ll e’en let them alone.  
Alençon. Be it so.  

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.  

Bast. Where’s the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.  
Char. 4 Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.  
Bast. Methinks; your looks are sad, your chear appall’d:  
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
Be not dismay’d, for success is at hand:  
A holy maid kithur 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 5 sibyls of old Rome;  
What’s past and what’s to come, she can descry.  
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.  
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.  
[Retires.  

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard of Orleans, and others.  

Reignier. Fair maid, is’t thou wilt do these wondrous feats?  
Pucelle. Reignier, is’t thou that thinkest to besiegue  
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amaz’d, there’s nothing hid from me:  
In private will I talk with thee apart.—  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.  
Reignier. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.  
[They retire.  

Pucelle. 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 Contemplative estate:  
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun’s parching heat 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 promis’d, and assured success:  
In complete glory she reveal’d herself;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infused on me,  
That beauty am I bless’d with, which you see.  
Ask in what question thou canst possibly,  
And I will answer unpremeditated:  

a A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another; here it is taken at large for an ex-  
guise.  

5 Countess.—By the nine sibyls are probably meant the nine stygian books brought to one of the Tarquins.
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 imperiously?

1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster. [Let in.]

2 Ward. [Within.] Who's or he be, you may not be 1 Serv. Viliains, answer you so the lord protector? 1 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. [mine?]

Glo. Who will'd you so? or whose will stands but 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 grooms?

GLOSTER'S MUSK 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. [me?]

Glo. Fault-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, 'er'd 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: 3 We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter Winchester, and Servants in tawney coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this? [shut out?]

Glo. I'll send priest, dost thou command me be Win. I do, thou most usurping priditor, And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dear lord; Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin. Ul!'t canvass here in the broad and carnal'man's lust, If thou proceed in this thy insolence. [foot: Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a

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. Thys scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place. [face. Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll hear thee to thy Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? — Draw, men, for all this is a privilege'd place: Blue coats to tawney coats. Priest, beware thy beard;

[GLOSTER AND HIS MEN ATTACK THE BISHOP. I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly. Under my feet I stamp my cardinal hat, In spite of pope or dignities of church;

Here by the checks I'll drag thee up and down. Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—
They'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawney coats!—out, a scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloster's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men,
And enter, in the hurry-hurry, the Mayor of London
and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magis-
trates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my
wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor king,
Hath here disturb'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armor, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

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,
hide, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger,
hereafter, 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:
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 naughty 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. [Exit.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will de-
part.—

Good God! that nobles should such a stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-
sieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them. Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim: [by me:]

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's 4 espiants have informed me,
How th' 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,

*An allusion to the Bishop's habit.—"Such stomachs,"
I.e., such haughty pride.—Favor.—Spies.

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords
SALISBURY, and TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLAN-
DALE, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd!
How went thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be relased'd,
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this tatter's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord 3 of Ponton de Sastriades;
For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.
But now a baser run of arms by far.
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile-estemed:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.

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
in open market-place produc'd they me; [taunts.

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 hurl 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 'mongst 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-white,
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 torments you endur'd,
But we will be revenge'd sufficiently.
Now, it is suppertime in Orleans.
Here, through this grate, 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 Glandale,
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
long towers.

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.

[Shot from the Town. SALISBURY, and Sir
THO. GARGRAVE fall.

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 us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
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'creame;
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 vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury want mercy at thy hands!—
Bears hence his body, I will help to bury it,—
Sir Thomas Gagrave, 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."—
Platagetan, 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 in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gathered
head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, now 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 irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or 4 puddle, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into my tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Salisbury. Skirmishings. Pucelle pursues the Dauphin,
And drives him: then enter Joan la Pucelle,
Driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armor chase them.

Enter la Pucelle.

Here, here she comes,—I'll have a bawd 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 prevar'ly? 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 strumpet.

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.

[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 4 Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So beaves with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fearness English dogs;

Now, like to whatels, we cry ing run away.

[A short Alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so 2 treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your self-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You will consent 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.

[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, Pucelle, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colors on the walls!
Resc'd is Orleans from the English wolves.
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,
How shall I honor thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' garden,
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 ne'er befall our state.
Rey. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout 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. [joy,
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis 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 pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope'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 to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Servants.

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 4 guard.

[Exeunt Sergeant.

1 Serv. Sergeant, you shall.

Then are poor ser-
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds) [victors
Constram'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

4 * The court of guard," i. e., the guard-room.
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 a quittance their deceit, Contriv’d by art, and baseful sorcery. [his fame, Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs Deserting of his own arm’s fortitude, 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 we, under them, the standard of the French, She carry armor, as she hath begun. [spirits

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with 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 any 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!

1 Frenchmen leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alewson, Revisier, half ready, and half unready. Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so? Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we ’scap’d so well. Reig. ’Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our Hearing altars at our chamber doors. [beds

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms, Ne’er heard I of a warlike enterprise More venturous, or desperate than this. Bast. I think, this Talbot be a friend of hell. Reig. If not of hell, the heaves, sure, favor him. Alen. Here come 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 flatten 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 At all times will you have my power alike? [friend? Sleeping or wakking 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, Throwing in front of the watch to-night, Did look no bolder to that weighty charge. Alen. 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 case, 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, scatt’d and dispers’d, And lay new platforms to endangered them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Tal- bot! 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. [Exit. SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town. Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others. Bed. The day breaks to begin, 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 have advance it in the market-place, The middle centre other of this curtailed 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 chiefest 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, ’tis true, we met not with the Dauphin’s grace, His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, Nor any of his false confederates. Bed. ’Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began, Rous’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 vapors of the night, Arm’d men so vast that the Dauphin, and his trait; When arm in arm they both came swiftly running, Like to a pair of loving turtule-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 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts [train 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, thou woul’st vouchsafe 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.

'\text{Ber.} Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encompass'd with.—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit. [men
\text{Tal.} Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of
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 honors bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcome when they are gone.
\text{Tal.} Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. [my mind.
Come hither, captain. [\text{Whispers.}]—You perceive
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [\text{Exit.}

\text{SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.}

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

\text{Port.} Madam I will. [\text{Exit.}

\text{Count.} The plot is hid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

\text{Mess.} Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message carr'd, so is lord Talbot come. [\text{man!}

\text{Count.} And he is welcome.—What is this the
\text{Mess.} Madam, it is

\text{Count.} Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Also this is a child, a silly dwarfed wretch;
It cannot be, this weak and wither'd shripl
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

\text{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.

\text{Count.} What means he now?—Go ask him,
Whither he goes.

\text{Mess.} Stays, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

\text{Tal.} Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

\text{Re-enter Porter, with Keys.}

\text{Count.} If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
\text{Tal.} Prisoner! to whom?

\text{Count.}

To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hungs;
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.

*Judgment; opinion. — Wrinkled.
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 apparel'd, 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 signals proclaim your thoughts. Let him, that is a true-born gentleman, And stands upon the honor of his birth, If you grant me, that I have pleased truth, From off this bier 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 colors; and, without all color Of base insinuating flattery, I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Plat. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset; And say withal, I think he held the right. [more, Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no 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 so clear, so shining, and so evident. 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; Let, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, And fall on my side so, against your will. Plan. My lord, for my own purpose, Opinion shall be surgeon 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 held was wrong in you; In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Som. Here, sir, is your seducer; where is your argument? Ver. Here, sir, is my scabbard: and saying that, Shall give your white rose in a bloody red. [roses. Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeite our For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet, 'Tis not for fair, but anger; and thy cheeks Blush for pure shame to counterfeite our roses, And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.


Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding That shall maintain what I have said is true, [roses. Wherefore let Plantagenet dare not so wounding that, Weaken your arm, and let him wither 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.

Plan. He 2braves 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 not attained, Corrupted, and except from ancient germs? 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 ripe'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! this shall find us ready for thee still, And know us by these colors 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. Syf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition: And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am bruv'd, and must perforce endure it! [house.

War. This blot, that they object against your Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament, Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster; And if thou be not then created York, And will not live to be account'd Warwick. Mean time, in signal of my love to thee, Against proud Somerset, and William Poole, Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I propose 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 on you my behalf would pluck a flower. Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. Law. And so will I. Plan. Thanks here's gentle sir: Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say, This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, blind, brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.

Mort. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age, Let dying Mortimer here rest himself: Even like a man now hale'd from the rack, So fare my limbs with long imprisonment; And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death, Nestor-like aged in 6a cage of care, Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, Wax dim, as drawing to their ejection: Weak shoulders, overcome with burdening grief, And pitiless arms, like to a wither'd vine

* That is, dumb signs.—"No colors." i. e., no deceits: a play upon the word. — * Well objected, i. c., justly proposed.

4 "Creatless yeoman," i. e., those who have no right to arms.—The Temple, being a religious house, was a sanctuary.—"Partaker," i. e., accomplice.

* Opinion.—"Badge." — Pursuivants are officers who sit on heralds.—End.
That drops his sapless branches to the ground:  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no comfort have.  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?  
I say, my mother I entrust'd 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 Mamouth first began to reign,  
Believe whose glory I was great arms,  
This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscure'd,  
Depriv'd of honor and inheritance:  
But now, the arbitrator of desairs,  
Just death, kind uprize of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.  
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
The joy so might recover what was lost.  

Enter Richard Plantagenet, 3 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 despaired 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 dost thou say—of late thou wert desir'd!  
Plan. First, lean thin age ached back against mine  
And in that case I'll tell thee my 4 disease. [arm,  
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 honor of a true Plantagenet,  
And for alliance sake, declare the cause  
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.  
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,  
And hath deni'd me all my flow'ring youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
With a poisoned instrument of his own descent.  
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, his grandfader to this king,  
Depos'd his 5 nephew Richard, Edward's son,  
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
Of Edward, king the third of that descent:  
During whose reign the Piques of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavor'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 arm  
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son  
To king Edward the third, whereas he  
From John of Gaut doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as, in this 6 haughty great  

"Unmeaning; discountenance.  
Nephew is here used for cousin.  
High; lofty."

They labored to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,  
(Succeeding his father Bolingbrooke) 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,  
Lov'd an army, 7 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 honor 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 slaught'rer 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!  

[Dict.]  

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!  
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overspa'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.—  

[Exeunt 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 honor to redress;  
And therefore haste I to the parliament,  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my will th'o' advancer of my good. [Exit.  

ACT III.  


Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster,  
WarwicK, somerset, and suffolk; the Bishop  
of winchester, richard Plantagenet, and others.  
Win. Com'st 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  

4 Thinking.—" A Bill," i.e., articles of accusation.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience.

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonor’d me.

Think 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 diabolical pranks,
As ever infants prattled of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usher,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well become
A man of thy profession, and degree:
And for thy treachery, what’s more manifest,
In that thou hast laid a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
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.
If I were covetous, ambitious, proud,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how hapst it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preserveth peace
More than I do, except I be provok’d?
No, my good lords, it is not that offenders;
It is not that that hath incendi’d the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him rear those heterosexuals forth.
But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another’s throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent.

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler:
It fitted not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch’d so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow’d, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

[Aside]

Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a flogging at Winchester.

K. Hen. Unles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

Of what a scandal is it to our crown,
That such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[A noise within: Down with the taxeuny coats!]

What tumult’s this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop’s men.

[Enter the Mayor of London, and some Citizens.
Most. O, very good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pray the city of London, pity us!
The 3 bishop’s and the duke of Gloster’s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill’d their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another’s 9 pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock’d out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell’d to shut our shops.

Enter, skimming, the Retainers of Gloster,
And Winchester, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.
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 fight 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 commonweal,
To be disgraced by an ink-horn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter’d by thy face.

3 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.

Glo. Stay, stay?

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict 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?

[Enter; War. 9 Yield, lord protector; and yiel’d, Winches-
ter. 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 commands me stoope;
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 muddy discontented fury,
As by his smooth’d brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragi-cal?

Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.

[War. 9 Winchester refuses it.
K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
That malice was a great and grievious 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 b. girl.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:

5 "An inkhorn mate," i. e. a bookish person; a pedant.
6 "A hath a kindly girl," i. e. feels an emotion of kindness.

7
What! shall a child instruct you what to do? Wis. 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! Wis. So help me God, as I intend it not! [Aside. K. Hen. O, loving uncle, and kind duke of Gloster, How joyfully am I made by this contract! 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, 2 Citizens, Servants, &c. War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet We do exhibit to your majesty. [prince, Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for, sweet And if your grace mark every circumstance, You have great reason to do Richard right; Especially for those occasions At Pithom-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 restored to his blood; So shall his father's wrongs be recompen'd. Wis. As will the rest, so will'th Winchester. K. Hen. If Richard shall 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. Thy 2 honor'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 a reguerson of that duty done, I girt thee with the valiant sword of York. Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet, And rise created princely 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 crowned in France. The presence of a king engenders love Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends, As it disseminates his enemies. [goes; K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. Glo. Your ships already are in readiness. [Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter. Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France, Not seeing what is likely to ensue. This hase dissonance, grown betwixt the peers, Burns under weighty ashes of forge'd love, And will at last break out into a flame: As foster'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 Exeter doth wish His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.

SCENE 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, 'll by a sign give notice to our friends:

That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

I Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to suck the city, And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks. Guard. [Within.] Qui est là?

Puc. Pauvres, les pauvres gens de France;

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-hall is rous.

[Opening the gates. Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exit. Pucelle, &c. enter the City.

Enter Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Alesçon, and Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy strangern, And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen. Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her 2 practisants.

Now she is there, how will she specify Where is the best and safest passage in? Alcm. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower; Which, once discerr'd, shows, that her meaning is,— No way to 2 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 of the fall of all our foes! Alcm. 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 shalt rue this treason with thy Talbot but survive thy treachery. [tears,
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.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter, from the Town, Bedford, brought in sick in a Chair, with Talbot, Burgundy, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alesçon, Reignier, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast, [bread? Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

"'Twas full of darrell; do you like the taste?" 2 3 Practisants," i. e., confederates in strategies. — 4 No way to that," i. e., no way equal to that. — "The pride," i. e., the haughty power.
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtzean! I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own, And make thee curse the harvest of that corn. Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time. [trenson. Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break And run a tilt at death within a day of life? Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of hell’s des- Encompass’d with thy lustful paramours, [spite, Becomes it thee to tempt his valiant age, And twit with cowardice a man half dead? Damned, I’ll have a bout with you again, Or else let Talbot perish with this shame. [peace: Tal. Ay, you do hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy If Talbot do but thunder, ruin will follow.— [Talbot, and the rest, consult together. God speed the parliament! who shall be fools? Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field? Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours, or no. Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate, But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest. Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out? Alen. Signior, no. Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France! Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls, And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. Puc. Away, captains! let’s get us from the walls, For we have no goodness by his looks, God be wi’ you, my lord: we came, but to tell you— That we are here. [Exeunt La Pucelle, &c., from the Walls. Tal. And there will be too, ere it be long, Or else reproach be Talbot’s greatest fame.— Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house, That I did once public wrongs in France, Either to get the town again, or die; And I, as sure as English Henry lives, And as his father here was conqueror, As sure I swear to get the town, or die. Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows. [Exeunt. Tal. We are we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age. Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me: Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen, And will be partner of your weal, or woe. [you. Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read, That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick, Came to the field, and vanquished his foes. Methinks, I should revive the soldiers’ hearts, Because I ever found them as myself. Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!— Then, be it so—heavens keep old Bedford safe!— And now no more ado, brave dying prince, But gather we our forces out of hand, And set upon our boasting enemy. [Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford, and others. Alarums: Exeunt. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain. Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste? Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight: We are like to have the overthow again. Cap. What? will you fly, and leave lord Talbot? Fast. Ay, all the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit. Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [Exit. Retreat: Exeunt. Enter, from the Town, La Pucelle, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and exequat. fying. Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please, For I have seen our enemies’ overthrow. What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They, that of late were daring with their sculls, Are glad and vain by flight to save themselves. [Dies, and is carried off in his Chariot. Alarums. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and others. Tal. Lost, and recover’d in a day again! This is a double hour, Burgundy; Yet heavens have glory for this victory. Bur. Warlike and matchless Talbot, Burgundy Embraces thee in his heart; and there erects Thy noble deeds, as valor’s monument. [now! Tal. Thinks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle I think her old familiar is asleep: [glooms? Now were the Bastard’s brave heart, and Charles his What, all a-spect? 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. Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. Tal. But yet, before we go, let’s not forget The noble duke of Bedford, late decess’d, But see his exequies fulfilled 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 four batals 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 diffidence: One sudden fall shall never breed distrust. Baa. 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 reverence’d 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 exterminated from our provinces. [France, Alen. For ever should they be expuls’d from And have not title of an earldom here. Puc. Your honors shall perceive how I will work. * Scoif.—All a-mort, i.e., quite cast down.— “Take some order,” i.e., make some necessary dispositions.— * Funeral rites.— Exterminated; rooted out.— Expelled.
SCENE I.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

To bring this matter to the wished end,
Draughts heard after off.  
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching until Parisward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, Talbot
and his Forces.
There goes the Talbot, with his colors 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 favor makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy coun-
tryan.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am march-
ing hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy
words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay; let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see her cities and her towns defaced
By wanton ruin 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. [thee,
Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on
Doubling thy birth and lawful prosperity.
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?
Cal me to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the duke of Orleans thy endear?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
Seem, then, thou fightest against thy countreymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-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
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countreymen !
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
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!
[Aside.

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes
us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Aien. 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. [Exit.


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and other Lords,
Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, and
and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honorable peers,
Hearing 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, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lest his sword before his highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to this 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
When I was young: (as yet I am not old)  
lord. I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were a resolved of that truth,
Your faithful service, and your toll in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been resolver'd with so much 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 coration take your place.

[Flourish. Exeunt King Henry, Gloster,
Talbot, and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colors, that I wear
In honor of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?  
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The cunous barking of thy saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whose draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll 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.

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[Governor kneels.

*Convinced,—Rewarded.—"Those colors" i. e., the badge of a rose.
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend—
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteously God!

[Exeunt Gov. and his Tram.]

Enter Sir John Fastolpe.

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.

[Tal. 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 thy craven's leg;
Plucking it off.

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely 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 were given,
Like to a trusty 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 becoming 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,
Vulgar and virtuous, full of *haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolving in *worst extremes.

He, then, is not that furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honorable 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 hear'st thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—

[Exit Fastolpe.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy. [his style]
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath charg'd
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this curishd superscription
*Portend some alteration in good will? [cause,—
What's here? [Reads.]
"I have upon especial
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction," [France."
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become a thy foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writeth.

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. [Exit.]

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bass. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favor him.
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to
speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me
wrong.
Bass. And with him; for he hath done me wrong,
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both
complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bass. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow, here, with vain courting tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing checks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Arse'd between the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In conflation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, royal lord:
For though he seem, with forged quitain conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Prondning, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintheart of my master's heart.
York. Will not this mulice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [out,
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-
sick men?
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations? still arise. —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this disension first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. Then the quarrel becastheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bass. Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,
With this inmodest chimerous courage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths

* Intend; design.—* Mean; dastardly.—* High-spirited.
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course. [friends. Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be com-

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favor,
Quiet to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle waver ing nation.
If they perceive dissuasion in our looks,
That within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
to wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[Putting on a red Rose.
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may applaud me willy and I crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And as my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies,
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented by your victories
With Charles, Alcaun, and that traitorous rout.
[Flourish. Exeunt King Henry, Glo., Som.,
Win., Suf., and Basset. War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, me thought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon. Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out, [voice;
I fear, we should have seen deceip'ther'd there
More copious spoile, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howso'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shoudering of each other in the court,
This factious blazing of their favorites,
But that it doth pressage some ill event. 
'Tis much when scapes are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds 4 unkind division; 
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces. Tol. 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 proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three redress,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall by 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 scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approached.
On us thou canst not enter lest by death;
For, I protest, we are well forti
ded,
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 squadions pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee redress,
But death dost from thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconqu'rd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'd 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 colored,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[Drum 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. Tol. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and persue 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,
Max'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in a blood;
Not 4 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 aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right.
Prosper our colors in this dangerous fire!
[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?

9. *"If I wist he did," i. e., if I thought he did.—"This much," i. e., 'tis an alarming circumstance. — Malles—
Unnatural.

29
Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William! Whither were you sent? [Lord Talbot; Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Who, ring'd about with bold adversity, Cries out for noble York and Somerset, To beat assailing death from his weak legs: And whilsts the honorable captain there Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs, And, in advantage d' lingering, looks for rescue, You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor, 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 colds. Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy, Alençon, Reignier, compass him about, And Talbot perisheth by your default. [aid. Som. York set him on, York should have sent him Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; Swearing that you withhold his levied host, Collected for this expedition. [horse. Soon would lies he might have sent and had the I owe him little duty, and less love, And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending. Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France, Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot! Never to England shall he bear his life, But dies betray'd to fortune by your state. Som. Good for me; I will despise the horsemen Within six hours they will be at his aid. [straight: Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, 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 adieu! 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 stratagems of war, That all men's name might be in thee reviv'd, When spleen age, and weak unable limbs, Should bring thy father to his drooping chair. But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!— Now thou art come into a feast of death, A terrible and unavowed danger: Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse, And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape By sudden flight. Come, daily not; begone. John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son? And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother, Dishonor not her honorable 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 feast, In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot stain the honor you have won.

Spies. 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 * spies were discovered Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, Which John '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 * bow'd by a traitor villain, And cannot help the noble chevalier. God comfort him in this necessity! If 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, Whose sword is girdled with a waist of iron, And henn'd about with grim destruction. To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York! Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor. 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 trend and wrathful fury, make me weep, That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep. Lucy. O, send some succor to the distress'd 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. [soul! Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's 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 true and 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, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away, Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit York with his Forces.

Lucy. Thus, while the vesture of sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, Sleeping neglect doth both betray to loss, The conquest of our scource-cold conqueror, That ever-living man of memory, Henry the fifth. When by each other cross, Lives, honors, 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-daring Talbot Hath solli'd all his gloss of former honor, 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.
SCENE VII.  
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
You fled for vantage every one will swear,  
But if I fly, they'll say it was for fear.  
There is no hope that over I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.  
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality.  
Rather that life preserved 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 flight abuse  
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 lord Talbot, to fight, and  
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 yourself yourself in 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.  

Alarums: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is humbled and, 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 made;  
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-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.  
The irreful bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the mainheadship  
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And, interfacing blows, I quieted shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespoke him thus:—"Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spilp of thine,  
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy!"—  
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,  
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd of the son of chaivalry  
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 shall I die with mickle age:  
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,  
'r'st but the short-naming 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.  

[smart.  

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame)  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly.  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like to me 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 prdu'd, let's die in pride.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VII.—Another part of the Same.  

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Soldier.  

Tal. What 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 valor makes me smile at thee.—  
When he perceive'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 asailing of 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 son of blood my boy did drench  
His overmounting 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!  
[To scorn,  

Tal. Thou quick, death, which laugh'st us here  
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 lured-favor'd death,  
Speak to thy father, ere 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 should have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.  

[Dies.  

Alarums. Exeunt 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 as a mad dog, did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

_Puc._ Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said, "Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid!" But with a proud, majestical high scorn, he answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born to be the pilfage of a piglet wrench.

So, rushing in the bowels of the French, he left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [knight.

_Bur._ Doubtless, he would have made a noble See, where he lies interred in the arms Of the still bleeding nursar of his harms. [der.

_Bast._ How they to pieces, hack their bones asunder. Whose life was England's glory, Galland's wonder.

_Char._ O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

_Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; a French Herald preceding._

_Lucy._ Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, To know whom it hath the glory of the day.

_Char._ On what submissive message art thou sent?

_Lucy._ Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;

_We English warriors not what it means._

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en, And to survey the bodies of the dead.

_Char._ For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

_Lucy._ But where's the great Alcides of the field, Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

_Char._ Creator of his rare success in arms, Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence; Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchifield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton, Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shelf; The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge; [field, 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, Writes not so tedious a style as this,— Him, that thou magnificest with all these titles, Shining, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

_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. Were 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 beassems their worth.

_Puc._ I think, this upstart 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 sting, and patey the air.

_Char._ Go, take their bodies hence.

_Lucy._ I'll bear them hence; But from their very ashes shall be rear'd A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

_Char._ So be we rid of them, do what thou wilt. And now to Paris, in this conquering vein: All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[Exeunt.

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.**

_Enter King Henry, Glaston, 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 excellent grace, 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 immansity 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 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,

_Tham wanton dalliance with a paramour._

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please, So let them have their answers every one:

I shall well content with any choice, Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

_Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Winchester, as a Cardinal._

**Exe.** What! is my lord of Winchester install'd, And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?

Then, I perceive that will be verified,

Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,— "If once he come to be a cardinal, He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown." **K. Hen.** My lords ambassadors, your several suits Have been consider'd and debated on. Your purpose is both good and reasonable; And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd, To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean Shall be transported presently to France.

_Glo._ And for the proffer of my lord, your master, I have inform'd his highness so at large, As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts, Her beauty, and the value of her dowry,— He doth intend she shall be England's queen. **K. Hen.** In argument and proof of which contract, Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—

_Glo._ [Gives it. And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, And safely brought to Dover; where, instal'd, Commit them to the fortune of the sea.] [Exeunt King Henry and Train; Glaston, Exeter, and Ambassadors._

_Win._ Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive 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 pleasure._

_Win._ Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow, Or be inferior to the proudest peer. Humphrey of Glaston, thou shalt well perceive, That, neither in birth, or for authority,

**Footnotes:**

1. "Raging wood," i.e., raving mad. —_Wanton._ —_Sinnay._

2. "Jahmunity; cruelty._

3. *Exeunt._
SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, La Pucelle, and Forces, marching.

Char. Those news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits, and turn again unto the warlike French. Alencon. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France, and keep not back your powers in dailiance. Pucce. Peace be amongst them, 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! [Speak. Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, 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. Bar. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there: Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear. Of all base passions fear is most accur'd.— Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine; Let Henry fret, and all the world repine. Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [Exit. 

Scene III.—The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums; Excruciations. Enter La Pucelle.

Pucce. The regent conquerors, and the Frenchmen fly.— Now help, ye charming spells, and periphts; Ay ye, choice spirits, that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents: [Thunder. You see, my worthy, that are our auguries Under the lordly monarch of the north, Appear, and aid me in this enterprise! [Enter Friends.

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.

b Where I was wont to feed you with my blood, I'll loop a member off, and give it you, In earnest of a further benefit, So you do condescend 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 hang their heads. Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, Entreat you to your wonted fartherance? Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all, Before that England give the French the foil. [They depart.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, That France must vaii her lofty-plumed crest, And let her head fall into England's lap. My ancient incantations are too weak, And hell too strong for me to buckle with. Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Periphts were charms worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. b Whereas, " Vail," i. e., lower.

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting; La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Danseul of France, I think, I have you fast: Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms, And try if they can gain your liberty.— A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace! See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows, As if, with Giree, she would change my shape. Pucce. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be. York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man: No shape but his can please your dainty eye. Pucce. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and May ye both be suddenly surpris'd! [Thrice! By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds! York. Fell, burning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue. Pucce. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while. York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt. 

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her. O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly, For I will touch thee but with reverence hands; I kiss these fingers [Kissing her hand] for eternal And lay them gently on thy tender side: [Peace, Who art thou? say, that I may honor thee. Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king, The king of Naples, whoseoe'rt thou art. Suff. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd. Be not offended, nature's miracle, Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me: Who dost the man thy cygnet side, Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings. Yet, if this servile usage once offend, Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [She turns away as going. O, stay!—I have no power to let her go: My hand would free her, but my heart says—no. As plays the sun upon the glassy stream, Twinkling another counterfeited beam, So seems this gorgeous beauty to the eyes. Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak: I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind. Fie, De la Poole! d siable not thyself! Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner? wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight? Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, Confounds the tongue, and mocks the sense of touch. Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so, What ransom must I pay before I pass? For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner. Suff. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit, Before thou make a trial of her love? [Aside. Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay? Suff. She's beautiful, and therefore to be wou'd; She is a woman, therefore to be won. [Aside. Mar. Wilt thou accept a ransom, yea, or no? Suff. 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. Suff. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling cura. Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad. Suff. And yet a dispensation may be had. Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me. Suff. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom? Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.

Cursing—Dispraise; impeach—"A wooden thing," i. e., an awkward business; an undertaking not likely to succeed.
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 scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so.
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [Aside.
Mar. What though I be enthral'd? he seems a
And will not any way dishonor me. [Aside.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be resc'd 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 quid pro quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not then
You may not be happy to be made a queen? [Aside.
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 make to 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 make so happy, to be made a queen? [Aside.
Mar. A queen in bondage is more vile to me.
Suf. And have no portion in the choice myself?
How say you, madam, are you so content?
Mar. And if my father please, I'll give consent.
Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colors forth!
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[Troops come forward.
A Parley sounded. Enter Reignier, on the Walls.
Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reign. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reign. 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:
Content, and for thy honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have wound and win thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reign. Speak Suffolk as he thinks!
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, 4 face, or reign.
Reign. Upon thy princely warrant I descendent
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.
Reign. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honor 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?
Reign. Since thou dost design to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
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.
Reign. 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 kingly 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.
Reign. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Myself, my lord. Good wishes, praise,
and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,
Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plau'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspetted heart,
Never yet minted with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [Aside.
Reign. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such promises to a king. [Aside.
[Exit Reignier and Margaret.
Suf. O,wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
Those Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Benthink thee on her virtues that surmount,
3973 M'dal natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often to the sea,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[Exit.


Enter York, Warwick, and others.
York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.
Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out—
Have I sought every country far and near, [right.
And, saw therby it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeous cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.
Pae. Docrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine. [so
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not
I did begot 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?
4 Silly; foolish.—Untimely.—Miser, here, simply means a miserable creature.
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been; Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shp. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstinate! God knows, thou art a collyop of my flesh, And for thy sake have I shed many a tear: Deay me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan. [man, Puc. Peasant, avante!]—You have suborn'd this Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shp. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest, The morn that I was wedded to her mother. Knelt down and take my blessing, good my girl.— Wilt thou not stope? Now cursed be the time Of thy nativity! I would, the next 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. [Exit.]

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 commission from the king. For know, my lords, the states of Christendom, Mov'd with 'remorse of these outrageous broils, Have earnestly implored a general peace, Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French; And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train, Approcheth 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 informed of your designs, What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for bolling choler chokes The hollow passage of my prison'd voice, By sight of these our 'bulaful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:— That, in regard king Henry gives consent, Of more compassion, and of lenity, To case your-countrymen of distress'd war, And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, You shall become true liege-men to his crown. 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.

Men. 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 proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am posses'd With more than half the Gallifin territories, And therein revenue'd for their lawful king: Simil I, for here of the rest unvanquish'd, Detruit so much from the glisty perspectiv, As to be call'd vicerey of the whole? No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep That which I have, than, coveting for more, Be cast from possibility of all. [means York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret Used intercession to obtain a league, And now the matter grows to compromise, Stand'st thou afoe upon comparisons?]

* Obligate. — Child.
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reg. 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
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 sayst thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall; only reserve'd, you claim no influence
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious 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:
Rest, my dear friend, in your worthy praise,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hull 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.

Suf. Thou! my good Lord, this superficial 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 bowlness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honor 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 extremest
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honor with reproach?

Suf. 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. [that?]

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret, more than
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel'd?

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,

The king 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 Armurpe may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so subject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enable 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 authority:
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 preferred.

For what is wedlock forced 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 her, not 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,
(And in more than 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 attaint
With any passion of the inflamm'd love
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissenion in my breast,
Such fierce alarmus 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 doth safely 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 by what I will be,
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. [Exit

Glo. Ay, a grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed; 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. [Exit

"By attorneyship," i.e., by the intervention of another man's choice.—Judge.—Sorrow.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.


SCENE, in various parts of England.

ACT I.


Flourish of Trumpets: then Haults. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloucester, 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, Bretaigne, and Alescon, [bishops, Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend I have perform’d my task, and was espous’d: And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England and her 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. [garet: K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Mar: 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 beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.  

[Flourish.]

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious  
The truest 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 alderliest sovereign,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.  

[speech, K. Hen.] Her sight did ravish, but her grace in  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys:  
Such is the fullness of my heart's content.  

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.  

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happi-  
ness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all.  

[Flourish.]

Suff. 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 Henry be received  
by Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of  
Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown  
herself 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."  

[Passing.]

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [Reads.] "Item: It is further agreed be-  
tween them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
shall be released and delivered over to the king  
his father; and she sent over of the king of England's  
own proper cost and charges, without having any  
dowry."  

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess,  
kneel here down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,  
We here discharge thy grace from being regent  
Of the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favor done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perfom'd.

Erect King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glo. Brave princes of England, pillars of the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valor, 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 toll his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, 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 crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?  
And shall these labors, and these honors, die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
O peers of England! shameful is the thought:  
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 dis-  
peration 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 roost,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou, and Maine,  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leniency of his purse.

Sut. But, 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?  

Mat. Diem!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocato  
That dima the honor 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!  
[France.  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in  
Beforeer.

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.  
Rancor will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury. If I longer stay  
We shall begin our ancient bickering.—  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.  

[Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis 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 circumspecct.  
What though the common people favor him,  

a "Alden thieves," i.e., best beloved.
SCENE II. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. 459

Calling him "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster!"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Join 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?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
Whose weighty business from his seat
Carr. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
And greatness of his place to grief to us, [pride,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be dispach'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite dukedom Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

Sat. Pride went before ambition follows him.
While these do labor for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labor for the realm.
For, whereas, but the greatness 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.
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself.
Unlike the ruler of a common-wealth.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy honor-keeping,
Have won the greatest favor of the commons,
Excepeting 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 wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fearful, and honor'd, of the people.
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can to bridge 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 doth his country the service he can, to York.
And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sat. 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 2 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.

[Exeunt 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: where is it to them?
Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pilagine,
And purchase friends, and give to courtiers.
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, 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 lands are bargain'd for, and sold.

Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire—
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood, [hand,
As did the fatal brand Athlen burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon,
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold I had he for 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 Nevils' part,
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 childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humors 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 noblest queen,
And Humphrey, with the peers he fall'n at joll
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-ravish'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plebeous head? Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows, As bowing at the favors of the world? What 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 honors of the world? If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
What a profit of it, at such a low gold.
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both head-ear'd 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 troubous 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 this
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 Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

3 Ticklish; whose life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. Altho' having thrown it into the fire, he expired in torments.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  
ACT 4.

This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.  

Duch.  Tut! this was nothing but an argument,  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  

But listen to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,  
In the cathedral church of Westminster, [crown'd;  
And in that chair where kings and queens were  
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,  
And on my head did set the diadem.  

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I clidle 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 humming treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,  
From top of honor 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 my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.  

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again. 

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.  
We are a man, and 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 slack  
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  
Your grace's title shall be multiplied. —[Advice,  
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet  
confer'd?  

With Margaret Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
And Roger Belingbrooke, the conjurer,  
And will they undertake to do me good? [highness  
Hume. This they have promised,—to show you  
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,  
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 effect'd to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.  

[Exit Hume.  

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,  
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!  
Seal up my eyes, 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 humor,  
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
And be the false confederates in her brain.  
They say, a crafty knife 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' wreck,  
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.  

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.  

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 supplications 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, mechinth, and the Queen with him. I'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! would'st any thing with me?  

1 Pet. I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for your 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, m'not 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, farsooth; 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 Pet.  

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.  

[Reads the Petition.  

Away, base eulitions! —Suffolk, let them go.  

All. Come, let's be gone.  

[Exeunt Petitioners.  

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, may this be 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 king Henry be a pupil still,  
Under the surly Gloster's governance?  
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,  

460  

464 Sort how it will," i. e., let the issue be as it will.  

4 There are the four cards: see the rich courtier.  

*Ill-educated.  

*Whereas is used for where, whereas.  

* "Sir John," a title frequently bestowed on the clergy.
Scene III.
Second Part of King Henry VI.

 Thou ran'st a tilt in honor of my love,
 And sto'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 heads:
 His thought is more than the holy apostles;
 His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
 His study is his till-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 it was cause
 Your highness came to England, so will I.
 In England work your grace's full content.

 Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we
 Beaufort,
 The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
 And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
 Buckinghamesse, more in England than King.

 Suf. And be 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 duke 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?
 Contemptuous base-born *ealstall 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 lim'd a bush for her;
 And plac'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 b complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit:
 So, one by one, I will weave all the realm,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

 Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset; Duke and Duchess of Gloster, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, 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 denny'd the regentship.

 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 letters 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.

 Sat. 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 a 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 hast thou raised; the clergy's
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

 Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's at
 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 sole 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.
 Give me my fan: what, minions! can you not?

 [Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.
 I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

 [man.

 Buck. Was't I? yea, I was, pront French-maid.
 Could I in my person near thy beauty lay,
 I'd set my ten commands in thy face.

 K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.

 [time.

 Buck. Against her will! Good king, look to't in
 She'll hamper 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.

 [Exit Duchess.

 Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
 And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
 She's tickled now; her fame can need no spurs,
 She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

 [Exit Buckingham.

 Re-enter Gloster.

 Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown
 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 in 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 unmeet of any man.

 York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

 Car. 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 besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

 War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

 Glo. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

 War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

 Car. The marks of her ten fingers and thumbs.

 4 His censure," i.e., his opinion, judgment. — The marks of her ten fingers and thumbs.
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,
To indicate 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, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake 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, do 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
Let Somerset be regent o’er the French, [judge.
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零售.
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, pity my case! the spite of this man prevailed 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. The Duke of Gloster’s Garden.

Enter MARGARET JOURDAIN, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters! the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided.
Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?—
Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invisible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aile, while we be busy here; and so, I pray you, go in God’s name, and leave us. [Exeunt 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 we give; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times,
Deep night, dark night, 8 and silence of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when sorcer-bowls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
And spirits walk, and ghosts break 4 ope their graven,
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:— Bolingbroke reads, Conjurro, to, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spir. Alasum. M. Joux, &c. 9
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblingst at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.
Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!
[come?
Boling. First, of the king: what shall of him be?
Spir. The duke: yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But hire outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.
Spir. Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
Spir. By water shall lie die, and take his end.
Spir. Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?
Spir. Let him shun castles;
Sister shall he lie on the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
Foul fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trust.
Beldame, I think, we watch’d you at an inch.—
What! madam, are you there? the king and common-weal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:—
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well &guard’d for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England’s king,
Injurious duke, that threat’st where is no cause.
Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this this?

[Showing her the Peps.
Awash with them! let them be clapp’d up close,
And keep him under. — 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 South., Bolo., &c.
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch’d her well;
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, Envidia, Romanos vincere * posse.

Well, the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end."

* A ban-dog, or bound-dog, was one that was kept chained for his ferocity.—Rewarded. — Why this is just Aio te, Envidia, etc., i. e. This is just like the old oracle of double meaning: I say that you, the son of Aenas, the Romans will conquer, which might be taken either way, as to the result.
"What shall be done to 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 oars are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him is the husband of this lovely lady: [them;
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector. [York,
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
To be the post in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's
within there, he!

Enter a Servant.
Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardiff, and Suffolk, with Falconers hollering.
Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the [brook,
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
And what a pitch she flew above the rest. [made,
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are 1️⃣° fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tover 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:
Persious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo, What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
Tantam carinis codicem clausus tact? [so peremptory,
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
And with such holiness you well can do it.
Suf. No malice, sir; so 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.
Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
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 'twere come to that! [Aside to the Cardinal.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [Aside.

Glo. Make up no fictious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [Aside.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: as if thou
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 4️⃣ two-hand
sword. [Aside to Glo.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd, the east side of the grove.
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 4️⃣ fence shall fall. [Aside.
Car. Medice tipsum:
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [Aside.
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stom-
achs, 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?
Follow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king: 3️⃣ 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. [soul.
K. Hen. Now, God be pra'sd, 't that to believing
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren;
and Simpson, borne between two persons in a Chair;
his Wife and the Multitude following.
Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present his highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied. [king:
Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the
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, ain't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, ain't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou cou'dst
have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, ain't like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been
great to thee:
Let never day nor night unshallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, can't thou here
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [by chance,
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and off'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, —"Sunder, 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.

4️⃣The two-hand sword was sometimes called the long sword.
4️⃣Fence is the art of defence.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. Of born so, master.
Glo. What! and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
[venture so.
Glo. 'Mass, thou lovest plums well, that would'st
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some plums,
And made me climb with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes—wink now;—now open
In my opinion yet thou seest not well. [them.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,
And Saint Alban.
[off.
Glo. Sayst thou me now? What color is this cloak
Simp. Red, master; red as blood. [gown of!
Glo. Why, that's well said. What color is my
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet. [is of?
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what color jet
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. Will my sirrah, what's name's mine?
Simp. Alas! master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name? 
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Sander Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Sander, sit thou there, the lyingest
knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as
To name the several colors we do wear. [thus
Sight may distinguish of colors; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think 'tis 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
beadles in your town, 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-hitter straight.
[Exit an Attendant.
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A
took brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save
yourself from whipping, leap 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 you find your legs.
Simp. Beadle, whip him till he leap over that same
stool.
Beal. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with
your doubtful quick.
Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not
able to 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 knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need. [town,
Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.
Car. 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 Bucking-
ham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A* sort of naughty persons, 1 heavily bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of holy 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;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave't afflic't 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.
[ones.
K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thou be faultless, thou wilt best.
Glo. Mindam, for myself, to have I ever do appeal,
How he lov'd me my king, and cannot love;
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
Honor, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company,
And give her, as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonor'd Gloster's honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-
vails. 
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of York's
Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.
York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and War-
Our simple supper ended, give me leave, [wick,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself.
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. 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,

*Sort is here used for company.—b.\b. Lewdly," i. e., wick-
dly; "knawishly.—"Your lady is forthcoming," i. e., your lady is in custody.
SCENE III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  465

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
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;
Seate him his father, and came to the crown,
And to him the sceptre; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War.  Father, the duke hath told you the very truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York.  Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sat.  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:
Robert had issue—Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sat.  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 Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son,
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir [son].
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmond Mortimer; who married Philippe,
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
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, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honor of his birthright to the crown.

Both.  Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York.  We thank you, lords.  But I am not your
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Win at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaumont's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have stain'd the shepherd of the flock,
That upright prince, the good duke Humphrey.
'Tis that they seek; and, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sat.  My lord, break we off: we know your mind
at full.

War.  My heart assures me, that the earl of War-
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York.  And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same.  A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded.  Enter King Henry, Queen
Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, and Salis-
bury; the Duchess of Gloster, Margery
Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Boling-
broke, 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 2 sin
Such as God's soul 3 is adjudget 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 nobly born,
Despoiled of your honor 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.  [death
Duch.  Welcome is banishment; welcome were my
Glo.  Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—

[Exeunt the Duchess, and the other prisoners.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey!  this dishonor 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 cease.

K.  Hen.  Stay, Humphry duke of Gloster.  Ere
Give up thy soul!  Henry will to his head
[thee
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wast protector to thy king.
Q.  Mar.  I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected like a child 5 by peers.
God and king Henry govern England's helm.
Give up your staff, sir, and to the king his realm.

Glo.  My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff;
6 To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine: 
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honorable peace attend thy throne.

[Exit.  Q.  Mar.  Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a main: two pull at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honor 4 brought:—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Suf.  Thus drops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her 7 proudest days.
York.  Lords, let him 8 go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armorer and his man, to enter Plats,
So please your highness to behold the fight.  [fore,
Q.  Mar.  Ay, good my lord; for purposely, there-

4 Reached.—  "Let him go," i. e., let him pass out of
your thoughts.
Second Part of King Henry VI.

Scene IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning clothes.

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a
And after summer evermore succeeds
[cold];
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sir, what's o'clock?

Serr. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess

4 Uneath she may endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Neil, ill can thy noble mind abrook
That object people, raving on thy face
With curious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, so 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.

Serr. So please your grace, we'll take her from
The street.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come, you come, 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! bide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pant my shame,
And thou thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Neil; 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 I'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that reproach
To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the curious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I hear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that ever I'll look upon the world,
Or be the happy, that enjoy them?
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 rul'd, 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 folower.
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 shall shortly will;
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that latheth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest.
Have all lim'd bushies to betray thy wings;
And thy false rabble thronest, they'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Neil! forbear; thou almost all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;

Enter York, with trumpets, alarum to the combattants.

[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

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.

[Exeunt.

"Worse bested," i. e., in a worse plight.—According to the old law of duels, knights fought with the lance and sword, but those of inferior rank with an elon staff, to the end of which was fastened a long crummed hard with sand.

Charneco was a kind of sweet wine.

"Uneath," i. e., not easily.—Malicious.—Curse.

"Mail'd up in shame," i. e., wrapped up in disgrace;
According to the sheet of penance.—Deep-lashed.—Be advised," i. e., be careful.
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any seathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and chaste.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of the 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,
held 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?
Stan. 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.
[well?]
Duck. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not fare.
Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Glover and Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone so? All comfort go with
For none abides with: my joy is death;
[thee,
Death, at whose name I oft have been affray'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
—
Stanley, I pr’ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I, then, be us’d reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell! thy office is discharged.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
[sheet
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
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.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Scena. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I must, my lord of Gloucester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er 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 knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining 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' council.
By flattery lust he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of weeding.
The reverend care I bear unto my lord
Made me f'collect these dangers in the duke.
If he be fond, 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 worst supposition.

Suf. Well hath thy 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 duchess by her subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by *reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successor heir,
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 harbors treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsound'd 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,
Lievry great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Back. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duc'd Hum-

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 doe.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.


---

* "I. clew," i. e., it seems'th to me._
* "Observe._
* Foolish._
* "By reputing ol," i. e., by valing himself upon.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's dispos'd as the wanteful 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 fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. 'What's the news from France?'
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.
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: gear 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,
Unite them in that web of my and your comforts.
[soon. I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily damned.
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 soldiers' pay;
By means whereas his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that
I never rob'd the soldiers of their pay, [think it?
Nor ever had one peny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.
That doth that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any grant I hoarded 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 dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Carr. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. 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. [tector,
Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whilst I was pro-
Fity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lovely words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer.
Or foul felonious thief that flee'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I torture'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else. [saw'd.
Suf. My lord, these faults are 'tensely, quickly an-
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 mock'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rascals 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 blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy fate;
Sharp Buckingham unbear'ds with his tongue
The obvious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged 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,
Causeth have hid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavor have stir'd up
My liegest liege to be mine enemy.—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself bad nought of your confederacy,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effect'd,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Carr. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' venge,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly cou'd, as
If she had suborned some to swear
False testimonies to o'erthrow his state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. For truer spoke, than men: I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.——

[day.——

Carr. Sirs, take away the deke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah! thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnawing who shall guaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were !
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exeunt Attendants with Gloster.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here. —[Rising.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

[ grief.

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round causeth with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

* This gear,' i.e., this matter; this business.

b Accumation.—n Dearnest.
SCENE I.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretched, and beautes when it straues,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless, have they beaused him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but weaite her darling's loss;
Even so myself bevails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So slowly are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each gron,
Say—"Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none."

Q. Mar. 1' Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beyond him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow swares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering *bank,
With shining check'd b'slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world.
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a color for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labor still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life:
As yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath *most reason for his death,—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, 2 lord Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
With your eyes upon an empty kirt, to
Guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector!
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
Suf. Madam, this true: and weren't that madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posed over,
Because his purpose is not executed?
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey's prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillots how to shay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which, makes him first, that first intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 3 resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but the word, and I will be his 4 priest. [folk,
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suff-
ere you can take due 5 order for a priest.
Say, you consent, and cease well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand: the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It'skils not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick 6 expedition stop,
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his *for-fair policy,
Had been the regent there instead of [he,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou last 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 preserv'd so whole do seldom win. [fire,
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a ragging
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hadst 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 summer, thee, that wishest shame.
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The unicelkernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choiceby, 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 thence, or count
And what we do establish, he confirms us:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
While 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 Humphry.
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.

[Exeunt all but York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
And change misdoubt to resolution: [thoughts,
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fuc'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbor in a royal heart. [thought,
Farther than spring-time showers comes thought on

4 "His priest," i. e., his attendant at the last scene.— 5 "Cen-
sure well the deed," i. e., judge well of it, have a good opin-
on of it.— 6 "It'skils not greatly who impugns our doom."
7 Fair-fetched.—Boors.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT III.

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,
Weaves tedious mazes to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear you me but warm the starved snake,
Wher the tallow dips your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twixt man I luck'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
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 he shall have formed a 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 common cause, 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 porcupine:
And, in the end being race'd, I have seen Him captor upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bicorn.
Full often, like a tag-hair'd crafty korne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that he Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, doth resemble:—
By this he shall perceive the common end,
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 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal mov'd;—
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, then next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury. 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 so!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?
1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter Suffolk.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. [house.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
I will reward you for this venturesome 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. [Exit Murderers.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
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
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glover, [All,
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 he 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 that matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Glover is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend! [night,
Car. God's secret judgment—I did dream to
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Bear 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 thy gracious lord?—[fort!
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-
K. Hen. What! dost my lord of Suffolk comfort
Come he right now to sing a raven 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?—
Hid not thy poison with such sugar'd words, Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch suffright me as a serpent's sting.
Thou boleful 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 vomiting,—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazier with thy sight;—
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In look of double death, now Glover is 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, foe 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 prime with blood-drinking 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 got I by his death. Ah me, unhappy,
To be thus crown'd, and cursed crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Glover, 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 poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was never thy joy:
SCENE II.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Ere his statue, then, and worship it, And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this night wreek'd upon the sea, And twice by awkward wind from England's bank Drove back again unto my native clime!
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest, Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then, but curs'd th' unnatural gusts, And he that loss'd them from their brazen caves; And made them blow toward Borough's blessed shore, Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Xolus would not be a murderer, But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me, Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore, With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splintering rocks cover'd in the sinking sands, 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 hatches in the storm; And when the dusky sky began to rob Me of the last glimpsing sight of thy view, I took a costly jewel from my neck.
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,— And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'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 thy foul inconstancy) To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did, When he to Maddoc Dido would unfold His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy? Am I not wish'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 noble and generous, like an angry hive, They that would lead their, scatter up and down, And care not who they sting in his revenge. Myself have calm'd their sullen mutiny, Until they hear the order of his death. [True.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too 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.

[Warwick goes into an inner Room, and Salisbury retires.

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts! My thoughts that labor 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 pally 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 body.

K. Hen. That's 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 a 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.

Suf. 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 lowering heart; Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, Attracts the same familiar evidence 'gainst that enemy; Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth To blush and beautify the check again. But see, his face is black, and full of blood; His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd, Staring full ghastly like a strangled man: [gling; His hair upcur'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggle, His hands abroad'd and 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. [death?
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection, And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
War. But both of you were vow'd duk'd Humphrey's foes, And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep: 'Tis 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 the unhappy Henry's most unnatural death.
War. Who finds the leifer dead, and bleeds fresh, And seeth fast by a butcher with an axe, Will but suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the partidge in the puttock's nest, But may imagine how the bird was dead, Although the kite soar with unbleeding beak? Even so suspicions is this tragedy; then, is your knife? Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's that Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons? Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men; But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease, That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart, That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.— Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire, That I am guilty in duke Humphrey's death.
[Exeunt Cardinal, Son., and another.
War. What darest not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He darest not calm his contumelious spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, Though Suffolk dars him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

* "I see my life in death," i.e. I see my life endangered by his death.—"A timely-parted ghost," i.e., the body of one who had died a natural death.—"His hands abroad displayed," i.e., his fingers widely distended.
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her damnable bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
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,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dost go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to due Humphrey's ghost.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their
Weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful
weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
[Buried,
Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; [Speaking to those within.
the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or dishonour fair England with his blood.
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in your behalf.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your disliking, or pain of death,
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were banish'd,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbidd,
That they will guard you, who'e you will or no,
From such foul serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times this worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,
my lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd heads,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how 1 quait an omortor you are:
But all the honor Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the last of his race.
Sent from a 2 sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the king,
or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance into my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
Whose false unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.

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.—
If after three days' space thou here 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.

[Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellow's 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 execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.—
[Wretched.

Q. Mar. Fly, coward woman, and soft-hearted
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I
curse them?
Wouldst cause kill, as doth the mandrake's grain,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, 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 distinct;
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 chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as sharps as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's kiss,
And bowing screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
[Thyself;

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

* "The mortal worm," i.e., the deadly serpent.

b Dextorous. — "A sort," L. c., a company. — d Breathe infection in this air, L. c., contaminate this air with his infected breath.— Curse.
Second Part of King Henry VI.

Scene I.

Well could I curse away a winter's night, Though standing naked on a mast's top, Where but 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,  
That I may dow it with my mournful tears; Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place, To wash away my woeful monuments. Q. Mar. Even torture I could bear, but this kiss be constant, 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; 'Tis but surmise'd whilst thou art standing by, As one that surfeits, thinking on a want. I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd, Adventure to be banished myself; And banish 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, Loather 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. 'Tis not the land I care for, were thou tience:  
A wilderness is populous enough,  
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company; For where thou art, there is the world itself, With every 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 liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news,  
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty, [I pr'ythee! 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 talkes as if duke Humphrey's ghost Were by his side; sometime 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 tend in tears?  
Theirs 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 slumber in thy lap? Here could I breathe my soul into the air, As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe, Dying with mother's dog 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: So should'st thou either turn my flying soul, Or I should breathe it so into thy body, And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium: To die by thee, were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die, were torture more than death.

O! let me stay, befal what may befal.  
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful cor-
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.

[treasure,  
Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou will 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, wh're 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.—  
Combs his hair: look! look! it stands upright, Like lime-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 meddling 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 groan.  
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.  
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if't God's good pleasure be.  
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on 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 had 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.

Scene I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,  
And now loud-howling wolves pursue the jades  
Iris was the messenger of June. —Pitiful.
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That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip 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 pinacle anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this disordered shore.—
Maint, this master prisoner freely give I thee;
And, thou that art his mate, 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' throats!—for die you shall:
Suff. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:

Cap. 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.

Whitmore. Name at what thou wilt; I shall be paid.

Whit. And so shall I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is 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 sounded.

Whit. Gaultier, or Walter, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonor 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!

Lords 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 muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honorable 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 smil'd,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head:
How often hast thou wait'd at my cup,
Fell from my trencher, knee'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and alay this thy abortive pride.

In our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wait'd for our coming forth.
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the foul-tongued slave?—

1 Gent. First let my words stub him, as he bath 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? is, kernel, puddle, sink; whose filthy and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now, will I durn up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm: [ground; Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shallweep the And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall kiss at thee again:
And waded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthess king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylva, overgord!' 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 Nevil's all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—heard from the crown,
Shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colors Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—Invictus nobilis.
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, object drudges!—
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinacle, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that it should die
By such a low vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, wait me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pond gelidae timor occupat artus:—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaight to plead for favor.
Far be it my head honor such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar grooms.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

17 "To affy," i. e., to betroth in marriage.—Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing them-selves out of a cloud.—A pinacle formerly signified a ship of small burden, built for speed.
Scene II. Second Part of King Henry VI.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can, That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile 2bezontians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[Exit Suf., with Whit, and others.
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.
Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's Body.
Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. 1
[Exit.
1 Gent. O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit, with the Body.

Scene II. Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.
Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made
of a thistle: they have been up these two days.
John. They have the more need to sleep now then.
Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means
to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set
a new nap upon it.
John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I
say, it was never merry world in England, since
gentlemen came up.
Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
in handicrafts-men.
John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather
aprons.
Geo. Nay more; the king's council are no good
workmen.
John. True; and yet it is said,—labor in thy vocation:
which is as much as to say,—let the magistrates
be laboring men; and therefore should we be
magistrates.
Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign
of a brave mind, than a hard hand.
John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son,
the Tanner of Wingham.
Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies
to make dog's leather of.
John. And Dick, the butcher.
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 numbers.
Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed
father,—
Dick. Or rather, of stealing a 'case of our hearings.
[Aside.
Cade. —For our enemies shall fall before us,
inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and
princes,—Command silence. [Noise
Dick. Silence! 2
Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—
Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-
layer.
Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—
Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife.
[Aside.
1 A bezonian is a mean low person.— 2 A "case," i.e., a barrel.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lucies,—
Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and
sold many laces.
[Aside.
Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with
her forced pack, she washes bucks here at home.
[Aside.
Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.
Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable;
and there was he born under a hedge; for his father
had never a house, but the cage.
[Aside.
Cade. Valiant I am.
Smith. 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.
[Aside.
Cade. I am able to endure much.
Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him
whipped three market days together.
[Aside.
Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.
Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat
is of proof. 3
Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of
fire, being burnt 't the hand for stealing of sheep.
[Aside.
Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave,
and vows 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 felony, 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 think you, good people:—there 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 their lord.
Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the law-
yers.
Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a
lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent
lamb should be made parchment? that parchment,
being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some
say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax,
for I did but seal 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
read, and cast account.
Cade. O monstrous!
Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.
Cade. Here's a villain!
Smith. He's a book in his pocket, with red letters
in't.
Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.
Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write
court-hand.
Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man,
of mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall
not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee:
what is thy name?
Clerk. Emmanuel.
Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—
'Twill 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.

* Little places for harlots and vagabonds, set commonly
in the market-place, were called cages.— 4 Bonds.
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 hard 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.  [Knock'd.  
[Some rise up.  
[Enter Rook.  

[Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.  

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.  
[Exeunt.  

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted 3 shoon,  
For they are thrity honest men, and such  
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.  
Dick. They are all in order, and march towards 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.  

Enter 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 3 years, lacking one.  
Dick. I desire no more.  
Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.  
This monument of the victory will I bear; ['Putting on Stafford's armor.] and the bodies shall  
be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword  
horne before us.  
Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out 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 Supplication; 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,  

And makes it fearful and degenereate;  
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?  
Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?  
K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to extort;  
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  

Rol'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.  

*  *  *
  "I pass not,  
  I, O, I care not.  
  Shoes."
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 wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me. Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.
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.
2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge: Fly and forsake their houses. [the citizens 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 succor 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 in mine innocence, 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 withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honor 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 assuy'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough. Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell: rebellion never thrives. [Exeunt.

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 com-
mand, 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. [Exeunt.

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 inns 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, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [Aside.
Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [Aside.
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 fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.
Cade. Well, he shall be beleaguered for it ten times. —Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What causeth thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Bassimeau, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the reason 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
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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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 4-footch, dost thou not?

Sey. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men theretb than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Sey. You men of Kent. —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Sey. Nothing but this: 'tis bona terra, mala gens.

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin. [will.

Sey. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you 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, active,
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 favor have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When I have urg'd extorted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you! Large gifts I have bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of Knowledge, the wise wherein he have wings 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 behalf.

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field? [struck

Sey. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward! what? to come behind
forks? [good.

Sey. The cheeks are pale for watching for your
Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Sey. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hemeau caudle, then, and
the 2 help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Geo. 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 steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behold him.

Sey. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honor; 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 harboring 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 he but for pleading so well for his life—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o'

That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. — A foot-chawl was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse. — "Guilty blood-shedding," i. e., shedding innocent blood. — "A familiar," i. e., a demon who was supposed to attend at call.

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. [prayers,

Sey. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your God should 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 poorest proud 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?

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 another, for they loved well, when they were alive. [Josef 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.

Aleram. 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 them.

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,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis 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! Who hates him, and honors not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he 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 dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your buck's 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.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE X. — Enters Cade. Enter a Messenger. Enter a Messenger. Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised, The duke of York is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant, and united power Of Gallowglasses, and stout Irish kerns, Is marching hitherward in proud array; And still doth proclaim, as he goes 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, the Cade driven back, his men dispers'd, And now is York in arms to second him. I pray thee, Buckingham, 3 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 dismiss'd from him. Som. My lord, I'll yield myself to prison willingly, Or unto thee, to do my country good. K. Hen. In any case, he be not too rough in terms, For he is fierce, and cannot break 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 IX.—Kensilworth Castle. Rain 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. Clif. 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 show'd how well you love your prince and country, Continue still in this so good a mind, [try: And Henry, though he be unfortunate, Assure yourselves, he 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! *The kerns and Gallowglasses were two orders of foot soldiers attached to the Irish army. "But now," i.e., after this change. —A sallet is a kind of helmet.
In't is 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 now wilt thou brave me with these wanton terms?  
Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever  
was broached, and heard thee too. Look on me  
well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,  
come thou and try four men, and if I do not leave  
you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may  
ever eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England  
That Alexander Iden, a squire of Kent, [stands,  
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 fist 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 forbears.

Cade. By my valor, the most complete champion  
that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or  
cut not with the hurry-boned claw in chines of beef  
ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my  
knees, thou mayst 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 hence-  
forth 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 shew the honor 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 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.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. 3 The Fields between  
Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter  
York, attended, with Drum and Colors: his Irish  
Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim  
his right,  

* "How much thou wrong'st me," I. e., by undervaluing  
my prowess.

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
King, bells, blood; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful king.

art, sancta mater! 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 b 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 disseindle.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee  
well. [greeting.  
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy  
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?  
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dear liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Shoul'dst raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarcely can I speak, my choler is so great.  
[Aside,  
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 kindly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—  
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, 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 honor, is he prisoner?  
Buck. Upon mine honor, 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, armor, 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  
That thus be marcheth with thee arm in arm? [to us,  
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,  

b "Balance it," i. e., balance my hand.
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 much exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, not like your Majesty. [degree
K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

But. So please it you, my lord, 'twere 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 Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege. [the queen:
K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with
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.

Yor. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unslee 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 hardy 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 principality.
That gold must round engirt 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 set 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. [of these,
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask
If they can break 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 paven their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come anon.
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-bespotted and Neapsonian,
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 deth their
Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the
king!

[Knells.

Yor. I thank thee, Clifford! say, what news with
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee?
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Cliff. 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
burnt.
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Cliff. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious 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? 
Est. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Cliff. 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-hearted traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these 'tis-long-looking maidens;
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bate thy bears to
And manacle the bearward in their chains, [death,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweaning cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, having suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath chopp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And smelt a piece of service will you do,
If you oppress yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Cliff. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Cliff. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourself.

[bow?

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy kneeforgot to Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectators?
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honorable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have. [an oath?

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity.
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong;

* Custody; confinement.
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. [Exit,

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou
I am resolv'd for death, or do this.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burqonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burqonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burqonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Devote the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul 'stigmatic, that's more than thou
canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exit severely.

SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

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
For I myself must hunt this deer to death. [Exit,

Clif. War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, [fightst.
It grieves my soul to leave thee unarmed.

[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. [esteem,

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
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!—
York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
Clif. La fin corrompe les œuvres. [They fight, and Clifford falls and dies.
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou
art sail.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
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 valor.—! let the vile world end,
[Seeing his Father's body.
And the premier flames of the last day
Kost earth and heaven together.
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
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 rural battle!—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony, York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an enemy of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
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 alchouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be watfulful:
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,
avay! [garet, stay.

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar:
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight,
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
[Our fly:
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarums after off.
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we hapy scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London yet; where you are lord,
And where this branch, 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: incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present *parts.

* A burqonet is a helmet. — ** Stigmatic," I. e., one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. — * A dreadful lay," I. e., a tremendous stroke.

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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 Colors.

York. 'Old Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all bruise 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.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse
Three times bestrid 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.

"Bestrid him," i. e., defended him when fallen by striding over him.

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 pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis 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 writs go forth.—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas 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.

bThat is, 'We have not secured that which we have acquired.'—b'That is, 'Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally, and recover themselves from this defeat.'
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, 
Earl of Oxford, 
Earl of Pembroke, 
Earl of Northumberland, 
Earl of Westmoreland, 
Lord Clifford, 
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., 
Edward, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Lord Clifford, 
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, 
Duke of Norfolk, 
Marquess of Montague, 
Earl of Warwick, 
Earl of Pembroke, 
Lord Hastings, 
Lord Stafford, 
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a Youth. 
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.


Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in.

Then, enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white Roses in their Hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands. 
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north, 
He sily stole away, and left his men: 
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, 
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, 
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself, 
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast, 
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 cleft 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.
SCENE I.  

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  

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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 your 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.  

And I do it, for he shall no more sit upon the piece of York.  

Before I see thee seated in that throne,  

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  

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 either we have broken in by force.  

Norf. We'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall die.  

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. — Stay me by, 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 bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice  

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.  

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,  

I mean to take possession of my right.  

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,  

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  

Dark sitter of the throne, misbeliever of his bells,  

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.  

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.  

[Warwick leads York to the Throne, who seats himself.  

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, with red Roses in their Hats.  

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,  

Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  

To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.  

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;  

And thine, lord Clifford: thou hast vow'd revenge  

On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.  

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!  

Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.  

[down:  

West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him  

My heart for anger burns; it cannot brook.  

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.  

Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  

He durst not sit there had thy father liv'd.  

My gracious lord, here in the parliament  

Let us assault the family of York.  

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.  

K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favors them,  

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?  

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.  

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,  

[They advance to the Duke.  

Thou factions duke of York, descend my throne,  

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:  

I am thy sovereign.  

York. I am thine.  

Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee duke  

York. 'Twas by my oaths of love, as the cardiom was.  

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.  

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  

In following this usurping Henry.  

Cliff. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?  

War. True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.  

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?  

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.  

War. Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.  

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;  

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.  

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,  

That we are those which clax'd you from the field,  

And slew your fathers, and with colors spread  

March'd through the city to the palace gates.  

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.  

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,  

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,  

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.  

Cliff. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words  

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger.  

As shall revenge his death before I stir.  

[threats.  

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless 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, b sith thou hast lost it all.  

K. Hen. 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 look  

Father, to the crown from the usurper's head.  

Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head,  

Mont. Good brother, [To York.] as thou lov'st  

And honor'st arms,  

Let's fight it out, and not stand caving thus.  

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king  

York. Sons, peace!  

[will fly.  

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.  

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;  

And be you silent and attentive too.  

For he that intercepts him shall not live.  

[throne,  

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly  

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?  

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  

Ay, and their colors—often born 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. 'Twas 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?  

[Since.
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 unconstraining'd,  
Think you, 'twere 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, then, Lord Exeter?  
Exe. He 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 depose'd.  
War. Depose'd he shall be in despite of all.  
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, [power,  
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 knee to him that slew my father!  
K. Hen. O Clifford, love not my wounds in my heart!  
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign 1 my crown.—  
What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?  
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And, 'er the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with ramping blood,  
Clif. And the Soldiers from themselves.  
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one  
Let me for this my life-time reign as king. [word.  
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.  
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.  
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?  
War. What good is this to England, and himself?  
West. Base, fealous, and despairsing Henry!  
Clif. How thou hast injur'd both thyself and us!  
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.  
North. Nor I.  
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.  
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.  
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!  
Clif. 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  
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 entail  
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 honor 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.  
[sons.  
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forefathers  
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.  
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!  
[Senex.  
The Lords come forward.  
York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.  
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.  
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.  
[Exeunt York, and his Sons, Warwick, Norfjolk, 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 draw her anger:  
I'll steal away.  
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.  
[Going.  
Q. Mar. Nay, go 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 extremest?  
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a while ago,  
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?  
Had'st thou but 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,  
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.  
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.  
If you be king, why should not I succeed!  
[son:  
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet  
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce'd me.  
Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'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.  
*T'entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
And enslave it for ever before thy time is come!  
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calisia;  
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
The duke is made protector of the realm;  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.  
Had I been but wise, and but a woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
Before I would have granted to that act:  
But thou prince'st thy life before thine honor;  
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 forewarn'd thy colors,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
And soldiers 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. Go, gentle 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,  

* Sandal Castle, in Yorkshire.—Betray.
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son; away! we may not linger 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.
Reven'g 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 torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

Exeunt. 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.
Edw. No; I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

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
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, 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 for York. I shall be, if I claim by open war. [sworn.
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 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your true and lawful 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 lake warm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet 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 the strings: for they are true souls.

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?

Larrys.

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.
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 oats.
Mont. Brother, I go: I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

Exeunt Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour; [uncles,
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[March after off.

Edw. I hear their drums: let's see these men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight. [great.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
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 not have the like success?
[Arrarm. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. 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.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[Exeunt, forced by Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—it 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.

Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy: my father's
blood[enter.
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No! if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

* "Tire," i.e., feed. "That is, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford. — "Witty," i.e. of sound judgment.

4 "Whose father," i.e., the father of which brat, namely, the Duke of York."
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake 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!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lost, in revenge thereof, 6 sith 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.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[Clifford stabs him.

Rut. Diti faciant, laudis summa sit ictsa be twe! [Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Alarums. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My 2 uncles 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 purs'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanc'd them,
But this I know—thou hast demean'd themselfe
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried,—"Courage, fathers! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple fashion, 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,—"Prest, crown, or else a gloriose tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!
We bloody'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bloodless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short Alarum 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, NORTHUMBER-
land, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With dawrright payment show'd unto my father.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide 'crown.'
York. My showers, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scouring what'er you can afflight with me.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all helpless of their lives,
Breathe out invective 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford! but behold the 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 frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But backle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
I would have thee live the traitor's life. — [causes
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumber-
land.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honor him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valor were it, when a curb doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his heel away?
It is war's prize to tuko all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valor.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Clif. 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-mach't.

North. What would your grace have done unto
him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum-
berland, come, make him stand upon this mohlich here,
That 'raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet purled but the shadow with his hand. —
What? was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you that revel'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-backed prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his humming voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in matters great? or,
With the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stai'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the besom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give this thee to dry thy cheeks withal.

[Throwing it.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament my miserable state.
I prythee, 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 should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fe'd, 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.

*That is, the moon tide point on the disk. — "Rauth," i. e., reached. — *Handkerchief.
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 thinketh, ye should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you a pale your head in Henry's glory,
As his palpable kingship? 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 b do him dead.
Cliff. 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,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the t type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hadst 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 run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired.
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's Hide!
How could'st 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:
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy For raging wind blows up incessant showers, I'll weep;
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 Frenchwoman.
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;
Would not have stain'd t the rose's lustes 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 tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the heavens will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed first-falling tears,
And say,—"Alas! it was a pitious deed."—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need much comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand:
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world!
My soul do heaven, my blood upon 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 only sorrow grieves his soul. [bedlam?
Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northum-
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Cliff. 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.
So York may overlook the town of York.
[Flourish. Exit.

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 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away in his
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 'scap'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 of father shall become.
I saw him in the battle rage about
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of e n e n t:
Or as a bear encompass'd round 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 opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younger, pranc'ing to his love!

Edw. What! why, he open'st his eyes, or do see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
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.

a "Bore him," i. e., demoned himself. — "A herd of e n e n t," i. e., of want cattle, cows, oxen, &c. — Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she damasses him to his diurnal course. — "This circumstance is mentioned by the historians Hall and Holinshed." — "The racking clouds," i. e., the clouds in rapid tumultuary motion.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange! the like yet never I think, it cites us, brother, to the field. [heard of. That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, Each one already blazing by our ^meads, 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 stars. [Speak it; Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I 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. 

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, Hew down, and fell the hardest-timmer'd oak. By many hands your father was subdued; But only slaughter'd by the irrefr [Continue].

Edw. Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon, Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast 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 this day. Now, my soul's prince is become a prey; All that he loved shall break from henceforth, This my body Mighty 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 Scurce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart; Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden, For selfsame wind, then I should speak withal, as sighing close that her love by last, And burn me up with flames that tears would quench. To weep is to make less the depth of grief. Tears, then, for babies; blows, and revenge, for me!—

Rich. I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death, Or die renowned by attempting it. [Thee. 

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with His dauphin and his chair with me to keep. 

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 thou wert not his. 

March. Enter Warwick and Montague, with their Army.

War. How now, fair lords! What face? what news abroad? 

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance, Stub poniesides 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, Come I to tell you things 'twix the fallen. After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought, Where your brave father breath'd his last gasp, Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run, Were brought me of your loss, and his depaunt. I, then in London, keeper of the king, Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flockes 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 dash 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, when 'twas made to the coldness of the king, Who look'd all gentleness on his warlike queen, That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen, Or whether 'twas report of her success, Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor, 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 thrower with a fail, 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, post-haste, are come to join with you; For in the marches here, we heard, you were, Making another head to fight again. [wrick? 

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle War? And when came George from Burgund into England? War. Some six miles off the duke is with the And for your brother, he was lately sent [soldiers; From old aunt, duchess of Burgundy, With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [And. 

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick 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 rift, 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: 'Tis 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, Number our Ave-Maries with our beads? Or shall we on the helmets of our faces Tell our devotion with revengeful arms? If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords. [Out, 

War. Wily, therefore Warwick came to seek you And therefore comes my brother Montague. Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen, With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland, And of their feather many more proud birds,
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 Yonder's head of that arch-enemy, York, 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 bear their wreck. To see this sight, it fills my very soul—Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault; Not witthoutly have I infringing my vow. Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity, must be laid aside. To whom do lions cast their genteel looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their den. Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick? Not his that spoils her young before her face. Who 'scapes 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. And York did level at a nest, Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows: He, but a duke, would have his son a king, And raise his issue like a loving sire;

* * * It sorts,* 1 c., it falls out right; things are as they should be.

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 to an fearful flight, Make war with us, and say they would draw to their nest. Offering their own lives in their young's defence? For shame, my liege! make them your precedent. Wore it not pity, that this goodly boy Should lose his birthright by his father's fault, And long hereafter say unto his child,— "What my great-grandfather and grand sire got, My careless father 'snoted away!" Ali! what a shame were this. Look on the boy; And let his manly face, which promiseth 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, Inferring arguments of mighty force. But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear, That things ill got, and had a hard access? And happy always was it for that son, Whose father for his horrid going to 'scull? 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! 'twould be the 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 carriage makes your followers faint. You promised 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 thy 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, they do march along, Proclaims him king, and many fly to him. Darraign 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, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. [I'll stay. K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight. Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords, And hearten those that fight in your defence. Unsheath your sword, good father: cry, "Saint George!" March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers. Edw. Now, perjurd' Henry, wilt thou kneel for And set thy diadem upon my head, [greece, 1 Foolishly.—The king quotes two proverbs; the one— "Ill-gotten goods never prosper;" the other— "Happy the child whose father went to the devil." This last he must be supposed to use interrogatively, as disputing the truth of it:— 2 Was it always happy for that son? & c. This interpretation sets the king's reasoning right.— Darraign your battle! i.e., arrange your order of battle.
To make this shameless scallat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be a Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tum'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And Grace thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slip'd our claim until another age. [spring,
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down, Or had the growing with our hands the bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee:
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deni'dst the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colors wave,
And either victory, or a welcome grave.
Edw. No, wronging woman; we'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. 1 Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repay'd,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spirits, 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 loss, 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 wea press we are, and cannot slink pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Brosch'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from afar,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the bellies of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The true gentleman gave up the ghost. [blood:
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

4 A collat was a Jew woman; but a term often given to a seeld. —b May be Menelaus, &c. may be a cuckold. —
4 Spelt: tired.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE V.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage, And look up, as if the tragedy Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors? Here on my knee I vow to God above, [Kneeling. I'll never pause again, never stand still, Till either death last clos'd these eyes of mine, Or fortune given me measure of revenge. 

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine; [Kneeling. And in this vow do chain 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'ler up and plucker down of kings; Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands, That to my foes this body must be prey, Yet that thy banner great 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. [Warwick, Rich. Broth'r, give me thy hand;—and, gentle 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. [Exeunt. [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 envious'd with a brazen wall. Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York, And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland; And this the hand that seizes on their death, And cheereth 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. [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 nails, Can neither call it perfect day, nor night. Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea. Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind: Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea. Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind: Sometimes, the flood prevails; and then, the wind; Now, one the better, then, another best; Both tagging to be victors, breast to breast, Yet neither conqueror, 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. I would be dead! if God's good will were so; For what is in this world but grief and wo? O God! methinks, it was a happy life,— To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out dignities 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 eyes have been with young; So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeat; 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 embroidered 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 wanted sleep under a fresh tree's shade, All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, Is far beyond a prince's delicates, His viands 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 kill'd 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 possess'd with some of his own crowns; 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 my queen, and Clifford, 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 recorded word shall their fill. K. Hen. O pitious spectacle! O bloody times! Whiles lions war and battle for their dens, Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear 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 stantly last resisted me,
Third Part of King Henry VI.

ACT II.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarm. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Cliff. 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, gashed many friends to thee;
And now I fill thy tough conmexcites melt,

Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York. The common people swarm like summer flies;

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun? And who shins now but Henry's enemies? O Phebus! hadst thou never given consent

That Philetus should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had search'd the earth; And, Henry, hast 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 thy chair in peace: For what doth cherish woes but gentle air? And what makes robbers bold but too much fealty? Bootless are plaints, and careless are my wounds.

No way 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.


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 still, fill'd with a fretting gust,

Command an argosy to stem the waves. But think you, lords, that Clifford fled 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 whereas'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans.

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 dies. Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy; for 'tis Clifford; Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when he 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. [Head. War. From off the gates of York fetch down the Your father's head, which Clifford placed there; Instead whereof, let this supply the room: Measure of 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. ||

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delating is used here for separation.

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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 lie in 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.
Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell torts for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou striving Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret to fonce thou now?—
War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.
[goes hard,
Rich. What! not an oath! may then, the world
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 such a life,
That I in all despite might rail at him, 
[blood
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
Stifle the villain, whose untaunted thrist
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.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king;
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bonn for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not need
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, 'tis off thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wili, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder 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 he pleases best.
[ever,
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 honors in possession.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.


Enter Two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
A man at least, for less I should not be; 
[born to
And men may talk of kings, and why not? 
2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.
2 Keep. But, 'tis thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown is content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think
You are the king, king Edward hath despoil'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
[Exeunt.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will now.
[for the time," i.e., in order that the time.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.
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 wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commaled always by the greater gust,
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 seated as king Edward is. [king's]
1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the
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. [Exeunt.

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 repose 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 dishonor to deny it her.

K. Edw. 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.

Clar. He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!


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:
Mey it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. [lands,

Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your
An if what pleases him shall please you,
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [Aside.

Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantages. [Aside.


Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay then, whip me; he'll rather give her two. [Aside.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [Aside.

K. Edw. 'Twere 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 wit.
[Aside, give.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have
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
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's service?

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give
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.

Clar. As red as fire! any 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 soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

[Aside, give thee.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.

[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.

[you did.

L. Grey. Why then, you mean not as I thought
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 thou plain, I am 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.

[do.

L. Grey. Why then, mine honesty shall be my
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. But in my highness wrongs both them
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
[and me, Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with nay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say nay, to my request; *

*Seriousness.
No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, so, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
[Aside.
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
[Aside.
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replite with modesty.
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections 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
I am a subject fit to jest withal;
But far unmeet to be a soverain with 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. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious;
I am a subject fit to jest withal;
But far unmeet to be a soverain with thee,
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L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious;
I am a subject fit to jest withal;
But far unmeet to be a soverain with 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.
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 dishonor 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? [tears, 
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with 
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares. 
K. Lew. Whatever it be, be thou still like thyself, 
And sit thee by our side; yield not thy neck 
[Seats her by kin.]
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 a banish'd man. 
And forced to live in Scotland tall forlorn; 
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York, 
Usurps the regal title, and the seat 
Of England's true-annointed 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. Renown'd queen, with patience calm the storm, 
While we both think a means to break it off. [see, 
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our 
K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succor 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? [friend
Q. Mar. Who is that Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest 
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France? 
[He descends. Queen MARGARET rises. 
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise; 
For this is he that moves both wind and tide. 
War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion, 
My lord and sovereign, and thy vouch'd friend, 
I come in kindness, and undisguised love. 
First, to do greetings to thy royal person, 
And, then, to crave a league of amity; 
And, lastly, to confirm that amity 
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant 
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister, 
To England's king in lawful marriage. 
Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done. 
War. And, gracious madam, [To Bona.] in our king's behalf, 
I am commanded, with your leave and favor, 
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue 
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart; 
Whereof, late entering at his headful ears, 
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue. 
Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me 
Before you answer Warwick. His demand I speak, 
Springs not from Edward's well-mean'd 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 mar- 
riage, 
 Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonor; 
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. 
Oxf. 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 hap's 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 threescore and two years; a silly time 
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth. 
Oxf. Why, Warwick, cast thou speak against 
thy liege, 
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years, 
And not 2 betray 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. 
Oxf. 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 upholdeth this arm, 
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster. 
War. And I the house of York. 
[Oxford, 
K. Lew. Margaret, prince Edward, and 
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside, 
While I use further conference with Warwick. 
Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words be 
with him not! 
[They stand apart. 
K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience, 
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 honor. 
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye? 
War. The more, that Henry was 3 unfortunate. 
K. Lew. Then farther, all dissembling set aside, 
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 
Unto our sister Bona. 
War. 
Such it seems, 
As may beseem 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 maintain'd 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.
Scene III.

Third Part of King Henry VI.

Yet confess; [To War.] that often are this day,
When have heard thy king's desert recompenced,
Mine own heart tempts judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be Edward's;
And of forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that thy king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoist. —
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That this shall be the will to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Decentful 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 thy 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 be lose.
And as for you, yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able man to elect,
And better were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, incumbent and shameless War-
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings, — [wrick! I

Will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame 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, marquess Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[They all read their letters.

Oxf. 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 he
Hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Joy.

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
[Gray, Seals me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I can clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonors me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came uninvited to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guevlon'd at the but with shame?

This is ironical; the poverty of Margaret's father being a frequent topic of reproach. — "Thy sly conveyance," i. e., thy crafty artifices. — The abuse alluded to was an attempt by Edward to violate the chastity of Warwick's niece. — Rewarded.

Shame on himself, for my desert is honor:
And to repair my honor lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.

K. Lew. Warwick, these words have turn'd my heart to love:
And I forget, quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfielid friend,
That if King Lewis, now safe, to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honor,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen? — [live,
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
Unless thou dost him from that mad 'ea'?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd — [Margaret's.
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all atonce.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past; go, fear thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
[shortly,
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are bidden
And I am ready to put armor on. — [aside,
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncurl him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. — [Exit Post.
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou
And Oxford, with five thousand, warlike men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen,
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty: —
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
— [tion.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your moi-
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick; And with thy hand they faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied.
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mock'ing marriage with a dame of France.
[Exeunt all but Warwick.
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
* "Fear," i. e., fright.
ACT IV.


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 Hastings.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride. Clar. I'm mind to tell him plainly what I think. K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice, That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? Clar. As well a 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 be 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 new busy marriage seldom proved well. [king; K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended Glo. Not I.]

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd Whom God hath joint'd together: ay, and 'twere pity, To sunder them that yoke so well together. K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike 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 disgraced by this new marriage. [appears'd K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be By such invention as I can devise? [ance, Mont. Yet to have joint'd with France in such Alli- Would more have strengthen'd this our common- wealth 'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage. Hast. Wify, knows not Montague, that of itself English is safe, if true within itself. Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France. Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas, Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

A state here means a stabling horse, a pretence.—"I mind," i. e., I have a mind; I am inclined.

And with their helps only defend ourselves: In them and in ourselves our safety lies. [serves Clar. For this one speech lord Hastings well de-

To have the heir of the lord Hungerford. [grant; K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and And for this once my will stand for hw. [well, Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride: She better would have fitted me, or Clarence; But in your bride you bury brotherhood. [heir Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Of the lord Bouville on your new wife's son, and Leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere. K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! 0, is it so, That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave To play the broker in mine own behalf; And to that end I shortly mind to leave you. K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king, And he be tied unto his brother's will? Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleads his majesty To raise my state to title of a queen, Do me but right, and you must all confess That I was not ignoble of descent; And meaner than myself have had like fortune. But as this title honors me and mine, So your denial, to whom I would be pleasing, Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow. K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns, What danger, or what sorrow can befal thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend, And their true sovereign whom they must obey? Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too, Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe, And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath. Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [Aside.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what From France? [news, Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate. [brief, K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in 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 reveal it with him and his new bride." [Henry. K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me But what said lady Bona to my marriage? Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild "Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widow 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 were done, And I am ready to put armor on." [Until the Restoration, nobles coming into possession of great estates were in the worship of the king, who bestowed them on his favorites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased. K. Edw. "There in place," i. e., there present.—"My mourning weeds are done," i. e., my mourning is ended.
K. Edw. Belike, she minds, to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mes. He, more incensed against your majesty Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:—  

"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."  

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe so proud words?  

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  

They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.  

But say, in Warwick friends with Margaret?  

Mes. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship, 

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.  

[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 Clarence, and Somerset follows.  

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 band'd:  

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 favors 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 hitherto 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.  

[овой:  

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto War-  

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,  

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  

Hath paven't 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.  

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, will he 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. Ay, but say, what nobleman is that,  

That with the king here resteth in his tent?  

1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.  

[King,  

3 Watch. 0! is it so? But why commands the  

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  

While he himself keeps in the cold field?  

2 Watch. 'Tis the more honor, because more dan-  

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  

I like it better than a dangerous honor.  

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  

'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.  

[Aside.  

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his pas-  

2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal  

But to defend his person from night-foes?  

[tent,  

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.  

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his  

Guard. courageous, my masters! honor now, or never!  

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.  

1 Watch. Who goes there?  

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.  

[Warwick, and the rest, cry all.—Warwick!  

Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm!  

Warwick, and the rest, following them.  

Shouts and confusion.  

Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter  

Warwick, and the rest, bringing the King out in his Gown, sitting in a Chair: Gloster and Hasting fly over the stage.  

Som. What are they that fly there?  

[the duke.  

War. Richard, and Hasting: let them go; here's  

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we  

Thou call'dst me king?  

[parted last,  

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:  

When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,  

*"She minds," she inclines.

*See the tenth book of the Iliad.
THIRD

Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? [160]
K. Edw. You, brother of Clarence, art thou here
Nay then, I see that Edward needs must descend.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceed the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his *mind* be Edward England's king:
[Takes off his Crown.
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
Why, I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [abide:
Somerset with him.
Osf. What now remains, my lord, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.
Ric. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?
Ric. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Ric. 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.
Ric. 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 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.
Ric. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must
But to prevent the tyrant's violence, [down:

[*"For his mind," i.e., in his mind; as far as his own mind goes.*

(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

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.
[brother,
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my
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 dispast himself.
I have advis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the color 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?
Hunt. To Lynn, my lord: and slip from thence to
Flanders. [meaning.
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But whereroe stay we 'tis no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, *then* tarry and he hang'd.
Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from War-
wick's frown,
And pray that I may repose the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.
Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somer-
set, young* Henry of Richmond, Oxford, Mon-
tague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.
K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, [friends
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy dues fees?
Liev. Subjects may challenge nothing of their
But if an humble prayer may prevail, [sovereigns;
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 kindly 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 punished with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.  

Wor. You are not; to be thus with me is  
War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,  
And now may seem as wise as it would seem  
By speaking and avoiding, fortune's malice;  
For few men tightly 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.  

Wor. And I choose Clarence only for protector.  
K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your lands.  
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both protectors of the realm;  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.  
[Exit Wor.]  

Wor. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's  
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.  
[Exeunt Wor. and Clar.]  

Wor. Why then, though both, yet must I be con-  
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 honor, and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,  
Fortwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods confiscated.  
[Exeunt Wor. and Clar.  
K. Hen. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.  
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.  
[Enter Messenger.]  

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.  
Wor. Unsavory news! but how made he escape?  
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's hunters rescued him,  
For hunting was his daily exercise.  
Wor. My brother was too careless of his charge,—  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.  

[Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, Clarence,  
Lieutenant, and Attendants.]  

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,  
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;  
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.  
As Henry's late presuming prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-  
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britanny,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.  
Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,  
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.  
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britanny.  
Come therefore; let's about it speedily.  
[Exeunt.]  

SCENE VII.—Before York.  

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and  
foreign forces.  
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and  
Then thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
[the rest,  
And says that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter as into our dukedom?  
Glo. The gates made fast.—Brother, I like not this;  
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.  
K. Edw. That man, abdomet must not now affright us:  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For either 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  
Brothers.  
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  
As being well content with that alone.  
[dukedom,  
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.  
[Exeunt from above.  
Glo. A wise stout captain, he, and soon persuaded.  
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were  
well,  
So 'twere not long of him; but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.  
[Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.  
K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,  
That is, 'The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed.'
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me 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:
[In arms]
K. Edw. Welcome, sir John; but why come you
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. [Forget
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now
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 debating? 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 succor you.
What shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points? [Our claim:
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
Till then, 'tis 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 brute thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis 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 proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thon proclamation.

Sold. [Read's.] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whatsoever gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[ Throws down his Gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbor 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.—
Ah, froward 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.


War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgin, With lusty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT V.

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?

Wor. How far hence is our brother Montague?

War. Where is the post that came from Montague?

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam 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 his, my lord; here Southam lies.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

[Know.]

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Glos-

ter, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the early Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is spott'd Edward come? Where slept our scouts, or how are they secretly

that should hear no news of his repair? gates?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confess who set thee up and pledge'll thee down?

Call Warwick patron, and be peaceable,

And thou shalt remaine—his dukedom of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the

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 carl to give:

I'll do thee a service for so good a gift.

brother.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy

K. Edw. Why then, 'tis mine, if by but War-

wick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's pris-

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;

oner: What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was slyly 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. Edw. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when I strike now, or else the iron coals.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

*"Thou dost service," i. e. to cement,—"Thinker;"—"Passing," i. e. exceeding; egregious.

"To lime," i. e., to cement.

+*"To lime," i. e., to cement.—"Thinker;"—"Passing," i. e. exceeding; egregious.

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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 grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threaten'ing cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his caseful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'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 vapors up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

_Glo._ The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

_K. Edu._ We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the beat at Barnett field,
Will there straighten, for willingness' sakes.
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.** Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

_March._ Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar._ Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerily seek how to redress their harms.
What though the must be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still: 'tis 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;
While in his main the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
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 tackling's?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no
To our sure and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
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 furnish; 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.

*Arrived is used here actively.*
More than with rudderless waves, with sands, and rocks. Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided, 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, Infuse his breast with magnanimity, And make him, naked, soil a man at arms. I speak not this, as doubting any here; For, did I but suspect a fearful man, He should have leave to go away betimes, 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, 'twere 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.

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. [Aside.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloucester, 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 your bold might for your noble king. For, well I wot, 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, thy sovereign, Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd, His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain, His statutes cancelld, and his treasure spent; 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, Gloucester, and Forces; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, Prisoners.


Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. [Edward

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Shall have a high reward, and he his life? Glo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes. Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak. [K. Edward sits

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick? Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing arms, for striving 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 resolv'd! Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat, And ne'er have slipt the breech from Lancaster. Prince. Let 4 Esop fable in a winter's night; His currish 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 scold. Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-backed, rather...[longue.

K. Edw. Peace! wifful boy, or I will charm your Cler. Untur'd lad, thou art too malapert. Prince. I know my duty: you are all unfaithful. Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George, And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all, I am your better, traitors as ye are; And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine. K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this riler here. [Stabs him.

Glo. Swarlap'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Stabs him. Cler. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Clar. stabs him.


Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers! They, that stab'd! Caesar shed no blood at all; Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame, If this foul deed were by to sequel it: He was a man: this, in respect, a child; And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. What's worse than murderer, that I may name it? No, no; my heart will burst, as if I speak; And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. Bouchers and Butchers! bloody cannibals! How sweet a plant have you uncrime; cropp'd! You have no children, butchers! if you last, The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse: But, if you ever chance to have a child,

4 The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Xesp. "The likeness," i. e., 'thy who art the likeness.'—

5 With words," i. e., with dispute, contention.
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have *rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence
    *performe.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it.
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou used to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin *before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st at back.
Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! 
[Exit.
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fures:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

1 King Henry is discovered reading. Enter Gloster
    and the Lieutenant.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
    [Rater:
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say
'Tis 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 Roscius 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 limed 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, 
[kill'd.
Where my poor young Lord was, last was caught, and
Glo. Why, what a *preevish 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. Dacalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward: and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah! I'll 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 this 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 me the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign,
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless *true;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:
The raven b'rock'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sang.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,
Not the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Thou hast'd thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

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!
Oh, let my 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 cannot enter into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not 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 smart, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have stupid'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.—
Charence, 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:
Charence, 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.

* "Rid," i. e., cut off; *destroyed. — By force; *violently. —

* She alludes to the desertion of Clarence. — *To misdoubt is to suspect danger; *to fear. — Male parent. — *Silly; childish.

"No parcel of my fear," i. e., no part of what my fears

"To rock is to cowem down like a bird at roost." —

Sorts," i. e., select; choose out.
SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

King Edward is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen Elizabeth; a Nurse with the Infant Prince, Clarence, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies. [thone. What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn, Have we now'd down, in tops of all their pride? Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and redoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men Ne'er spur'd their courser at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mont-That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion, [tague, And made the forest tremble when they ron'd. Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat, And made our footstool of security.—

4 Enter Gloster behind.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armors watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;

5 [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.
K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st;

7 [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 Mar-Reignier, her father, to the king of France [garet? Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft 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.

"Work thou the way, and that shall execute!" That refers to Richard's shoulder, before mentioned; and 'work thou the way,' to his head, which we may suppose him to touch, in his speech afofe.
LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

Act V.—Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, Prince of Wales; ¹ Sons to the King.
Richard, Duke of York; ² Brothers to the King.
George, Duke of Clarence; ³ A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, Earl of Richmond.⁴
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: Marquess of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her Sons.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, 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 ² sun 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 hang up for monuments:

¹ An allusion to the three sons which are said to have appeared at the battle gained by Edward IV. over the Lancastrians, at Mortimer's Cross.
² "Barbed," i.e., barded, caparisoned for war.

Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful ³ measures,
Grin-visag'd war hath smooth'd ² his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting ² barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rude stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd ³ thus of fair proportion,

The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself, Since that our brother dub'd them gentlewomen, Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me: His majesty in justice will be pitiful; That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury, You may partake of anything we say. We speak no treason, man: we say, the king Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen Well struck in years; fair and not jealous: — We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue; And the queen's kindred are made gentles folks. How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow, He that doth naught with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord? [me?

Glo. Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray
Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's objects, and must obey. —
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king; And whatso'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister, I will perform it to enchant you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know, it pleases neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Mean time, have patience. — [Embracing him.

Clar. I must perform: farewell.

Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.

Glo. Go, read the path that thou shalt ne'er return, Simple, plain Clarence — I 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-deliver'd 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 your 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 new'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 overmuch consum'd his royal person: —
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he? in his bed?

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

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 steel'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 bustle 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 honorable load,
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while PACK obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster,—
Poor key-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,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made those wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than gives us wish to ascend, spider's bed,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, * abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's & to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[The Bearers take up the Corpse and advance.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Anne. Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmann'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spur upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the Coffin.

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avast, thou dreadful minister of hell!
The laddest but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou cannot have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt.
Anne. Paul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fii'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclamations.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this ° pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlewomen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their conceald mouths, and bleed! refresh—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity.
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this detest most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and ent limb quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
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, 'dills ° 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. [make
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
No excuse ° current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say 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

* Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part II. — b Wench was formerly used in a good sense, as a term of endearment. — c Obscenely. — d i. e., fanatically; mournfully. — e Keycold, i. e., cold as iron. — f Abortive, i. e., born prematurely. — g Countenance. — u Unhappiness, i. e., disposition to miscarry.

° Curest, i. e., malignant; shrivell. — Exclamations. — Example. — It was a tradition very generally received that the wounds of a murdered body bleed afresh when touched by the murderer. — By circumstances, i. e., by circumstantial detail. — Diffused and ignominius unclown, or confused. — No excuse current, i. e., no passable excuse, none that will be allowed or admitted.
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers bent aside the point.  

Glo. I was provoked by her sordid tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.  

Anne. Thou was provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.  
Didst thou not kill this king?  

Glo. I grant ye.  
[me too  
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant  
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!  
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.  

[him.  
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath  
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never  

[thither;  
Glo. To let him thank me, that hop to send him  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.  

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell. [It.  
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name  
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 fill something into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?  

[effect.  
Anne. Thou was the cause, and most accur'd  
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's  
reckless.  
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.  

[thy life!  
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death  
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art beth.  
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 bereft 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  

[loudly  
Anne. 'Wold it were 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 mine.  
Anne. Would they were 2 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.  
These eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:  

*"Their guilt," i.e., the crime of my brothers.—The basilisk was said to destroy its victim by gazing on it.—*
I will with all expedient duty see you: For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you, Go me this bearer. —

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joyes me too, To see you are so come penitent.—

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me. —

Glo. Bid me farewell. —

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve; But since you teach me how to flatter you, I must, I have said farewell already. —

[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.]

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord! —

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. —

[Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.]

Was ever woman in this humor woul'd? Was ever woman in this humor wou'd? 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 extremest hate? With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes, The bleeding witness of my hatred by, [me, Having God, her conscience, and these bars against And I no friends to back my suit within, But the plain devil, and dissembling looks, Are well the world's nothing! Ha! Ha! Hast she forgot 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,— Framed in the prodigality of nature, Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal, The spacious world cannot again afford: And will she yet frame her eyes on me? That craft'd the golden pride 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 deier, I do make my person all this while: Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot, Myself to be a marvellous proper man. I'll be at charges for a looking-glass; And entertain a score or two of tailors, To study fashions to adorn my body: Since I am crept in favor with myself, I will maintain it with some little cost. But, first, I'll turn you fellow in his grave, And then return basing to my love.—

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass, That I may see my shadow as I pass. —

[Exit.]

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 accustom'd health. —

Grey. In that you brook 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 bless'd you with a goodly To be your comforter when he is gone. —

[son,

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster, A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace. Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been! —

[Stanley, The countess Richmond, good my lord of To your good prayer will scarcely say amen. Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, And loves not me, she, good lord, assure, I hate not you for her proud arrogance. Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe The curious 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 eacer 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 say warn them to his royal presence. Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that will 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 rumors. Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair, Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and clog, Duck with French noddles and apish courtesy, I must be held a rancorous enemy, Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm, But thus his simple truth must be abused With a great, thy, insinuating Jacks? —

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your 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 your 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 move with trouble him with lewed 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, belike, at your interior hatred, That in your outward action shows itself, Against my children, brothers, and myself, The king does him to send; that thereby he may gather The true from your ill-will, and so remove it. Glo. I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad, That wren 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:
KING RICHARD III.

You eny my advancement, and my friends,
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Our brother is imprison’d by your means;
Myself disgrac’d, and the nobility
Heid in contempt; while many great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That sence, some two days since, were worth a noble.
By him that rais’d me to this careful height
From that contented lap which I enjoy’d,
I never did incense 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 suspicions.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
Of my lord Hastings’ late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord: for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not
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 honors on your high desert. [she,—
What! that she may,—ay, marry, may Riv.
What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.
I had rather be a country serving-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn’d, and baited at:
Small joy have I in being England’s queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Glo. And lessens’d be that small, God, I beseech him! [Aside
Thy honor, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you 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 forget.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well. [Aside
Then kill’dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.
Q. Mar. 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 factions 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 eri this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murdrous villain, and so still thou art. [Aside
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forsware himself,—which Jesus pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge! [Aside
Glo. To fight on Edward’s party, for the crown;
And, for his need, poor lord, he is mew’d up.
I would to God, my heart were first like Edward’s,
Or Edward’s soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou caddemon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow’d then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar.
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.

[Aside
Q. Mar. What! coming forward. They all start.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing which you have so yield’d from me!
Which of you trembles not, that look on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depop’d, you quake like rebels!—
Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away. [my sight?
Glo. Fool wrinkled witch, what mas’kst thou in
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast mur’d;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Were thou not banished, on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou owst to me,—
And thou, a kingdom—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasure the 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, gav’st the duke a clout
Steepl’d in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland:—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denou’d against thee, are all fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plag’d all thy blood and
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 e’er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberlander, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you marling all, before I
Ready to catch each other by the throat, [came,
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 woful 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!

—A coin rated at Gs. 6d.—Suspicions.—Think.—'My pains'. "t o, my labors."
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 stal'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 stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may live his natural age, But by some unluck'd accident cut off! [hag.]

Q. Mar. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
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 livest, And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends! No show close up that deadly eye of thine, Unless it were to turn thou mourning dream A frights thee with a hell of ugly devils! Thou evisch-mark'd, abortive, rooting *log! Thou that wast seed in thy nativity 'The stain of nature, and the scorn of hell! Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb! Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins! Thou son of honor! thou detested—

[fortune;]

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my Why strew'st thou sugar on that b'loate spider, Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about? Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself. The day's come, that thou shalt wish for me To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad. Hast. Falsely-boding woman, end thy frantic curse, Lost to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Fool shame upon you; you have all mov'd mine. [your duty;]

Rie. Were you so well serv'd, you would be taught Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do my 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 lunatic. [pert:

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are *mula-
Your fine new stamp of honor is scarce current. O! that your young nobility could judge, What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable! They that stand high have many blasts to chace them, And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, marquess.

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 dailies with the wind, and scorns 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 fold'd up. Your eyry buildeth in our eyry's nest.—

O God! that seest it, do not suffer it: As it was won with blood, last 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 butcher'd. My charity is outrage, life my shame, And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage! Buck. Have done, have done. [hateful;]

Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham! I'll kiss thy In sign of league and amity with thee: Now, fair befall thee, and thy noble house! Thy garments are not spotted with our blood, Nor thou 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! I turn this brake heel of yours dream, Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites, His venom tooth will rackle 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.


Q. Mar. What dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel, And soothe the devil that I warne thee from? O! but remember this another day, When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —Live each of you the subjects to his hate, And be to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

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. But you by her had the vanitie 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 requit; He is *frank'd up to fatting 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: [Aside; 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. Catesly, I come.—Lords, will you go Riv. We wait upon your grace. [with me? [Exit all but GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl. The secret mischiefs that I set abroad, I cast unto the good of many others.

Clarence. When I, indeed, have cast in darkness, I do beweep to many simple guls; Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham; And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies, That stir the king against the duke my brother. Now, they believe it; and withal whatc me

*An allusion to the armorial bearing of the duke, which was a bor argent. — Inpudent. — Eyry properly signified a brood.

* Frank'd up," i.e., closely confined. — Tarn, mischievous.
KING RICHARD III.

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 odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft! here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere 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 me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
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 citied up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befal'n us. As we pac'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 eye!
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 by in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As twere in acorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wou'd the slumy 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 envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering sirs;
But smoother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?
Clar. No, no; my dream was longer'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 scourg'd 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
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
"Clarence is come,—false, 4 fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Towkshbury;—
Seize on him, furies! take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd; and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No, no; though I thought I was frighten'd you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, keeper, keeper! 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 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.

[4 Sitting down.]

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good
rest.—

[Clarence sleeps.

Brak. What will'st thou, fellow? and how
can'st thou lither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence; and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

2 Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—
Let him see our commissions; and talk no more.

[4 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 Brakenbury.}

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1 "Vast," i.e. waste; desolate.—
2 "Bulb," i.e. breast.—
3 "Fleeting," i.e. unstable; inconstant.—
4 "The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles."—
5 "Unfelt imaginations," i.e. unreal gratifications. ---
2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? 
1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas 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 the which no warrant can defend me.
1 Murd. I thought, thou hadst been resolute.
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 humor of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

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. Zounds! 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 accuses him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him: 'tis 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 well, endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 Murd. Zounds! it is even now on 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 [him.] Murd. Strike.
2 Murd. No; we'll have reason with him.

Clar. [Waking.] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

[anon.]

1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1 Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thundery, 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. Offered us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again. [die.

2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to 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 pronounce'd the bitter sentence of poor Clarence's 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 hurt upon their heads that break his law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl upon them.

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'd the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and keep.

To us.

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law when thou hast broke it in such a 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. By his brother's love, the devil, and my rage

1 Murd. They, their brother's love, our duty, and thy Provoke us lither now to slaughter thee. [faunts,

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are bri'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.

---

40 Quest.” i.e., inquest; jury. = "Dear," i.e., great.—f Youth." Reward.
KING RICHARD III.


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.—

*Reward.

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence:
And more than 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 bitter hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soul is purd’g’d from grudging hate;
And with this hand I seal my true heart’s love.
Host. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.
K. Edw. Take heed, you daily 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 fictitious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly,
[member
Q. Efr. These, Hastings:—I will never more re-
Our former hatred, so thrice—A,mine.
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him:—Hastings, love
lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Host. And so swear I.
[league
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
With thy embracements of 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 dute-
ous 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. [duke.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and
And, princely peers, a happy time of day! [queen.
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
Gloister, we have done deeds of charity; [day.—
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labor, my most sovereign lord.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwarily, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne
To say 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 dutious service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg’d between us;

b "Dissemble not your hatred," etc. i.e., ‘Do not merely cloak and conceal your hatred, but swear to love each other.’
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;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
Whom with my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.

I thank my God for my humility
[Aside.]
Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God, all strife were so 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.
[he is?]
K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows
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 no man in the presence,
But his red or sober hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was rever's'd.
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too late to see him buried.

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
[Knelt.
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou requestest.

Stan. The *forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolke.
[death, K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
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 sued 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 tap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All this and asked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully 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 defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight grant on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must gruit in 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, Sprithee help me to my closet.
Ah, poor Clarence!
[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and GREIT.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness,—Mark'd'ly you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's death? O!
they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?
Buck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.

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.
Dawh. Why do you weep so? and oft beat your
And cry,—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head
And say,—"Children, children, wretches, castaways.
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 was lest 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.

Dawh. And so will I.

[whell.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth hear
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who canus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle GLOTER
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 went,
And pitted 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.
[shape.
Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle
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, distraetedly; Rivers and
Dorset, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wait and
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
[weep, I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What cause can this scene of rude impatience?
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 wait their sap?
If you will live, lument; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's
Or, like the cast-aways, for ever lost?
To his new kingdom of ever-changing light?
Duch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband.

c 'Cousin was used formerly as a general term of kindred.
The duchess is here addressing her grandchildren.—d "In
capable," c. e, unintelligent.—c Mask.—Feign.
Now cheer each other in each other’s love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the hardship of his son.
The broken lance of your high-swinden’s hate,
But lately splinter’d, knit, and join’d together,
Must gently be preserve’d, cherish’d, and kept:
So seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be set
Hither to London, to be crown’d our king.

Buck. Marry, my lord, lost, by a multitude,
The new-heel’d wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern’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 by the prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Ric. 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 much 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 shall 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 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,
As a child, will go by the prevention
Towards Ludlow then, for we’ll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

Cit. 1. Good morrow, neighbor: whither away so fast?

Cit. 2. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.

Hear you the news abroad?

Cit. 1. Yes; that the king is dead.

Cit. 2. Ill news, by’r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, ’twill prove a gloidy world.

Enter another Citizen.

Cit. 3. Neighbors, God speed!

Cit. 1. Give you good morrow, sir.

Cit. 3. Dost the news hold of good king Edward’s death?

Cit. 2. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

Cit. 3. Then, masters, look to see a troublesome world.

Cit. 1. No, no; by God’s good grace, his son shall reign.

Cit. 3. Woe to that land that’s govern’d by a child!

Cit. 2. In him there is a hope of government.

With, in his young, council under him;
And, in his full and ripest years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

Cit. 1. So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown’d in Paris at nine months old.

[As Index.]}
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: for, to-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long 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 hath almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow. For, when I am Grandam, one night, as I did sit at supper, my uncle Rivers, told how I did grow. More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloucester, "small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow space!"

And since, me-thinks, I would not grow so fast, because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, good faith, the saying did not In him that did object the same to thee: He was the wretched'st 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 flow. To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

York. Marty, they say, my uncle grew so fast, That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old: "Pans full two years ere I could get a tooth."

KING RICHARD III. ACT III.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news 1 with you?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieveth 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 Pom-Pom, and with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed, Is all under Heaven 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 set

Upon the innocent and aweless 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 tossed, 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. [Tears.—

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary, farewell.

Duch. 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. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloucester, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber. [Sign:

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sover.
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.

--"Parlows," i.e., parlous; amazing—"To jet," i.e., to embroil—London was anciently called Camera Regis, the King's Chamber.
Scene 1. King Richard III.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your heart yet div'd into the world's delight: [years
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, *jumps* 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 him from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none. [you.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet
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. [Exeunt Mayor, &c.
I 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 sweating lord. [com.
Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother
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 prevented.
Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Pernahde 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 deserve'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserve'd it;
*Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot love it;*—
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Of't have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now. [once.—
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
Come on, lord Hastings; will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. God help lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sejourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If my 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. 

* "Jumps," i. e., discreet. — "Perforce," i. e., by force.
* "Too ceremonious and traditional," i. e., too superstitious and adherent to old customs.
* Recounted.—" "The formal Vice," i. e., the sensible Vice, the bulwark in the old plays.—" Lightly," i. e., commonly.
* Lately. "I shall weigh it lightly," &c., &c., "I care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is."
KING RICHARD III. 

ACT III.

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders. 

**Buck.** With what a sharply pointed wit he reasons: To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, He gently and to the point antaunts himself. So cunning, and so young, is wonderful. 

**Glo.** My lord, will't 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 if I 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? 

**York.** Marry, my uncle Clarence angry ghost: 

My granddad told me, he was murder'd there. 

**Prince.** I fear no uncle's dead. 

**Glo.** Nor none that live, I hope, 

**Prince.** An if they live, I hope, I need not fear. 

But, come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart, 
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 

[A scatet. **Excunl Prince. York, Hastings,** Cardinal, and Attendants.** 

**Buck.** Think you, my lord, this little prating York Was not increased by his noble manner, 
To keep and screen you thus oppressiously? 

**Glo.** No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a perilous boy: 

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, 

He's all the mother's from the top to toe. 

**Buck.** 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 knowest 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 instalment 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. 

**Buck.** What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he? 

**Cate.** He will do all in all as Hastings doth. 

**Buck.** Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby, 

And, as it were afar 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 loden, icy, cold, unwilling, 

Be then 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. 

**Buck.** Good Catesby, go: effect this business speedily. 

**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. 

**Buck.** Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive 

Lord Hastings will not yield to our compacts? 

*"Incensed," i.e., incited; instigated.—"Capable," i.e., intelligent.—"Divided," i.e., separate.* 

**Glo.** Chop off his head, man:—somewhat we will, will we not? 

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables, Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd. 

**Buck.** 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 4 compacts in some form. 

*Excunl.* 

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 't o'clock? 

**Mess.** Upon the stroke of four. 

**Enter Hastings.** 

**Hast.** Cannot 2 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 certify's thy lordship, that this night He drew the 3 hour had rais'd 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 the other. 

Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure. 

If you will presently take horse with him, [are,— 

And with all speed post with him toward the north, 

To shun the danger that his soul diverses. 

**Hast.** Go, follow, go; return unto thy lord. 

Bid him not fear the separated council: 

His 'honor and myself are at the one, 

And at the other is my good friend Catesby; 

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us, 

Whereof I shall not have intelligence. 

Tell him, his fears are shallow, without 6 instance: 

And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple 

To trust the mockery of unquiet shimmers. 

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues, 

Wore to incense the boar to follow us, 

And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase. 

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; 

And we will both together to the Tower, 

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly. 

**Mess.** I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. 

*Exil.* 

**Enter Catesby.** 

**Cate.** Many good morrows to my noble lord! 

**Hast.** Good morning, 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 garland of the realm. 

**Hast.** How? wear the garland! dost thou mean 

**Cate.** Ay, my good lord. 

*The crown?* 

**Hast.** I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders, 

Before I'll see the boar so foul misplace'd. 

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? [ward 

**Cate.** Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for— 

Upon his party for the gain thereof: 

4 Conspiracies.—By the boar, throughout this scene is meant Glorster, in allusion to his crest.—**His honor,** was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time.—**Without instance,** i.e., without cause, motive.
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Host. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To lan 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.

Host. But I shall laugh at this 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 older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Host. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill 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.

Host. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your bon-spear, man?
Fear you the bear, and go so unprouv'd?

Stem. My lord, good morrow.—good morrow,
You may jest on, but, by the holy Cross, [Catesby.—
I do not like these several councils, I.

Host. 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? [London.

Stem. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
Were founc'd, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.

This sudden stab of rurcer I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Host. Come, come, come, have with you.—Wot you
not, my lord, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded. [heads.

Stem. They for their truth might better wear their
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Host. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Host. 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 keep it to your honor's good content.

Host. Granercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

Purs. I thank your honor.

[Exeunt Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your
honor.

Host. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my

I'm in your debt for your last *exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamber-
lain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honor hath no striving work in hand.

Host. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind,
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Host. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Host. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter Rattcliff, with a Guard, conducting Rivers,
Grey, and Vaughan, to execution.

Riv. Sir Richard Rattcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

[you! Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. [after.

Vaug. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-
Ret. Despatch! the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody prison,
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 exclaimed on Hastings, you, and me,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she
Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God,
To hear thy prayer for them, as now for us!

And for his sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be split.

Ret. Make haste: the hour of death is expir'd.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let us here
embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.


Buckingham, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of
ELY, CATESBY, LORD, 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?

Stem. They are; and want but *nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Ely. Who is most *inward 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.

* Exercise probably means religious exhortation or lecture.
   * Throwing his Purse. i. e., i suspect it of danger.
   * Know. d = Hold. i.e., continue.
   * Threw. i.e., the naming of a day for the coronation. — * Inward, i.e., intimate; confidential.
Chat's thou to me of its? — Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head! — now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

Loved, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exit Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whiff for me;
For I, too, fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the bear did raise his helm;
And I did scorn it I the pursuivant,
As too triumphant, how mine enemies,
To-day at Ponsfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favor.
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rad. Come, come; despatch, the duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift; 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; 'tis 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. — The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in dusty armor,
mourning, ill-favored, 1 and in haste.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quench, and change thy color,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wast distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is: and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' Head,

on a Spear.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lor. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

1 A foot-cloth horse was a paltry covered with housings —

Confession.— Distracted.— * "Intending," i. e., pretending.
SCENE VII. — The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER 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. [Exit.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's child? Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady J. Lucy. And his contract by deputy in France: Th' insatiate greediness of his desires, and his b' enforcement of the city wives; His tyranny for titles; 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 hours of virtue, fair humility of soul. 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,

Being nothing like the noble duke my father. Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere for 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. [Exit.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Where you shall find me well accompanied, With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards that hour o'clock, Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw;—
Go thou [To CAT.] 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. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a Scrivener, 2 with a writing.

Scrie. Here is the indictment of the good lord Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd; [Hastings; 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 this now shows how high a liv'd, Untainted, unexamin'd, 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 for thought. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Baynard's Castle.

Enter Buckingham. Buckingham.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep. I took him for the plainest harmless creature, That breath'd upon the earth a Christian; Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded The history of all her secret thoughts: So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue, That, his apparent open guilt omitted, I mean his conversation with Shore's wife, He liv'd from all attainder of suspects. [traitor Buck. Well, well, he was the covent'st shelter'd That ever liv'd. Would you imagine, or almost believe, Were't not by great preservation We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor This day had plotted, in the council house, To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster? May. Had he done so? Glo. What I think you we are Turks, or infidels? Or that we would, against the form of law, Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death, But that the extreme peril of the case, The peace of England, and our persons' safety, Enforce'd us to this execution? May. Now. Fair beseal you! he deserv'd his death; And good the public hopes both these cases have well proceeded, To warn false traitors from the like attempts. Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands, After he once fell in with mistress Shore; Yet had we not determin'd he should die, Until your lordship came to see his end, Which now the loving haste of these our friends, Something against our meanings, hath prevented: Because, my lord, I would have had you 1 hear The traitor speak, and timorously confess The manner and the purpose of his treasons; That you might well have signified the same Unto the citizens, who, haply, may Misconstrue us in him, and wait his death. [serve, May. But, my good lord, your grace's words shall As well as I had seen, and heard him speak; And do not doubt, right noble princes both, But I'll acquaint our dutious citizens With all your just proceedings in this case. Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here, To avoid the censures of the carping world. Buck. 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. [Exeunt Mayor and Lord. Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall bies him in all post: There, at your meetest 4 vanage of the time, Infer the bastardy 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 term'd so. Moreover, urge his hateful luxurty, And bestial appetite in change of lust; Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives, Even where his raving eye, or savage heart, With uncontrol lust, in his courses run. Nay, for a 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 bad wars in France; And by true computation of the time, Found that the issue was not his begot; Which well appeared in his lineaments,

"Conversation," i. e., familiar intercourse. — Suspension.
"Too late of our intent," i. e., too late for the purpose we intended. — "Advantages," i. e., opportunity. — "Infer," i. e., allege; show. — "Luxury," i. e., lewdness.
"The precedent," i. e., the original draft. — "Gross," i. e., stupid; dull. — "Lady Elizabeth Lucy." — "Enforcement," i. e., violation.
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale. Which when I saw, I reprehended them. And said, 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:—
"Thus smite the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;}"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine own, At every nod of the bell, bust'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
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit: [fear;
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 descant:
And you 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.

[Knocking heard.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.
Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

[Exit Gloster.

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, my lord, you are his firm foundation.
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less import than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Ed-
He is not lulling on a ledge love-bed, [ward:
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtzanens,
But meditating with two deep divine souls;
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 since 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 assem-
Such troops of citizens to come to him:
His grace not being war'd thereof before, he

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 GLOSTER, 2 with a book, in a Gallery above,
between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'twixt two elders,
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 Plantagenets, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable ear to our requests,
And spare 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 ungod'ned isle.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord; would it might please
On our entreaties to amend your fault. [your grace,
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,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the midst of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infancy,
Her royal stock grafted with ignoble plants,
And almost should'r'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
Which to relieve, we heartily solicit
Your august self to take on you the charge
And kingly 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 come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not reply'g, 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.
SCENE I.  

KING RICHARD III.  

Definitely thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert, 
Unmeritable, slays your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of 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,  
Behold a back to break no mightier head,  
Than in my greatness covet to be lid,  
And in the vapor 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 well become the seat 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 b defend that I should wring from him.  

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
But the respects 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 bethroth'd  
To Bonal, sister to the king of France.  
These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
A care-craz'd mother to a young prince,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduce'd the pitch and height of his degree  
To base declension and lown'dl bigamy.  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners 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 proffer'd 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 the illustrious-true-derived course.  
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.  
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.  
Cate. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.  
Glo. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty:  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;  
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.  
Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate 4 remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And equally, indeed, to all estates,  
Yet know, wher'e 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.  

1 Zounds, Citizens! we will entreat no more.  
2 Glo. O! do not swear, my cousin Buckingham.  

[Exit Buckingham.]

Cate. Call him again, sweet prince; accept their  
If you deny them, all the land will me it.  
[Exit.  

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Call thin 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.  

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, wher'e I will, or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scoundrel, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me  
From all the impure blot's and stains thereof;  
For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.  
[Say it.  

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will  
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.  
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,  
Long live king Richard England's worthy king!  
All. Amen.  
Buck. To-morrow may I please you to be crown'd?  
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 S-'ly work again.  
[To the Bishops.  

Glo.  

[To the Bishops.  

Farewell, my cousin:—farewell, gentle friends.  
[Exit.  

ACT IV.  

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.  

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Margaret 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,  
In the land 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 grace both  
A happy and a joyfull time of day.  
[Away?  
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither  
Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.  
[Gether:  
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all to—  

[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 him from that kingly  

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 f'sights; I'll bear thy blame,  

* Grand-daughter.—"To their sights," i. e., to the sight of them.  

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And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Break. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Brakenbury.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence;
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverence 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! canst cut my eye asunder,
That same sweet heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Detestable 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 outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hive thee, hive thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the 2nd thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your council, madam.
Take care for the advantage of the hours; [am.
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 winds of misery!—
O, my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast batch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderer's kin.

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 may say — God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm. [now.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's course; [hands,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
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, quot I, 'accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wold'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou last made me by my dear lord's death!—
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse in vain,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto hath 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.
Business he leaves 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 woeful welcomer 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 angel's 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!
Eighty old years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teene.
Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Fifty, thy 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Sound a Sennet. Richard, crowned upon his Throne; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham! Buckingham. 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
To try them be current gold, indeed,— Touch, Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would
Buck. Say on, my loving lord. [speak.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrico-renowned lord.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. — 
Buck.——

K. Rich. O bitter consequence! —
That Edward still should live, — true, noble prince,—
Cousin, thou wanst not 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 kindness
freezes.

Soy, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause,
Before I positively speak in this: —
[dear lord,
I will resolve you herein presently.

[Exit Buckingham.

Cate. The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

[Aside.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[Descends from his Throne.

And to respective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumference.
Boy: —

Page. My lord.

Gold. K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

S. Sorrow.—I "Whom envy hath immur'd," I. e., whom malice hath confined.—"The touch," I. e., the touchstone.
[Odd; indifferent; inconsiderate.—"A close exploit," I. e., a secret act.
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little 4peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

[that time]

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not be
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 show'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.

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, then keep'st
the stroke.

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

[no.

Buck. Why then, resolve me whether you will, or
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.

[Exit King Richard 4Angry, and his Train.

Buck. And is it thus? repays be my deep service
With such contumelies? made I him king for this?
O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone.
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.


cy

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Tyrell.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most 4arch 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, 4blooded dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wep't like two children in their death's sad story.
'O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girlling one another
Within their abashed 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; [mind
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 4replenished sweet work of nature,
Tint, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd." 4
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.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord! 4
K. Rich. Kind Tyrell, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Begot your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done. I being kill
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrell?

Tyr. The chapel of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orates,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrell.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him

[Exit Page.

The deep-revolving, *witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley! what's the news 4with 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; rumor it around,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will 4order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
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 4upon,
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 pluck on sin.

Tear-failing pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with Tyrell.

Is thy name Tyrell?

Tyr. James Tyrell, 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: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrell, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

[Kneeling.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrell:

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

[4Tyrell 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 despatch 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

Buck. I hear the news, my lord. [Richmond.

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 honor and your faith 4arc pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveabes,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [guest?

Buck. What says your highness to my just re-
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 pent up close;
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 1 Richard nims
At young Elizabeth, my brother’s daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wozer.

Enter Catley, in haste.

Cat. My lord!—

Cat. Bad news, my lord: a Morton is fled to Rich-
And Buckingham, back’d with the hardly Welsmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near;
Thun Buckingham and his rash-leved strength.
Come; I have learn’d, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac’d beggary:
Then, fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove’s Mercury, and herald for a king.—
Go, master men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Sitting down.

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 confuses silly have I lurk’d,
To watch the wunning of mine enemies.
A dire 2 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 mourn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have eaz’d my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet! why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle
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

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,

Bishop of Ely. — Introduction; prefix.

Brief abstract and record of tedious days, —
Rest thy unrest on England’s lawful earth,

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Q. Eliz. Ah! that thou would’st so soon afford a
As thou canst yield so melancholy a grave.
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give me the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell o’er thy 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.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill’d him;
Thy other Edward dead, to trust my Richard.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him.
I had a Watland too; thou holp’st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill’d him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To thee he turns, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God’s handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
That excellent grandeur 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 cur
Crees on the issue of his mother’s body.

And makes her a pew-fellow with others’ mawn!

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 trust my Richard.
Young York he is but 1 foot, 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 Hasting, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Un timely smoother’d in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, he’ll black intelligence,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls.
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends 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
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottle spider, that soon bough-back’d tond.

Q. Mar. I call’d thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call’d thee then, poor shadow, painted quccu.
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One head’d so high, to be hurl’d 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.

Seniority. — 1 Curnal,” i. e., cruel; sanguinary.
2 “Pew-fellow,” i. e., companion.— 3 “Boat,” i. e., thrown into the bargain.— 4 Adulterous.— 5 Elowy, daring.
SCENE IV.  KING RICHARD III.  553

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers? Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy? Where, as in days past, dost thou know the queen? Where be the bending pears that flattet's thee? Where be the throning troops that follow'd thee? Decline all this, and see what now thou art. For happy wife, a most distressed widow; For joyful mother, one that wails the name; For one being said to, one that humbly sues; For queen, a very cautiff crown'd with care; For one that scar'd at me, now bent of me; For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one; For one commanding all, obey'd of none. Thus hath the course of justice whirld 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 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 weary 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 And curse me no more, to curse mine enemies. Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the Compare dead happiness with living woe; [day] Think that thy babies were fairer than they were, And he that slew them fouler than he is: Better thy loss makes the bad-causer worse: Revolve this will teach thee how to curse. Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O! quicken them with this. Q. Mar. Thy woes 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 succeders of intaste joys, Poor breathing octors of miseries! Let them have scope: through what they do impart Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. Duch. If so, then be not tongue-t'ly'd: go with me, And in the breath of bitter words let's smother My dammed son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd. [A Trumpet heard. The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclam's.

Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching. K. Rich. Who intercepts 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 'cwd that crown, And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers? Tell me, thou villain-slave, whom are my children? Duch. Thou told, thou told, where is thy brother And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? [Clarence, Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Duch. Where is kind Hastings? [Grey? K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarums, drums! Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say,— [Flourish. Alarums. Either be patient, and entreat for quarter, 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 patient ly]° bear my impatience, K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition, That cannot brook the accent of reproof. Duch. 0! 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! 1 once stay'd for thee, God know'st the wrong and in agony. K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you? Duch. No, by thy holy rood, thou know'st it well; Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell. A grievous burden was thy birth to me; 'Tetey and wayward was thy infancy: [ous; Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furth Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ventourous: Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtile, 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. 1 Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd thy grace To break fast once forth of my company. If I be so injurious in thy eye, Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.— Strike up the drum! Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak. K. Rich. You speak too bitterly. Duch. Hear me a word; For I shall never speak to thee again. K. Rich. So. Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance, Ere 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 armor 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 Abides 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 slaughter: for my daughters, Richard, They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens; And there shall be level not to hit their lives. K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. [live. Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her 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 unacc'd of bleeding slaughter, I will confess she was not Edward's slaughter. 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 op- poste.

4 Disposition,— 4 Cross.— 4 Touchful,— 4 "Servos," i. a., accompanies.

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а “Decline all this,” i. e., run through all this, from first to last— “Bettering,” i. e., magnifying.— “Owned.”
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. [Ins.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cous-
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands sover lane'd their tender hearts,
Thy Eliz. Though ill indirectly, gave distinction;
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart.
To revel in the entrails 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 sail and tackling lost,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous *success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harmed!*
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle
[heads?]
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of *honor.
The high imperial type of this earth's *glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Telling me what state, what dignity, what honor,
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 Lothe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou suppost, I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. But, that thy ancient kindness,
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date. [ness
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter. [soul.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from
the soul.
So, from thy soul's love distil thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do 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? [should be?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen who else
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 humor.
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 *engraven
Edward and York; then, *imply, will she sce.
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 brothers' body.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats. [forbid.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
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?
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
[It.
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, strengthen
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low;
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, lusts such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her. [told.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
K. Rich. Then, plainly to tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
[dead—
Q. Eliz. O! no, my reasons are too deep and
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, modum: that is past.
[break.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
krown,
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost its lordly honor;
Thy garter, blemisht, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world,
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy soul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God,
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hast fear'd to break an oath with him,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Thou hast not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hast fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'er.
For I myself have many tears to wash
[past;
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wall it with their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wall it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck.
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
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-livered runagate! what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess? [1on,
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Mor-
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-

Is the king dead? is 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.

[not.
Stan. No, my good lord; therefore, mistrust me.
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers? [back?
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 do in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave, [king,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldest be gone to join with
But I'll not trust thee.

[Richmond:
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be false.

[bind
K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men: but leave be-
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 Devonshire,
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
And every hour more competitors [arms; 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 your majesty

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 cry thee mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

[2Rising.

Hath any well-advised friend proclam'd
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,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms; But this good comfort bring I 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 them, they came from Buckingham Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

b Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in

If not to fight with foreign enemies, [arms; Yet to best down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. 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. [son here,
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we rea-
A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from
That, in the sty of the most bloody bear, [me:—
My son George Stanley is 4 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: commend me to thy lord.

Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented,
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'ford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name3 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, hee thce to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell.

[Giving Papers to Sir Christopher. Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sherif, 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 Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Rivers, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By undershad 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?

b Hoisted.—Chaplain to the Countess of Richmond.
4 "Frank'd up," i.e., closely confined.
SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard, and Forces; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

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 knockers; ha! 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 terrors 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, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and other Officers.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set, And by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. Give me some ink and paper in my tent: I'll draw the form and model of our battle, 

^2 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 quartered? do you know?—Blunt. Unless I have mist'en his colors 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, [him, Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with 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? Cates. It's seven, 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 armor laid into my tent?—[ness. Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness. K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge. Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels. Nor. I go, my lord.—[Norfolk, K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exeunt. K. Rich. Ratcliff! Rat. My lord! K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power Before surprising, lest his host George fall Into the blind cave of eternal night. Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch: Saddle while white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

* * * * *)

"Of sound direction," i.e., of tried judgment; of approved soldiers, i.e., of tried men;—"Make some good means," i.e., contrive; take measures.—A "watch," i.e., a watch-light. The staves mentioned were the poles or wood of the lances.
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.  

_The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises._  

_Ghost._ When I was mortal, my unjustly  
By thee was unpunched full of deadly holes,  
Think on the Tower, and me I despair, and die;  
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die. —  
_Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!_  

_To Richmond._  
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,  
DOTH comfort thee in sleep: live, thou, and flourish.  

_The Ghost of Clarence rises._  

_Ghost._ Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.  

_To King Richard._  
I, that was wash'd to death with *falsome* wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy gullie betray'd to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And 't fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die. —  
Thou off spring of the house of Lancaster,  

_To Richmond._  
_The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee_;  
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish.  

_The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise._  

_Rice._ Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;  

_To King Richard._  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die.  

_Grey._ Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.  

_To King Richard._  

_Vaugh._ Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear  
Let fall thy *pointless* lance. Despair, and die. —  

_TO King Richard._  

_All._ Awake! and think on our wrongs in Richard's bosom!  

_To Richmond._  
Will conquer him. —Awake, and win the day!  

_The Ghost of Hastings rises._  

_Ghost._ Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;  

_To King Richard._  
And in a bloody battle end thy days.  
Think on lord Hastings: *so despair, and die._  

_Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake._  

_To Richmond._  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.  

_The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise._  

_Ghosts._ Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the  
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
_and allow thee down to ruin, shame, and death._  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die. —  
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;  
Good angels guard thee from the bear's manny!  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings.  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.  

_The Ghost of Queen Anne rises._  

_Ghost._ Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy  
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
wife,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And falls thy *powerless* arm. 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  
_The last was I that felt thy tyranny.  
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
KING RICHARD III.

Scene III.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—
I died for hope ere I could lend the seal.

[to Richmond.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard 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.

K. Rich. Why?—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?
Let me revenge. What! Myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: nay: I rather hate myself,
For hateful comfort doth I commitment by myself.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, 4 soul perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the driest degree;
All several sins, all us'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 threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord.—
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
Hath promised one salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckler on their armor.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.

What think'nest 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.
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. [gentlemen,
Rich. Cry mercy, lords; [Waking] and watchful
That you have taken a tardy shaggy herd.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord? [dreams,
Rich. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords. [der'd,
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
Came to my tent, and cried—Oh! I victory!

K. Rich. I promise you, my heart is very joyous
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
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 forward shall be drawn out all 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 foment them
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our cheifest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! — What think'st
Then, Norfolk? Nor.
A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Reading a paper.
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 word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our 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 infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal —
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blessed with beauteous wives,
They would distress the one, distress 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 these over-wearing ragges of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives.
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rabs, had hang'd them —
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us, [selves.]
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, stabb'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? —Harck, I hear their drum.

[Dreadful music.
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 march; at the battle let George Stanley die. [besom.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my Advance our standards! set upon our foes!

Vanguard. "This, and Saint George to boot," i. e., "and Saint George on our side. In addition to this," "Dickon," the ancient familiarization of Richard. — Company. — Beatt —several. — Blood, broken staves," i. e., the shivers of your lance. — There was a march in Bosworth plain, between the two armies.

Our anciant word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces; to him Catesby.
Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue! The king-elect draws more wonds than he,
During 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!

Alarums. 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 shun to-day, instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; and exult, fighting. Retreat and flourish.
Then enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.
Richm. God, and your arms, be pairs! victorious
This day is ours, the bloody dog is dead, etc.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
Lot! here, this long-aspired royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd oft, 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?
Richm. Inter their bodies us becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'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 scorn'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 sive:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.
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 they live so) Enrich that time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! —
 Rebate 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.

Act IV.—Scene 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Capuicis, Ambassador from Charles V.
Duke of Norfolk. Earl of Surrey.
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 Vaex.
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 shilling
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 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 leave us 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

*"Guarded," i. e., faceted; trimmed.—*"Opinion," i. e., character; reputation.—*"Happiest," i. e., most favored.
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 mightliness met misery:  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the  
Palace.

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  
Since last we saw in France? [you done],  
Nor. I thank your grace,  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimelyague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of *men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

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 four throne'd ones could have  
Such a compounded one? [I weigh'd  
Buck. All the while time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost  
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 cliquant, all in 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 modams, too,  
Nor'd to tell, did almost sweat to be heard  
The pride upon them, that their very labor  
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 prescuse did present them; him in eye,  
Still him in praise; and, being present both,  
'Twas said, they say but one: and no discern  
Durst wag his tongue in *censure. When these suns  
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That *Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O! you go far.  
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honest homage, the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser 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  

*That is, Henry VIII. and Francis I, King of France.—  
"As," i. e., as if —*Glittering; shining.—*In censure,"  
i. e., in opinion which was most noble.—*Sir Bevis, an old  
romance.

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 revered 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 o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks 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 gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift 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  
Fiercely to that; but he can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
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 privity of the king) to 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 honor  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honorable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in he *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 consumption 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, abodes  
The sudden breach on.'t  
Nor. Which is будded out;  
For France hath flow'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.  
Aber. Is it therefore  
Their ambassador is silenc'd?  
Nor. Marry, is't.  
Aber. A proper title of a *peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate.  
Buck. Why, all this business

*Certainly.—"No element," l. e., no previous practice;  
no initiation in the elements.—*Fiercely," l. e., proud.—  
*Keech; l. e., a lump of fat.—*Fetch him in he *papers," l. e.,  
"fetch in him whom he papers, or note down,"  
"a proper title of a peace," l. e., ironically, 'a fine name of a peace'
Our reverend cardinal* carried.

Nor. To the state takes notice of the private difference Between you and the cardinal. I advise you, (And take it from a heart that wishes toward you Honor and plenteous safety) that you read The cardinal's malice and his potency 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 will be said, It reaches far; and where 'twill 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 shall 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.

[Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzle; therefore, best Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's brood Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance: that's th' appliance only, Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in look'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: I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choleric question What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills, Requires slow pace at first: educate him, 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 go to the king; And from a mouth of honor quite cry down This Ipawich fellow's insolence, or proclaim There's difference in no person.

Nor. Be advis'd; Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot That it do singe yourself: we may outrun By violent swiftness that which we run at, And lose by over-running. Know you not, The fire, that mounts the lipor 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.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you, and I'll go along By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow, Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

From sincere motions, by intelligence, And proofs as clear as taints in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous. So not, treasonous. 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 Infecting one another, yea, 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 t' the rising.

Nor. Faith, and so it did. Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning The articles o' the combination drew, [cardinal As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified, As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end, As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey, Who cannot, he's done it. Now this followeth, (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 'twas, indeed, his color, but he came To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation: His fears were, that the interview betwixt England and France might, through their anity, Breed him some prejudice: for from this league, Pop'd harms that menace'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 honor 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.

Buck. No, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape, He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

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. Lou, you, my lord The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish Under device and practice.

Serg. Sir, 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 innocence: for that die is on me,

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* "Sincere motions," i.e., honest indignation. —* Equal for equally. —* Suggests," i.e., incites; tempts. —* Color," i.e., excuse; pretext. —* Think of Practice. —* i.e., treachery; strategem. —* To look on the business 'present," i.e., "to be a witness of your misfortune."
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

Which makes my whit’s part black. The will of Be done in this and all things.—I obey. — [heaven O’ my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. —The king [To ABERGAVERN.

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 attack lord Montague; and the bodies Of the duke’s confessor, John de la Car, And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Deck. So, so;

These are the limbs o’ the plot.—No more, I hope. A monk o’ the Charterreux.

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. [Execut.

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal’s shoulder; 2 Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, 3 Secretary.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, Thanks for you this great care. I stood 1 the level Of a full charg’d confidence, and give thanks To you that chock’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 Foot on his right Side. A Noise within, crying Room for the Queen! Enter the Queen, usher’d 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 tutor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit Never name to us; you have half our power: The other majesty, 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 honor, 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, they vent reproaches Most bitterly on you, as putter-on Of these exactions, yet the king our master, [not Whose honor heaven shield from soul! even he escapes Language unmannerly: yea, such which breaks

The tides of loyalty, and almost appears In lord rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears, It doth appear; for upon these exactions, The clotheshers all, not able to maintain The many to them ’longing, have put off The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell’d by hunger And lack of other means, in desperate manner During th’ event to the teeth, are all in uproar, And which serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation! Wherein, and what taxation? —My lord cardinal You that are blem’d for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, I know but of a single part, in ought Pertains to the state; and from but in that file Where others tell steps with me. 4

Q. Kath. No, my lord, You know no more than others; but you frame Things, that are known, 5 belike, which are not whole-some To those which would not know them, and yet must Performe be their acquaintance. These exactions, Whereof our sovereign would have been aware, They, most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them, The back 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 that exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome In tempting of your patience; but am bolden’d Under your promis’d 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 [mouths: Is nam’d, your wars in France. This makes bold Tongues spur their duties out, and cold hearts freeze Allegiance in them: their curses now, Live where their prayers did; and it’s come to pass, 6 Their tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would, your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no 7 primer business.

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, ‘Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint 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 The greater part long’s. What we can do, not By such interpreters (once weak ones) is Not ours, or not allow’d; but worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear our motion will be mock’d or car’d at, We should take root here, where we sit, or sit

4 "That is, ‘I am but one among the other counsellors.’—
5 "‘Primer,’ i. e., more important.—6 ‘Brake,’ i.e., thickest of thorns.—7 ‘To cope,’ i.e., to engage with; to encounter.
6 ‘Guilty,’ i.e., sometime.—9 Approved.—10 Motive.
Scene II.

KING HENRY VIII.

State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done with an example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
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 of the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus lack'd,
The tree 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. [To the Secretary. Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

K. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run 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 sid 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 enrol'd mostong wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ring, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the grace
That once was her, and is become as black
As if beam'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honor sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recollected practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

[You, you, you, you, you, you, you, you,
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
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 Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friend'd 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 ground'd he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? 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 persecutors,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Stid, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould 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 alter, under the confession'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 passingly eas'd.—Neither the king, nor's heir,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonality: the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If you know 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. Lot him on.—

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas danger-
'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 he king's heart with him, he,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha! ha!

Surv. There's mischief in this man.—Canst 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 his.—But on : what hence?

Surv. "I," quoth he, "I for this had been com-mitted;
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 suit 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 free
And this man out of prison? [Dom, Q. Kath.
God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee:
what say'st? [Knife]

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's 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 sheathe his knife in us.—He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis 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
Men into such strange mysteries? [Juggle Sands.

Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unnanly, 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 Clotharitus, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
Or springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. —How
What news, sir Thomas Lovell? [now!

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our trull'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.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnant
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as lights 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 leg end of their lowness, and be laugh'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.

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the shy whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle: have no fellow: I going,
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're
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'rady,
Hold current music too.

**Notes:**
- "Mysteries," i.e., arts; artificial fashions.
- "A fit," i.e., a spell.
- Springhalt: a disease incident to horses.
- Short blister'd breeches, i.e., breeches pulled out like blisters.

**Act 1, 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 Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you 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! 'tis tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Charm'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.

Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confess'd
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, wilt it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place at this side, I'll take the charge of this.

His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

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**End of Scene IV.**
SCENE IV.

KING HENRY VIII.

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive 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 pennance 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 neighbors.—

Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,

My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,

For 'tis to such a thing.—

Anne. 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.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end is this?— Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war y're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,

For so they seem: they've left their large, and landed;

And hotter make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue:

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.—

[Exit 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,

Great leave to view these ladies, and esteem

An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them [ures.

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleas-

[Ladies chosen for the Dance. The King takes Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O, beauty!


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.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. 3 whistles 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 then. [Comes from his State.

By all 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,

Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?—

Cham. A'nt please your grace, sir Thomas Bul- len's daughter.—

The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-

I was unmanly to take you out, [heart,

And not to kiss you.—[Kisses her.] A health, gen-

Let it go round. [lemen !

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready?

I the privy chamber?

Lov. 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. [partner, K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;

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 favor.—Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt, with Trumpets.

\*Unhappily," i.e., waggishly; mischievously.—\*Dance.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast? 
2 Gent. O!—God save you, 
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become 
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you that labor, 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, as alleg'd 
Many sharp reasons to defend the law. 
The king's attorney, on the contrary, 
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions 
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd 
To have brought, did'd, 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 miscar'd. 
2 Gent. That was he, 
That fed him with his prophecies? 
1 Gent. The same. 
All these accuss'd him strongly; which he finn 
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 him, 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 swoon'd extremely, 
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hastily: 
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 attinder, 
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 require it. This is noted, 
And generally;—whoever the king favors, 
The cardinal instantly will find employment, 
And enough from court too. 
2 Gent. All the commons 
Hate him perversically, and, o' my conscience, 
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

* "Forgotten," i. e., made no impression.

ACT II.

They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck: 
The mirror of all courtesy—[ingham, 
1 Gent. Stay there, sir; 
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of. 

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment; Tip- 
stores before him; the Ace 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 tritor'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 hear 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 they carry guiltless blood must cry against them. 
For farther lies 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, 
God save me, like good angels, 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 malice in your heart 
Were laid 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 [*envy 'Guinst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black 
Shall make my grace. 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 all the blessings on him be far 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, 
When 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 sapless Bohun: 
Yet I am richer than my base accusers, 
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it; 
And with that blood will one day make them groan 
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, [for't. 
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, 
Flying for succor to his servant Banister, 
Being distrest, was by that wrong 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 honors, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, my son,
Henry the eighth, life, honor, 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 these 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. [is sad,
 Farewell:] and when you would say something that
Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me!
[Exit 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 vae: 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, 'twill 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 hold not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor, and alay 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 scruple,
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 mercifully to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but isn't
Not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 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
* "Loose," i. e., over-reaching.—" A strong faith," i. e.,
great fidelity.—" It held not," i. e., it did not prove true.—
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, rid-
den, and furnished. They were young, and hand-
some, 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 commission 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.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. He left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis 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.

Suf. 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
Of nephew, between us and the emperor, the queen's great
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair; 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.
Cham. These news are every where; every tongue speaks
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's 4 sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. 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 honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he 5 please.

Suf. 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
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew 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 bear us company? [him.—

4 The main end of Welsey was to effect a marriage be-
tween Henry and "the French king's sister," the Duchess
of Alengon.—" Into what pitch he please," i. e., either high
or low.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Fortwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner? Wol. I know, your majesty he's 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. [favor
K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Feythorne, 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 favor to
You are the king's now. [you
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has mis'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[They walk and whisper.
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Place
In 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,
even of yourself, 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 in a foreign man still; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be gird'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[Exit Gardiner.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.
[Exeunt.
SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the Queen's
Apartments.
Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.
Anne. Not for that neither:—here's the pang that
pinches;
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her:—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthr'd
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter, than
Sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the 4'avant! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Most inlament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that 4'eryl fortune do divorce
SCENE IV.

KING HENRY VIII.

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufficiency, a panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again?

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily, I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Bedrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cherifel conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen!

Anne. Not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. 
But, I pray you,
What think you of a Duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth. [little:
Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis 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 embulling: 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
The secret of your conference? [To know
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 blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Tale of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honor to you, no less flowing
Than marchionsess 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 render:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, 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 t' improve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well:

Anne. Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle!—[To her.] I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honor's lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(And yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, 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, ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mad in Egypt;—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchionsess of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you not 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 slate my blood a jot: it faints 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? [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, 3 Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Verger,
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 Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint
Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows
a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two
Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a Gen-
tleman-Usher, bare-headed, accompanied with a
Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver Mace; then
two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver a Pillars;
after them, side by side, the two Cardinals Wolsy.

3 "Parching," i.e., infecting as severe a pang—"A stranger," i.e., reduced to the condition of an unfriended stranger.
"Perk'd up," i.e., pranked, dressed up—"Possession.
"Chelveril," i.e., kid-skin—"Crooked." —"Pluck off a little part of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Bald's, to be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty,
used at coronations.

1 "Conceit," i.e., opinion.—Forty pence was the proverbial expression for a small wager.—Egypt owes its fertility to the mud of the Nile.—The sennet was a signal
given by sound of trumpets.—Eights of dignity carried
before cardinals.
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 so.—Proceed.  
K. Hen. Here. [into the court.  
[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, in manner of 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 behavior given to your displeasure, That you should proceed to put me off, And take your 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, Yea, subject to your countenance; gird, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
I ever: unadvisedly your desire, Or made it not mine too? or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew 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 discharg'd. Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Unto your time, and have been bad With many children by you: if in the course  
And process of this time you can report, And prove it too, against mine honor aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foulst contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me off, To the sharpest knife of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And 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 the king and queen'd a wise counsel to them Of every realm, that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I hum- Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may [bly  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel I will implore: if not, if 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 o' the land, who are assembled To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless, That longer you 'd defer the court, as well For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsatisfied 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. Lord cardinal, 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, Induc'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 coals betwixt my lord and me, Which with most ease may be blown out.—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 took to charity, and display'd th' effects Of disposition gentle, and of wiser gen. [wrong] O'topping woman's power. Madam, you do me I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, 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 blown this coal: I do deny it. The king is present: if it be known to him, That I gain'd my deed, how may he wound, And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much As you have doe 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 curse me; and the curse is, to  
Remain these thoughts from you: the which, before His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthiink your speaking, And to say no more.  
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd; To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble- You sign your place and calling in full 'minding, With meekness and humility; but your heart Is cram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune and his highness' favors, Gone slightly o'er 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 have these thoughts from you: the which, before 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 'fore his holiness, And to be judged by him.  
[She curties to the King, and offers to depart.  
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Subborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by’t: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again. [court.]

Crier. Katherine, queen of England, come into the
Gent. Usk. Madam, you are call’d back;
Q. Kath. What need 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,
When this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man if the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(I’th’ rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saintlike, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens. — She’s a nobly born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wald. 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 be a thief, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question out? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God, for such
A royal lady, speake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from’t. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. Y‘ere excuse’d;
But will you be more justified? You ever
Have wish’d the sleeping of this business; never
Desire it to be stirr’d; but oft have hinder’d, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what move’d me to’t,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:
Then, mark th’ inducement. Thus it came; —
Give my conscience first receive’d a tenderness, [heed to’t.]
Scriple, and prick, on certain speeches utter’d
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been kither sent, on the debating
And carrying twice the duchess of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother’s wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter’d me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which fore’d such way,
That many mad considerations did throng,
And press in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had

"Could speak thee out," i. e., could do justice to thy merits.

Commanded nature, that my lady’s womb,
If it conceiv’d a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to’t, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had us’d them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o’ the world, should not
Be gladd’t in by me. Then follows, that
I weigh’d the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue’s fall; and that gave to me
Many a grinding throe. Thus, bulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon 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 reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn’d. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did e’reck,
When I first mov’d you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas’d yourself
How far you satisfied me.

[To say Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in’,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring’st 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 yet I do 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 i’ 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 a paradigm o’ the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis 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 sloth, and tricks of Rome.
Mylearn’d and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pry’thee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. [Adovd.]—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

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;

"Hulling," i. e., floating without guidance.—"Rock," i. e., waste, or wear away.—"Paragon'd," i. e., without comparison.
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

**SONG.**

Orpheus with his lute made trees, and the mountain-tops, that freeze, do blote themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers, ever spring; as sun, and showers, there had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
even the billows of the sea;
hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart.

**Enter a Gentleman.**

Q. Kath. How now.

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car-wait in the presence. [dinals Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces to come near. [Eziz Gent.] What can be their business?

With me, a poor, weak woman, fallen from favor? I do not like their coming, now I think not. 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. I would be here, 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 be 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, envy and base opinion set against them, I know my life so even. If your business seek me out, and that way I am wise in, out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin: I am not such a trunk since my coming, as not to know the language I have liv'd in: a strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious.

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank if you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake: Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal, the willing'st sin I ever yet committed may be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady, I am sorry, my integrity should be 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 honor every good tongue blesses, nor to betray you any way to sorrow;

*Presence chamber. * Affair, i. e. professions.
And that way I am wise in, i. e. and concerns my conjugal relations.

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 point of weight, so near mine honor, (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 mists; 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. [ tears: Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these 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, 'gainst 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 all my other comforts, far hence, in mine own country, lords.

Cam. Would I, your grace, would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir? Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection; he's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much both for your honor better, and your cause: for if the trial of the law en'reke me, you'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly. Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye! Trun. Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I 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- The turns that ye bring a wretched Judy? I got! 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 war'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 distraction; You are the good we offer into trust. 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)

*Fort her sake that I have been," i. e., for the sake of the royalty I have possessed. * Weigh out is used for weigheth.

*Malice; malignity.
Put thy sick cause into his hands that hates me!
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lord,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this thankless case? all thy studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. 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 [him?]
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
Been, out of fondness, a 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 honor,—a great patience.

Wil. 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 e'er divorce my dignities.

Wil. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! [earth,
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living—
Ahs! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
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.

Wil. If your grace
Could but be brought to know my 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 [vants.
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
turces
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever costs [you;
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
Beware, you lose it not: for, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray,
If I have us'd myself unmanners, [forgiven me,
You know I am a woman, lacking wit.
To make a seemly 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;

*"Been . . . superstitious to him." i.e., served him with superstitious attention. **"Used," i.e., behaved.

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

SCENE II.—Auto-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 contented? I mean, by 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 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. * O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever more
The honey of his language. No, he act'd,
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 proceeding
Are all unfolded: wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How the
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O! how! how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscurried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' 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
eTrace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen too.'
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III.

KING TO MARRY, you and I.

You would 'twere something that would fret the
The master-chord on its heart!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

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 Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does what his anger to him.

Sar. Sharp enough,
Lord! for thy justice.

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtues,
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A sly spleeny Lutheran; and not whole-some to

—Our cause, that she should lie 't the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Crommer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and Lovell.

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, 'tis the name of thrift,
Does he raise this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

K. Hen. My lord, we have 't Comming 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.

It may well be:

There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, ", I found, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly!
Forsoch an invention; 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.

K. Hen. 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 ", 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 hear 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 labor 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 hear 'tis the state; and nature does require
Her time of preservation, which, perforce,
I her fruit 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 'tis 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,

Know.
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. 
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [Aside. 
K. Hen. 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 wthin,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Show'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes repel; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors
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
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor underserver, I
Can nothing render but alleging 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 honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, 't is the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, 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 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labor'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 with 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'd:—Read o'er 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 whis-
poring.

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 cloven fawn
Upon the daring huntsman that has gull'd him,
Then, 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?
No new 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 write to his holiness. Nay then, farewell?
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full 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. [*'Sticks 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's,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Wol. Stay: [Rising.
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Sur. Who dare cross them?

Sur. Stephn. What is he, that would cross 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;
How eagerly yo follow my disgraces,
As if it feel 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 soul,
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 honors,
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, rob'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Pлагue of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succor, 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 credit,
I 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 honor,
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 should'st feel
My sword? the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

* "M ate," L. C. equal.
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 we with his cap, like larks.

Vol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Yes, that goodness
Of cleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets, [ness,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your good-
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
And you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, 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 sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. [man,
Vol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
But when I am found in charity against it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Vol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you.
I think my memory, I yet remain
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Vol. 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 wrought to be a legate; by which power
You mim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, ego et Rex meus
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, 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 Cassalis, 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 caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance,
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the great undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not touch 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.


Sur. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all these things, you have done of late
By your power of legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a praemunire,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be held
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, [you.
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Vol. 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 honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good man, fast surely
His greatness is a ripening,—rips 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 mongodbles 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' favors.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their 555
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell! I have no power to speak, sir.

Crom. Why what amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, as 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 these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honor.
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.

Wol. 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;
SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You're well met once again.

2 Gent. I so are you. [behold

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
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 this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honor.

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 his highest: 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 been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager! how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you. The archbishop
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 scruple, by the main asent
Of all these learned men she was divorce'd,
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!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[Hautboys.

the order of the coronation.

A lively flourish of Trumpets.

1. Then, two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.


4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Gar- ter in his coat of arms; and on his head
He wore a gilt crown column.

5. Marques Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold: on
His head a demi-crown of Gold. With him
The Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod 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 Nor- folk, with the rod of marshalship; a coronet
On his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the 4 Cinque-ports;

4 "Four of the Cinque-ports," i. e., four bars of the Cinque-ports.

*The chancellor is the guardian of orphans.— "In open," 1 c. openly.— "Make use," i. e., make interest.
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, wrought 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.]
Then last 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 straights that lady.
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports. [near her.
2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are
1 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, And sometimes falling ones. [indeed;
1 Gent. No more of that.
[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! 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?
3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.
2 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 goodwill'st man
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 stiff tempes't,
As loud, and to as many tunes: lutes, 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 rose, and with modest
Come to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saunter like

* Battering-rams.

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd 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 perfumed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full state pace'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 from 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 Win-
chester, Newly prefer'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 thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Execut.

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and Patience.

Griff. 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,—
[They sit.

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little case.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou lovest me,
That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave us ear to.

Kath. Fr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he sopp'd before me, I happily,
For my example.

Griff. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For utter the stout ester 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!

Griff. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;

* Haply; perhaps.—" Roads," I e., stages; journeys.
The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of boys, and golden wands in their faces; branches of bay, or palm, in their hands. They first congrege unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spere garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies: 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?

Kath. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.

Kath. Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Kath. 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 promised 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 earthly coldness? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wrench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An’t like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: 

Describe we more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behavior: go to; know better.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness’ pardon; [Kneeling.
My haste made me unmanners. 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 Capucius.

Kath. If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.

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 physic, 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 caus'd 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 deus 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 her,
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, we had not parted 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 honor: strew 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. [Exit 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 necessaries,
SCENE I.

KING HENRY VIII.

Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—

Now, Lovell, can't 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 sayst thou? ha! To pray for her? what! is she crying out? [made

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quell her of her burden, and

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 mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. [Exeunt.

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spoke:

[Aside.

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny with Cranmer.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL seems to stay.

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone, What I—

[Exit Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful.—Wherfore frowns he thus?

K. Hen. [Aside.

'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well. [know

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty? [Kneeling.

To 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; [hand.

I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your

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 further 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: 2 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

[Aside.

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,

There's none stands under more calumnious 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:

Rising.

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 2 indurance, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,

The 3 ground I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:

If they shall fall, I, with mine enemies,

Will triumph o'er my person, which I 2 weigh not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing

What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not [world? How your state stands? 2 the world, with the whole

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion: and not 2 ever

The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict of 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. 4 Ween you of better luck,

I mean in pejr'd witness, than your Master,

Whose minister you are, whiles he liv'd

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to

You take a preceptice for no leap of danger,

And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,

Protest 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 5 weeps:

There make before them.—Look, the good man

He's honest, on mine honor. God's blessed 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

His language in his tears. [has strangled

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

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks

I guess my tongue. 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 you visitation, and to be

Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you

As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!
Re-enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir. K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the queen.

[Exit King]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' an ordinary grooms for such payment: I more. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay'd; 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 gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast! what means this?
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me? [Ho!]
D. Keep. Yes, my lord; But yet I cannot help you. Cran.

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd
Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,2
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 honor: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be full'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 honor they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought, They had parted so much honestly among 'em, (At least good manners) as not thus to suffer.
A man of his place, and so near our favor,
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.

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. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary. 

D. Keep. My lord archbishop; And have done half an hour, to know your pleasures. Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now. [Cranmer approaches the Council-table.
Chan. 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 2 culpable. Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty, And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your counsels,
(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 Pacem them not in their hands to make them gentle, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, [them, Out of our caseness and childish pity.
To one man's honor, 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 neighbors, 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 labored, 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, Defenders 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.

Suf. Nay, my lord, That cannot be: you are a counsellor, And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment, [Sure, We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleas— 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 dark accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for. [you; Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank You are always my good friend: if you will pass,
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them: he takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause between him and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spangled,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoever 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 desire 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 groom. 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 1 the while I live.

Cham. Thus far, my most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in mea) 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: Gardiner last.
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Can-

terbury,
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 honor: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your

[SPONS.
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess
Will these please you? [DOSET:
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you.
Embrace, and love this man.

1 Words and weakness," i. e., empty talk and false reason.

2 It was an ancient custom for sponsors to present silver or silver-gilt spoons to their god-children.
Gar. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it. 
Cran. 
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy common voice, I see, is verified. [true heart. Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, 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 honor gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for a Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within,] Good master porter, I belong to the border.

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'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rascal rascals? [Tumult within.

Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis impossible, Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cunnins, To scatter 'em, as '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?

Man. 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.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Gay, 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 never 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.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to maste in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? [Noise.] Bless me, what a fry of fornication is ut door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow down here who should be a brazier by his face, for, 'o my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other pannace. That fire-drake did hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharge'd against me; he stands there, like a mortise-piece, to blow us. There was a hubbardasher'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, chubs! when I might see from far some stately tuncheoned draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the brouns-staff with me: I defied 'em still; and suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a slower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. [Shouts.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitter apples; that no audience, but the Tritiation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limhouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patram, and there they are likely to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two 'headles, that is to come.


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 are your porters?—Ye have made a fine band, fel. There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these [lows: 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 honor We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done:

An our's is not the rule o' the man.

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 lines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves; And here ye lie bating of 9 bombs, when 10 Trumpets.

Ye should do service. Hack! the trumpets sound; They're come already from the christening, Go, break among the pess, and find a way out To let the troop pass freely, or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, [2] Tumult and confusion. Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You can camblet, get up o' the mail: I'll pack you o'er the 11 pole 12.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garder, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing 13 bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Merchantson of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garder speaks.

Gard. Heaven,
From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth! 

1° Paris-garden, l. e., the bear-garden on the Bank-side. — Roaring; shouting.—"Nor Sir Gay, nor Colbrand," l. e., neither Gay of Warrington, nor Colbrand the Danish giant.—"Pink'd porringer," l. e., pink'd cap, which looked as if moulded on a porringer. — The meteor," l. e., the breezer—"Loose shot," l. e., loose or random showers.— 2° The work," l. e., the fortress. — 3° In Limbo Patram," l. e., in confinement.— 4° The banquet of two headless," l. e., a dessert of whipping. — Bombards were black leather vessels to hold beer. — 5° Pock," l. e., pitch.— 6° Standing bowls were bowls elevated on pedestals.
KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE IV.

King to his council. 

KING. Amen. Though the sun be up, yet I beseech you all to continue in that happy time that was the dawn to the chosen infant. Shall this be his, and like a vine grow to him: Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honor 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 deed 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 unpolluted sly 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 honor 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. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please All that are here. Some come to take their ease, 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 Abus'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 show'd 'em. If they smile, And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.
THE PROLOGUE (in Armor.)

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 wore
Their crownets regal, from th’ Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,
To ransom Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish’d Helen, Menelaus’ queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that’s the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge

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, Ilas, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with mussy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greck,
Sets all on hazard.—And hither 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

a “Orgulous” (Fr. orgueilleux), i.e., proud; disdainful.

b “Fraughtage,” i.e., freight.—To sperr is to fasten, shut, or close.
ACT I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll warn 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 field; Troilus, alas! hath none. Pand. Will this gear ne’er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength, Fierce to their skill, and to their fereaces valiant; But I am weaker than a woman’s tear, Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance; Less valiant than the virgin in the night, And skillless as unpractis’d infancy. Pand. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part, I’ll not meddle nor make no farther. He that have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tardied?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tardied?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tardied.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: 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 flench at sufferance than I do. At Priam’s royal table do I sit; And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,— So, tritor!—when she comes!—When is she thence? Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than Ever I saw her look, or my woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would erse 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 couch’d in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth 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 somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not disparage 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 low my fateful deep They lie indrench’d. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid’s love: thou answer’st, she is fair; Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice; Handlest in thy discretion, 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. 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 labor for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labor.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she’s kin to me, therefore, she’s not so fair as Helen: an 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 her father: 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 i’ 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 an end.

[Tro. Pandarus. An Alarm.]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors! 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, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne’s love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is Ilium; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Ilium, and where she resides, Let it be call’d the wild and wandering flood; Usurped the merchant, and this sailing Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark. [Exit Pandarus.

Tro. Enter Eneas.

Ene. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman’s answer For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Eneas, from the field to-day?

Ene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt. Tro. By whom, Eneas?

Ene. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: ’tis but a scar to scorn; Paris is gor’d with Menelaus’ horn. [Eneas. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day! Tro. Better at home, if ’twould I might,” were “may.”]
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

**TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.**

**ACT I.**

**SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.**

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

**Cres.** Who were those who by?

**Alex.** Queen Hecuba, and Helen. Who are 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 armorer; 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 course 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, curtieous as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whose nature hath so crowded humors, that his valor 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 attain but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or publick Argus, all eyes and no sight.

**Cres.** But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

**Alex.** They say, he yesterday compassed Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame when hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANADRUS.

**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 Cressida. 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 ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

**Cres.** Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

**Pan.** For so: Hector was stirring early.

**Cres.** 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 heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

**Cres.** What, is he angry too?

**Pan.** Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of them.

**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.** His 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.** Nor his power.

**Pan.** Nor his beauty.

**Cres.** Twould not become him; his own's better.

**Pan.** You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither—

**Cres.** No, but brown.

**Pan.** Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

**Cres.** To say the truth, true and not true.

**Pan.** She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

**Cres.** Why, Paris hath color enough.

**Pan.** So he has.

**Cres.** Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having color enough, and the other higher, is too charming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

**Pan.** I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

**Cres.** Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

**Pan.** Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window; and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

**Cres.** Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particular therein to a total.

**Pan.** Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

**Cres.** Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

**Pan.** But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;

---

*a "compassed window" is a circular or bow window.

*b "Lifter," l. e., thief.
——she came, and puts me her white hand to his cheek as he approaches.

Cres. Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go then.——But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus._

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if it will prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin:——indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Cheap, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran over.

Cres. With a mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run over too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that.

"Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. But, why, go tell her, "which of these hairs is Paris, my 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 chaffed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Pan. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Cres. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Pan. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettles against May. [A retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? 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.

1. Exeas passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's Exeas: 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?

2. 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 o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of 2his person.—When comes Troilus?

—'ll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Pan. Will he give you the nod?

Cres. You shall see.

Pan. If he do, the rich shall have more.

3. 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 hacks are on his helmet! look you wonder, do you see? look you there. There's no jesting: there's laying on, tak'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? 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?

4. Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus.—I marvel, where Troylus 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 Troylus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troylus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troylus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troylus, the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace! for shame! peace!

Pan. Marry him; spare him.—O brave Troylus!—look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helmet 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, Troylus, 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 to boot.

3. Soldiers pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here comes more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and

4. To "give the nod" was a term in the game at cards called Noddy.—Helmet.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

bra: porridge after meat. I could live and die in 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 drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. 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 ministered man; and then to be baked with no *date in the yere,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what *word 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 ends 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 I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's post 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, wooling:

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.

Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achieved men's still command; ungain'd, beseech:

Those, 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 last 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, Infect the sound pine, and divers 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 has gone before, Where we have recovered, trial by draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, And that unbody'd figure of the thought That gav't surmise shaped. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wretches, And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought But the protractive trials of great Jove, To find persistive 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 affin'd and kin: But, in the wind and tempest of her frown, Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, Fufiling at will, winnows the light away; And what that fain of: matter, or matter, Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike fete, 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 soil Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk:

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage The gentle Thetis, 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 untimely sides but even now Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Douth valor's show, and valor'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 flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize, And with an accent tun'd 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 temperes 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 bond of air (strong as the axleter On which heaven rides) knot all the Greekish ears To his experience'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—

*Date* were an ingredient in nearly every kind of ancient pastry.—"Warchy" i. e. guard.—"That she," i. e. that woman.

"Tortive and errant," i. e. twisted and wandering.—

"Sincere?" i. e. "Afford," i. e. joined by affinity.—"Thy godlike seat," i. e. the throne.—"Apply," i. e. give special attention to.—"The brize," i. e. the galely, that swims stable, fast.—"Hatch'd in silver," i. e. silver-hair'd; gray-haired.
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

_Agam._ Speak, prince of Thessalia; and be't of less


_that matter needless, of importune burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his massif 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 forgers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being "vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

• 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 spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cimable 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 crack, rend and 2 deracinate

The unity and married calm of states
Quite from the figure! Of what degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and 3 brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from 4 divisible shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But that degree stand in nullity place?
Take but degree away, untain that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a zop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
For, if a thing, what be the right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jail justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

• Mixtures, deacons, mm.: 1. King's; 2. King's.

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal will,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perfuse an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocated,
Follows the choking:
And this neglect ion of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him another step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emission:

• Tyrants, roaring.

—that the fever this that keeps Troy on foot,

_Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

• Multiplication, m.:

_Nest._ Most wisely hath Ulysses have discover'd
The fever whereon all our power doth sick.

_Agam._ The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

_Ulyss._ The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his car full of his airy 3 fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mounting on our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day,
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls),
He 4 pageants us: sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamming, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden 5 dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the 6 scagli—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested 7 seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms 8 unsqu'rd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
And a thin piping (to whose melody of 9 crowns,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent!"—'tis Agamemnon 10 right.
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard
As he, being 'drest to some oration."
That's none;—as near as the extremest ends
Of 11 various, as like a Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsey, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valor dies; crying, "O! 12 enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Several and generals, 2 all grace extract,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stiff up, these two make paradoxes.

• Multiplication, m.:

_Nest._ And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a 3 rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factions feasts; rules on our state of war,
Bold as an orle; and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coin slaughter like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank sover 13 rounded in with danger.

_Ulyss._ They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

1_Amy; force.— "Airy fame," i.e., mouth honor.—
2 He personifies on all, he takes us in, we are ingenuous; sovereign.—
3 "The wooden dialogue, i.e., the dialogue between the player's foot and the board.—Stage.—"O'er-
4 Created.—We men.—Having our designs.—" Parallels on a map.—" In such a rein, i.e., as haughtily.—
5 How rank sover rounded in," i.e., how strongly sover encompassed.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

ACT I.

When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mappery, close-war:
So that the man, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poised,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons.

Enter AENEAS.


Men. From Troy.

Aeneas. What would you 'fore our test?

Aeneas. Is this Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Aeneas. Even this.

Aeneas. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kindly ears?

Aeneas. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Aeneas. Examples, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aeneas. How?

Aeneas. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Moderate as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Aeneas. Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aeneas. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aeneas. Courtiers as free, as debaron, unarm'd,
As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's

Aeneas. Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas!
Peace, Trojan! hy thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prince's himself bring the praise forth;
That the replying enemy commend, [scends.
That breath fame blows: that praise, soul-pure, true.

Aeneas. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?

Aeneas. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aeneas. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aeneas. Pardon: 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aeneas. He hears not sounds privately that comes from
This Trojan.

Aeneas. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aeneas. Speak frankly as the wind.
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aeneas. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoken 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-cont'd truce
Is rusty grown: he lade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. — Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

* "Jove's accord," i. e., with Jove's consent.—Fr. Freely.

That holds his honor higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confusion
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-tents, between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.

If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aeneas. This shall be told our lovers, lord Aeneas:
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 recenter 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: he is old now;
But if it 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 g old beaver,
And in my 4 vanbracte put this witter'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was farer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His young heart shall,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Nest. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulysses. Amen.

Aeneas. Fair lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles 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.

Ulysses. Nestor! Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulysses. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulysses. This 'tis,
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity grown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be crop'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbuild us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulysses. 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.

Ulysses. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. 'Tis most meet: whom may you else
Than can from Hector bring his honor off. [oppose,

* Profession, and * Vantbrace" (Fr. Aveant bras), i. e., armor for the arm.—" No strain," i. e., no difficulty; no doubt.
Troilus for, [Strikes and makes a 

\[\text{scantling} \]
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 suppos’d,

He that meets Hector issues from our choice:

And choice, being mutual act of our souls,

Makes merit her election, and doth boil,

As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd

Out of our virtues; who misARRYing,

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.

Ulysses. Give pardon to my speech:—

Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us, like merchants, show our finest wares,

And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,

The lustre of the better shall excell’d,

By showing the worst first. Do not consent,

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;

For both our honor and our shame, in this,

Are dogg’d with two strange followers. [they?]

Nestor. I see them not with my old eyes: what are

Ulysses. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him:

But he already is too insatiate;

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 foill’d,

Why, then we did our main opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery,

And by device let blockish 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 proffer than blue Iris bends.

If the dull, brainless Ajax comes 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,

Our project’s life this shape of sense assumes,—

Ajax employ’d plucks down Achilles’ plumes.

Nestor. * Now I begin to relish thy advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two ears shall take each other: pride alone

Must * tarre the mastiffs on, as ’twere their bone.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites! Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally? Ajax. Thersites!  

* * * Scantling, i.e., measure; proportion.—* Points, Estimation; reputation.—* Lot, Urge; stimulate.
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and all that else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this comorant war,—
Shall be struck off!"—Hector, what say you to't?

Hec. Though no man lessers the Greeks than I,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spagy to suit 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, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
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 ye the worth and honor 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 fears 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
Beaten away of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumber, brother priest:

[reasons:
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
You know, an enemy intenders 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 he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-or'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason.
Let's shut our gates, and sleep; manhood and honor
Should have bare hearts, would they but fat their


Ach. And such thoughts
With this cram'd reason: reason and respect
Make lives pale, and lustihood defect.

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hec. 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 inclinable
To what infectious 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 eskindled 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 elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To 'french from this, and to stand firm by honor.

*Text.—Caution.—"In the conduct," i. e., under the guidance.—"Shrink; fly off.

**Voluntarily.—Bitch-hound.

**
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant, When we have sold them; nor the remainder viands 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 full consent bellied his sails; The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce, 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 freshness Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning. Why keep we her? the Grecians keep 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 *twas 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 wisdom rate, And do a deed that fortune never did, Beggar the estimation which you prize'd Richer in the latter, and the 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. [Withk.] Cry, Trojans, cry! Pri. What noise! what shriek is this! Tvo. 'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice. Cas. [Withk.] Cry, Trojans! Hect. It is Cassandra. Enter Cassandra, raving. Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! I 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 cast but cry, Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes A moality of that mass of moan to come. Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears: Troy must not be, nor goody Hector stand; Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all. Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woo! Cry, cry! Troy burns; or else let Helen go. [Exit. Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high Of divination in our sister work strains Some touches of remorse; or is your blood So madly hot, that no discourse of reason, Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, Can qualify the same? Tvo. 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 honors and the stand: 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 spleen To fight for, and maintain. Par. Else might the world *conceive of levity, As well my undertakings, as your counsel; 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 *propagation is in one man's valor, To stand the push and enmity of those This quarrel would excite? 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 With'd off in honorable 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 a breath, or 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 bestow'd, or death unsum'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 5 glo'd,—but superficially; not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy. The reasons you allege do more conceive 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 deaf than adders to the voice Of any true decision. Nature craves, All due 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 affections, And that great minds, of partial indulgence To their heemnumed 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 wife to Spart'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 extenuates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless, My sprightly brethren, I *propend to you In resolution to keep Helen still; For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence Upon our joint and several dignities. Tvo. 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 honor 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.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priam:
I challenge you to a contest 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,
Whillet b emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him.

[Exeunt.
Come then, but or, scab. I let
Achilles
you a why
but I

[Exit.

Ther. How now, Therites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy folly? 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. 'Soot, 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 hast thundered at Olympus! I 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 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 irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the Neapolitan bone-ache; for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placet. [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, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but [lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?
Patr. What's that thou devout? want thou in prayer?
Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?
Patr. Therites, 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?
Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then, tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?
Patr. Thy lord, Therites. Then, tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

* Blustering.—b "Emulation," i. e., envious rivalry; faction contention.—c "Caduceus," i. e., the wand of Mercury, which is wreathed with serpents.—d "Thy blood," i. e., thy passions; thy natural propensities.—e Leprous persons.

Ther. Thy knowe, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?
Patr. Thou must tell, that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.
Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.
Patr. You rashly!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proced, Theresites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.
Patr. Why am I a fool?
Ther. Make that demand of thy Creator.—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, Therites.

[Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw embittered factions, and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and leechery confound all!

[Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?
Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

5 We sent our messengers: and we lay by Our apprehensions visiting of 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 melanchoily, if you will favor 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. Who? Therites?

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 composite, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily unite. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

6 Re-enter Patroclus.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joined, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for fleuret.

Ther. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble estate,

*Envious; containing.—a Letter; scab.—Appendages of neck or dignity.—b "This noble state," i. e., this stately train of attending nobles.
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, in his vision, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly 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;  
Yes, 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 worthier than himself.

Here 'tend the savage strangeness he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And 'underwrite in an observing kind.

His humorous predominaence; yea, watch  
His pettish fumes, 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 will let none of him; this is like an engine  
Not portable, he under this report—  
Bring action hitter, 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.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.  
Nest. Yet he loves himself: it's not strange.  
[Aside.  
Re-enter Ulysses.  
Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.  
Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;  
But carres on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar, and in self-admission;  
Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
Unteat his person, and share the air with us? [only,  
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake  
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such sullen and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself: What should I say?  
He is so playous proud, that the death's tokens of it  
Cry:—"No recovery."

Agam.  
Let Ajax go to him.—  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamennon! let it not be so:  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles, Shall the proud lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own beam;  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as doth resolve  
And runnate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stile his palm, nobly accept'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:  
That were to enchant his fat-already pride;  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid;  
And say in thunder:—"Achilles, go to him."

Nest. O! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.  
[Aside.  
Dis. And how his silence drinks up this applause!  
[Aside.  
Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist  
I'll push him o'er the face.  
Agam. O, no! you shall not go.  
Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.  
Let me go to him.  
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.  
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!  
Nest. How he describes himself!  
[Aside.  
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?  
Ulyss. The raven Chides blackness.  
[Aside.  
Ajax. I'll let his humors blood.  
Agam. He will be the physician, that should be  
the patient.  
[Aside.  
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—  
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.  
[Aside.  
Ajax. 'A should not bear it so,  
'A should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?  
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carr' half.  
[Aside.  
Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares.  
[Aside.  
Ajax. I will knead him; I will make him supple.  
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him  
with praises.

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.  
[Aside.  
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.  
[To Agamemnon.  
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.  
Dis. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.  
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;  
I will be silent.  
Nest. Wherefore should you so?  
He is not 'emulous, as Achilles is.  
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

"Death tokens:" an allusion to the decisive spots, usually called tokens, that precede the death of those infected with plague. — Fat.— Strike. — Comb; carry. — That is, 'Not for the value of that for which we are fighting.' — Staff. — Eviscerated.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall *paler thus with
Would, he were a Trojan! [us!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ul. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ul. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected? [compose;

Ul. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
Praise him that got thee: her that gave thee such:
Pan'd thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all censure;
But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigor,
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 rol'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ul. There is no tarrying here: the hurt 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 call 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
Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honor better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend: honor 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, Cressida? 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 compliment
assault upon him, for my business *seeths.

Serv. Sudden business: there's a strewed 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.

Pan. 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 him
self most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if
you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
queen,—I *faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sort
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 fall out with you. You must not know where
he sups.

Pan. I'll lay my life, with my *dispraiser Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide.
Come, your *dispraiser is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.
Troilus. Hot I

oh ha

But the or

they he go

I'll are

oh ha a

Come here

[straight.

I

[Exit expectation

I'll this

Par. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus! I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks

Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charm,

And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may swallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserver. O, gentle Pandarus!

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid.

Tro. Walk here i' the orchard: I'll bring her

[Exit Pandarus.

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchanteth my sense; what will it be,

When that the watery palate tastes indeed

Love's three-reasured nectar! death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,

Too subtle-potent, that it would sooth in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers.

I fear it much; and I do fear besides,

That I shall lose distinction in my joys,

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight:

you must be witty now. She does so blush, and

fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a

sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she

fetches her breath so short as a new-t'en sparrows.

[Exit Pandarus.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unwares encountering

The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush! shame's a

baby.—Has she is now: when she is sweet to her,

that you have sworn to me.—What! are you
gone again? you must be watched ere you be made
tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways;
an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the 

fills.—

Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this
curtain, and let's see your picture. [Unveiling

her.] Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-

light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So; so,

rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss

in fell-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.

Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you.
The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the

river: go, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her debts; but

she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What! billing again? Here's

"—In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"

—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

[Exit Pandarus.

a Shafts of a wagon.—b The allusion is to bowling; what

is now called the jack was formerly termed the mistress;

b Rub on' is a term in the game.—The tercel is the male,

and the falcon the female hawk.
Troilus and Cressida

ACT III

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious drag espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Tro. O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers: thinking it harder for our mistress to devise impositions enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise as we are tasted; allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion 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, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truer, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What? blushing still? have you not done talking 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 mine. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, 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 wood, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes 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 must make it.—In faith, I lie: My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother; see, we look! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

* Titles.

But, though I lov'd you well, I wou'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 capture, I shall surely speak. The thing I shall repeat. See, see! your silence, Cunning in dullness, from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence. [Kissing her.

Pan. Pretty, 'tis faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas 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 of state that resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave To be the burthen of the other. 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. [To Cressid,]

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than And told so roundly to a large confession, To augle for your thoughts; but you are wise, Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love, Exceeds the power of the earth's might; that which can take 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 aye 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 as suffrond with the match and weight Of such a winnow'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 big c-compare, Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,— As true as steel, as 2-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 ye be!

If I be false, or were a hair from truth, When time is old and hath forgot itself, When watersdrops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are graved To dusty nothing; yet let memory, From false to false among falsemaids in love, Upbraid my falsehood. When they have said—as false

"Be suffrond," i. e. be met with and equalled.—* Comparisons.—* Herbage. —"Crown'd up," i. e. conclude.
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 Cressida. [Troilus kisses her.
Pam. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin: 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 Cressiads, and all brokers between Pandars! say, amen.
Tro. Amen.
Cress. Amen.
Pam. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press to death: away! [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you.
Th' advantage of the time prompts me, aloud
To call for recompense. 2 Appeal it 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, 3 To do this end, and many more; 4
To doubtless purposes: 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 5 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.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore) 6
Don't, in a more important case, aslant,
Whom Troy hath staid denied; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a 7 wrest 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, being word, if Hector will to-morrow
Bear without a charitable face, 8 Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.
[Exit Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands 'tis the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass 's strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last: 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unpleasing eyes are bent, why turn'd on
Of so, I have rend his heart? [Him? 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:
To do each lord; and either give 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! I would he aught with

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.
[Exit Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?
Aja. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Aja. Has? 9
Achil. Good morrow.
Aja. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit Ajax.
Achil. What mean these fellows! Know they not Achilles? [Read,
Pair. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to
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 rend in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mean wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of ancient men; and these, Achilles,
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that seem'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, me thinks, 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! 10 [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 return that heat again
To the first giver.

4 "How dearly ever parted," i. e. however excellently endowed.
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 opp'd Salutes each other with each other's form: For speculation turns not to itself, Till it hath travell'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; What he's expressed in this place, and that, That no man is the lord of anything, 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, receives The voice again; or like a gate of steel, Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this; And apprehended here immediately The unknown Ajax. Heaven, what a man is there! a very horse; That he knows not what. Nature! what things Multiply itself in regard, and do opp're: [There are, 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 some men do the most men and are, While pride is feasting in his wantonness! To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, And great Troy shrieking. Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me, As mages do the 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 honor bright: to have done, is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail In monumental mockery. Take the instant way; For honor 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 stagger aside from the direct fortiright, Like to an enter'd side, they all rush by, And leave you hindoost; 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'ertop yours; For time is like a fashionable hand That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand, And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly, Grasps-in the corner: welcome ever smiles, And farewell goes out sighing. 

*Speculation,* l. c., interior thought. — *Circumstance,* l. c., detail of argument.

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calamitizing time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,— That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds, Though they are made and moulded once of things past, And give to dust, that is a little gift, More laud than *gilt o'er-dusted.*

The present eye praises the present object: Then, marvell not, thou great and complete man, That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax, Since things in motion sooner catch the eye, Than things at rest: the express of this, on thee, And still it might, and yet it may again, If thou woul'st not entomb thyself alive, And case thy reputation in thy tent; Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions amongst the gods themselves, And drave great Mars to faction.

Of this my privacy I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heretical. *'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love With one of Priam's 5 daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder? The evidence that's in a watchful state Knows almost every grum of Plutus' gold, Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps, Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods, Does thought 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 death, or passion, can give an answer to. All the commerce that you have had with Troy As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord; And better would it fit 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 Grecian girls shall transport sing,— "Great Hector's sister did Achilles win, But our great Ajax bravely beat down him." Farewell, my lord: I as your 'liver speak: The foolagas o'er the ico that you should break. *Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you. A woman impudent and mannish grown Is not more lorth'd, than an effeminate man In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this: They think, my little stomach to the war, And your great love to me, restrains you thus. Swift, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid Shall from your neck unloose his amorous hold, And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, Be shooed to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay: and, perhaps, receive much honor by Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake: [him. My fame is shrewdly gor'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;

*New-fashioned toys.—* *Dust, that is a little gill,* l. c., ordinary performances which have the glass of novelty; *Gilt o'er-dusted,* l. c., splendid actions of past ages, the remembrance of which is obscured by time.—*The illusion to actions of this sort, is to combat on other side.—*Polynxena.—* With whom relation durst never meddle, l. c., which history was never able to discover.—Friend.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even when, we sit idly in the sun.

**Achil.** Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here warm'd. 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,
Even to my full of view.—A labor sun'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 his heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

**Achil.** How can that be?

**Ther.** Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock;
a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—"there were wit in this head, an 'twould out!" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

**Achil.** Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

**Ther.** Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

**Achil.** To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valiant Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored, captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

**Patr.** Jove bless great Ajax.

**Ther.** Humph!

**Patr.** I come from the worthy Achilles,—

**Ther.** Ha!

**Patr.** Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.—

**Ther.** Humph!

**Patr.** And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

**Ther.** Agamemnon?

**Patr.** Ay, my lord.

**Ther.** Ha!

**Patr.** What say you to't?

**Ther.** God be wi' you with all my heart.

**Patr.** Your answer, sir.

**Ther.** If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

**Patr.** Your answer, sir.

**Ther.** Fare you well with all my heart.

**Achil.** Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

**Ther.** No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make 'em playing on.

**Achil.** Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

**Ther.** Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more 4 capable creature.

**Achil.** My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[**Exit Thersites.**

**ACT IV.**

SCENE I.—Troy: a Street.

**Enter, at one side, Ajax, and Sarcent, with a Torch; at the other, Paris, Diomedes, Antenor, Diomede, and others, with Torches.**

**Par.** See, ho! who is that there?

**Aeue.** Is the prince there in person?

**Patr.** Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

**Aeue.** That's my mind too.—Good-morrow, lord Par. A valiant Greek, Aeues, 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.

**Aeue.** Health to you, valiant sir; During all question of the gentle trace; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

**Dio.** The one and other Diomed embraces.

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.

**Aeue.** 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.

**Dio.** We sympathize.—Jove, let Aeues live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honor, let him die With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

**Aeue.** We know each other well.

**Dio.** We do; and long to know each other worse.

**Par.** This is the most despiteful gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—

**Aeue.** But, I am emulous honor, let him die With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

**Aeue.** We know each other well.

**Dio.** We do; and long to know each other worse.

**Par.** This is the most despiteful gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—

**Aeue.** What business, lord, so early? [not.

**Aeue.** I was sent for to the king; but why, I know For his purpose meets you; 'twas to bring this Greek To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the enfeebled Antenor, the fair Cressida. Let's have your company; or, if you please, Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT IV.

(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lingers there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. [Exeunt.

That I assure you:

I see him now,
Is

But both, faith, what's for z
We'll [down

Night

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' Ricbald,'

Dio.

Par.

Tro.

JNe.

Tro.

Ores.

Cres.

The

Beshrew

the

Cressida!

...will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,

And, then, you would have married. 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 mock-
I shall have such a life.—[Sing:

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidsheads and
—Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say
whit:—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; besheath your heart! you'll

Nor suffer others.

[ne'er be good,

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio—has not slept to-night? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Knocking.

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he be knocked

of the head—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.

[Knocking.

How earnestly they knock.—Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How
now! what's the matter?

3 [Opening it.

Enter Æneas.

Ænc. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Ænc. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Ænc. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late.

What should he do here?

Ænc. Who—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do
him wrong ere y'are ware. You'll be so true to him,

to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet
go fetch him hither: go.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Ænc. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Ænc. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and read to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Ænc. Good, good, my lord; the secret laws of
nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.

* "Ribald," i. e., roguish; the vish. — b "Venemous weights," i. e., mordant a. r. c. s. r. e. s.
SCENE IV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Tro. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost! The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke 's neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who was Pan. Ah! ah! [Here! Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone!]
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Enter Troilus.

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?
Pan. Pr’ythee, get thee in. Would thou hast never been born! I know, thou wouldst be his death.—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!
Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear 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 Crescidi's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremities you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.

Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Troilus, my bright hair, and scratch my praised Cruck my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Pandar's House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, 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 write her to the purpose.

Tro. 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.

[Exit. 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 Pandar's House.

Enter Pandar and Cressida.

Par. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste And a violentness in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection, Or bow it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dress, No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a sweet duck! Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him. Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. O heart,—as the goosy saying is,— O heart, O heart, O heavy heart! Why night'st thou without breaking? where he answers again.

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, lords! Tro. Cresci, I love thee in so strange a purity That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
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 buck leave-taking, justices roughly by All time of pause, rudely hegirles our lips Of all injustice, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring bone. 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, Crans his rich thievry up, he knows not how: As many grief's falls as stars in heaven. With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to him, He fumbles up into 'one loose adien; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Aene. [Within.] My lord! Is the lady ready! Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Grecian so Cres. * 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon. Pan. Where are my tears? ruin, to lay this wind, Or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[Exit Pandar.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?
Tro. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressida, '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 mixture in thy heart; But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in Mysequent 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.

[Sealed.]—Sir Burnio,—* "Throw my glove to," i. e., challenge.—* Sibb; spot; snift.
Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this 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 composed 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 jocoseness. (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 hec! the high *lavor, nor sweteen 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 There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil, That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No;

But nothing 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 *chaffin poteney.

Enc. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Cres. A good brother, come you hither; And bring Exeas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, 1 alas, is it my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning glid 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 EXEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed. Here is the lady, Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the 4 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 o'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressida, and thy life shall be as safe, As Piam is in Ilium.

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 so far high-soaring o'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 by thy guard, I'll cut 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 honor.—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, To our own seelze bend we our needful talk.

[Exeunt Tro., Cres., and Diom. Trumpet sounds.

Par. Hawk! Hector's trumpet.

Enc. How have we spent this morning! The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That awore to ride before him to the field. [him.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with

Del. Let us make ready straight.

Enc. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity, Let us address to tend on Hector's heca.

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 an appointment fresh and Anticipating time. With startling courage [fair, Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant, And hal's him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow, villain, till thy sphere'd check sound out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon. Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy spouts blood; Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Ajax. 'Tis but early 5 day.

Agam. Is not yond? Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; He raises 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; To worse better she were kiss'd in general.—

Nest. And very courteously 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 peird's Paris in his 2 bardiment, And parted thus you and your argument.

[Kissing her.

Ulyss. O! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorn, For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns. 

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine; Patroclus kisses you. [Kissing her again.

Preparation.—"Bias check," i. e., cheek swelling out like the bias or weight lodged on one side of a bowl. — Audacity; bravery.
Scene V.

Troilus and Cressida. 589.

Men. O! this is trim.


Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Men. 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 filip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you? [horn.—

Cres. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulys. 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.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[Diodem leads out Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick senseness.

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her! There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; she wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O! these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give occasion welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling reader, set them down
For shallow spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Enneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Enec. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose,
A vector shall be known? willing the, 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 bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Enec. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Achill. 'Tis done like Hector; but surely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Enec. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achill. If not Achilles, nothing.

Enec. Therefore Achilles; but, what'ever, know
In the extremity of great and little,
This vale and pride exceed 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 bleded knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achill. A maiden battle, then!—O! I perceive you.

Rec-enter Diodem.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Enneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the utterance,
Or else a breach: the combatants being kin,
Half's stints their strike before their strokes begin.

[Agam and Hector enter the lists.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so

Ulys. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Spoken in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand he open, and all free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender subjects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more violent than jealous love.

They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Enneas; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches, and with private soul
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.

Tro. Hector, thou sleepest:

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Enec. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

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.

We are the 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
Binds in my father's'" by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member,
Wherein my sword had not impressed 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 thunders, thou hast lawful arms.
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honor to thee!—

If [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 honored horn torn from Hector.

Enec. There is expectancy 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.

[exit.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As said I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dido. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.
Hec. Amens, 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.
Hec. 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. He is worthily of all welcome, as welcome 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 truth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow brows-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
Firm in heart of very heart, great Troy, welcome.
Hec. I think 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 greet-
ing:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hec. Whom must we answer?
TROILUS. The noble Menelaus.
Hec. O! you, my lord! by Mars his guaranty,
Mock not, that I affect thy untraded oath: [thanks
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.
Hec. O! pardon; I offend.
Hec. I have thence gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way [thee,
Through runs of Greekish youth: and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the 'declin'd;
That I have and unto my stand is joy,
"Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hem'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 grand sire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captives of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
TROILUS. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hec. 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 chesp thee.
Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
friendship, As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hec. I would they could. [to-morrow.
Nest. Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your favor, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir! there's a Greek of Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that portly from your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Mist kiss their own feet.
Hec. 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.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I besiege you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses. [to
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view persus'd thee, Hector,
And *quoted joint by joint.
Hec. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy skill.
Hec. 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.
Hec. O! like a book of sport thou'n't read 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 his body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very break, whereon
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hec. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
To answer such a question. Stand again: [man
Then at thee to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to suprenome in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hec. 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 s'tipulated Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this bug:
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chase thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till ye, or purpose, bring you to't;
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have 4 stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be 'odd with him.
Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had 6 petting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
Hec. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full 'convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your honours shall
Concur together, severely entreat him.—
Best load the "soldiers", let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.
Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep it?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
*Imperil'd.—Uncommon; unusual.—"The declined," I. e., the fallen.—Laomedon.
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 Cressid.

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 honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wist her absence?
Tro. O, sir! to 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.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp. Before
Achill's Tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achill. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therites.

Enter Therites.

Achill. How now, thou 'cur of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achill. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, war adversary! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles' male sarit.

Patr. Male villain, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
toisons of the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures,
catarrhs, loads of gravel in the back, lethargies, cold
palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,
bladders full of imposthume, sciatics, lime-kilns in the
palm, incurable bone-ache, and the reviled fest
simple of the tetter, take and take again such postumus
discoloursers.

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ravenous butt; you wheresoever
indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No I why art thou then exasperate, thou idle
immaterial skin of sleeve silk, thou green sacrent
flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse,
thou? Al! how the poor world is pestered with
such waterflees, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achill. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hector:
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, honor, or go, or stay,

My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Therites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[Exeunt 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 curer
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow
enough, and one that loves easy; but he has not
so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transform-
ation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—
the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuck-
olds, a thieving-shoe-born in a clinin, bagging at
his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is,
should vit 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 male, a cat,
a *fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a
herring without a row, I would not care; but to be
Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask
me not what I would be, if I were not Therites,
for I care not to be the house of a *lazar, so I were not
Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and *sires!

Enter Hector, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,
ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES,
with lights.

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajas. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajas. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achill's.

Achill. Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, princes all.
[night.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good
Ajax command the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks gen-
Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet *draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet
sick, sweet sewer.

[Acuse

Achill. Good night, and welcome, both at once to
That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exit Agam. and Men.

Achill. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.

[Aside to TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honor me.

Hect. And so good night.

[Exeunt DIOMEDES, ULYSSES and TROILUS following.

Achill. Come, come; enter my tent.

[Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.

Ther. That some Diomed's a fake-hearted rogue,
A most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses.
He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Bauder
the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foreset it;
it is 'prodigious, there will come some change: the
sun-bowings of the moon when Diomed keeps his
word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not
to see him.

1 Harlots.—Menel¬aus.—Stuffed.—Pock¬eat.—Dis¬eased
beggar.—* This is the explanation of Therites upon the
first sight of the distant lights.—* Privy.—Portentous; omis-
sus.
to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—Nothing but lechery: all incontinent varieties. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thebistes.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge! Cress. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may find her key, if he can take her cleft; she's noted.


Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List. Cress. Sweet honey Greek, tempts me no more to Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cress. I'll tell you what—

Dio. Pho! pho! come tell, a pin: you are fore- sworn. [me do? Cress. In faith, I cannot. What would you have Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open. Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me? Cress. 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!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan? Cress. Diomed!— Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cress. Hark! one word in your ear. Dio. O, plague and madness! [you, Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince: let us depart, I pray Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous; The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.


Ulyss. You have not patience; come. Dio. I pr'y thee, stay. By hell, and all hell's tor- wers,

I will not speak a word. [ments, Dio. And so, good night.

Cress. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Dio. Doth that grieve thee?

Ulyss. O, wittier'd truth!

Cress. Why, how now, lord! Dio. By Jove, I will be patient.


Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you You will break out. [Exit.

Dio. She strokes his cheek. [Exit.


Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord; I will not be myself, nor have & cognition Of what I feel! I am all patience. [Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now! Cress. Here, Diomed, keep this 'sleeve. [Giving it. Dio. O beauty! where is thy faith? Ulyss. My lord,— Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will. Cress. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.— He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again. Dio. Whose was it? Cress. It is no matter, now I have it again: I will not meet with you to-morrow night. I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more. Ther. Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone Dio. I shall have it.

Cress. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cress. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me; He that takes that doth take my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience. [shall not: Cress. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'tis faith you I'll give you something else. [They strive. Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cress. Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was. [will. Cress. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cress. By all Diana's waiting-women yond'; And by herself, I will not tell you whose. Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm, And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it. Ther. Wert thou the devil, and wert'st it on thy horn, It should be challeng'd. [is not: Cress. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell. Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cress. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, Please me best. Dio. What! shall I come? the hour? Cress. Ay, come!—O Jove!—Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

* Equivocate; shuffle.
TROILUS

I then be strong this contain strong e., I still, 'tis this 38

As An Think By For Was Bi-folcld

If Bi-folkled

Sith this there is a credence in my heart, An an esperauce so obstinately strong, That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears; As if those organs had deceptions functions, Created only to calumniate.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she: If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctianny, If sanctianny be the gods' delight, If there be rule in unity b 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 perfition, and loss assume all reason Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid. Within my soul thee doth conducce a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable Divides more wider than the sky and earth; And yet the spacious breadth of this division Admits no office for a point, as subtle As Arachne's broken woof, to enter. Instance! O instance! strong as Pluto's gates! Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven: Instance! 0 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 grievous reliques Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd With that which here his passion dotr express? *That is, she could not publish a stronger proof. — Remembrance. — Since. — An esperauce, i. e., a hope. — That is, turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. — For the sake of womankind. — Cynics. — That is, if it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons. — A thing inseparable. — That is, Does Troilus feel half of what he utters? 

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well In characters as red as Mars his heart Inflam'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 shipmen do the hurricane call, — Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun, Shall dizzy with more changor Neptune's car In his descent, than shall my prompted sword Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his conceptry.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false! Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourself; 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:

Ajux, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. — My courteous lord, Farewell, revolved fair! — and, Diomed, Salien. — Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt.]


Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much urgently 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 we 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! 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound. Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother. And. I swear.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me. 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 mak'st strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

_Hect._ Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.——

_E'nter Troilus._

_How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?_  
And, Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

_Hect._ No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-  
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry. [nay, youth;  
Let grow thy sinews till their bolts be strong,  
And thou shalt yet the bearmen 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.  
(for it.

_Hect._ What vice is that, good Troilus! chide me  
_Tro._ When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even when the wind and your fair wind  
You bid them rise, and live.

_Hect._ O! 'tis fair play.

_Tro._ Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

_Hect._ 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 armours buckled on,  
The Promeld vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to ruthless work, win them from ruth.

_Hect._ Fie, savage, fie!

_Tro._ Hector, then 'tis wars.

_Tro._ Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

_Tro._ Who should withholds me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priam and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergulled with freecourse of tears;  
Nor you, 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 leading, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

_Pri._ Come, Hector, come; go back.

_Tro._ Why, y'ath wife dream'd of, thy mother had visions,  
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

_Hect._ Greece is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valor, to appear  
This morning to them.

_Pri._ Ay, but thou shalt not go.  
_Hect._ 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 love forbid me, royal Priam.

_Cas._ O Priam! yield not to him.  

_Pri._ Do not, dear father.  
_Hect._ Androamache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]

_Tro._ This foolish, dreaming, superfluous girl  
Makes all these boddements.

_Cas._ O farewell, dear Hector!  
Look, how thou dost die! 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 shrills her dolor forth!  
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!  
_Tro._ Away!—Away!—

[Exeunt Cassandra, Priam, and Hector.

_Alarums._  
_Tro._ They are at it; hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,

I came to lose mine arm, or win my sleeve.  
[Going.

_Enter Pandarus._

_Pan._ Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?  
_Tro._ What now?

_Pan._ Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

[Giving it.

_Tro._ Let me read.

Pan. A wholesome phthisic, a whoreson rascally phthisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one of these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?  
_Tro._ Words, words, mere words, no matter from whom the letter.  
'Th' effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.  
My love with words and air still she feeds,  
But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exit severally.

_SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp._

_Alarums: Excursions._ Enter Thersites.

_Ther._ Now they are clapper-clawing one another:  
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,  
Diomed, has got that some seury doing foolish young knave's sleeve, of Troy there, in his helm:  
I would fain see them meet; that same young Trojan ass,  
that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the back,  
back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand.  
Or the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-tenant  
dry cheese, Nestor, and that some dog-fox, Ulysses,  
is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me  
up in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog  
of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax  
prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm  
today: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim  
 barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.  
Soft! here comes sleeve, and sleeveless.

[Stands back.

_Enter Diomedes, Troy soldiers._

_Tro._ Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

_Dio._ Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly, but advantageous care
SCENE VII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy where, Grecian!—now for thy where, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeveless! [Exit TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting. Enter Hector. Hector. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's Art thou of blood, and honor? [match? 2 [Dragging Ther. forward. Ther. No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurril raising knife, a very fily rogue. Hector. I do believe thee thive. [Exit. Ther. God-a-merry, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

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 chas'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof. Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant. Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his 'beam, Upon the 'passed corses of the kings Epitropis and Cedius: Polienexes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thola, deadly hurt; Patroclus taken, or slain; and Polymedes 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 the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.— There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now, here he fights on Galatea his horse, And there he lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like scaled 'sculls Before the belching whale: then, is he yonder, And there the stately 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 much; That proof is call'd impossibility. Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance. Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, [him, That noiseless, handleless, lack'd and chipp'd, come to 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.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit. Dio. Ay, there, there. Nest. So, so, we draw together. Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou d'boy-queller, show 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! Enter DIOMEDES.


Hect. Yen, Troilus. O! well fought, my youngest brother. Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Haste!—Have at thee, Hector. Pause, if thou wilt. [Exit Hector. Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan. Be happy that my arms are out of use: My rest and negligence befriended thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit Hector.

Fare thee well. I would have been much more a fiercer man, Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother! Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Eneas: shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too, Or bring him off.—Fate, bear me what I say! I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit Enter one in 4 goodly Armor. Hector. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.— No! wilt thou not?—I like thy armor well; I'll 1 brush it, and unlock the rivets all, But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide? When then thy, on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—The Same.
Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath; And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In femail manner execute your aims, Follow me, sirs, and my proceeding's eye.— It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exit.

2 Murderer of boys.—2 Look upon, l e, be a locker-on.—2 Lying.—2 Carry him," l e, prevail over him.—2 Break; bruise.
SCENE VIII.—The Same.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then, Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.

Now, bull's eye, dog! 'Lo! Paris, 'lo! now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [Execute Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?


Ther. I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Execute.

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[Put off his Helmet, and 4 leaves 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 sail and dashing of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd: forego this vantoge, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR 2 is slain.

So, Illon, full 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.

[Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the And, 4 stickler like, the armies separates, 4 earth, My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Thaca'd with this dainty bit, this goes to bed:
[Sheathes his Sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[Execute.

SCENE X.—The Same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts without.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

[2 Voices within.

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dis. The 'bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet brag less 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.
[Execute marching.

Scene XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Aenes and 4 Trojan Forces.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home: here stand we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In absent 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!

Aene. 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 imminence, 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 hie he call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,

Make wells and Niobes of the maidens and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Speak Troy out of itself. But, as I say,

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly 4 night upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare, 4 coward,

I'll through and through you!—And, thou great-six'd

No space of earth shall suffer our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth ghoulins swift as 4 frenzy's thoughts—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go.

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Execute Aenes and 4 Trojan Forces.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you! Tro. Hence, Brothel-lackey! 4 ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live away with thy name!

[Exit Troilus.

Pan. 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 endeavor be so loved, and the performance so bathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see.—

Full merily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;

And being once subdued in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fall."

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 kiss.

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for ease;

And at that time bespeak your own diseases. [Exit.
CORIOLANUS.

Act V.—Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, Generals against the Volscians.
COMINIUS, Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, Tribune of the People.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

The Conspirators with Aufidius.
A citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.
Romans and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antium.

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, 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 patri-
1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-concilienc'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 was his ruin to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough: would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you [You.]

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate: there be bad *infing this fo'tnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too. [neighbors.]

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have none the patricians of your wants. Your suffering in this death, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your sues, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong-link asunder, than can everAppear in your impediment. For the death, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack! You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramped with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act 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 accuse'd 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 b scale 't a little more.

2 Cit. Well,

I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think To have our 'Disgraces' with a tale;

But, an't please you, you deliver. [bers

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accuse'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labor with the rest; * where th' other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, 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 tanently replied

'T the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so much * fifty

As you malign our senators for that

They are not such as you.

2 Cit. Your belly's answer? What! The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor, the 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?

1 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the coromant belly he restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body, —

Men. —Well, what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer? 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, Your 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,

While you do live upon; and so on."

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 men:

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 rightly,

Touching the wel'd o' 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 o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

Thou rash, that art worse in blood to run,

Leads 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 bale.—Hail, noble Marcus!

* A hint. — Spread it. — " Disgraces," i. e., hardships; injuries. — Whereas.
Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What’s the matter, you dissen-
tious 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 abhorring.—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 no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great- Deserves your hate; and your affections are [ness, A sick man’s appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favors swins with fins of lead, [ye? And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye? Trust 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 feed on one another!—What’s their seeking? Men. For corn at their own rates; whereas, they The city is well stord. [say, 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; side factions, and give out Conjugal marriages; making parties strong, And feeling such as stand not in their liking Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there’s grain Would the nobility lay aside their ruth, [enough? And let me use my sword, I’d make a 2 quar- With thousands of these quarter’d slaves, as high As I could 4 pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded; For though abundantly they lack discretion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you, What says the other troop? Mar. They are dissolved. Hang ‘em! They said, they were an-hungry; sigh’d forth prov- erbs,— That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat; That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent no Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds They vented their complaining; which being an- swerd, And a petition granted them, a strange one, (To break the heart of generosity, And make bold power look pale) they throw their caps As they would hang them on the horns o’ the moon, Shooting their 4 exultation.

Men. What is granted them? Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms, 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 4 arguing.

Men. This is strange. Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where’s Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What’s the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscyes are in arms. Mar. I am glad out: then, we shall have means to vent Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Scinius Velutus. 1 Sen. Marcius, ’tis true that you have lately told us; The Volscyes are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to’t. I sin in envying his nobility, And, were I any thing but what I am, 3 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, I’d revol, to make Only my wars with him: he is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, 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 Tullas’ face. What! art thou stiff? stand’st out? Tit. No, Caius Marcius; 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. Tit. Lead you on: Follow, Cominius; we must follow you, Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 1 Sen. Hence! To your homes! be gone. [To the Citizens. Mar. Nay, let them follow. The Volscyes have much corn: take these rats thither, To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers, Your valor puts well forth: pray, follow. [Exeunt Senators, Com., Mar., Tit., and Messen. [Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius? Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, Bru. Mark’d you his lip, and eyes? [ple, Sic. Nay, but his taunts. Bru. Being mov’d, he will not spare to gird the Sic. Bemock the modest moon. [gods.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he trends 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 gra’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 Marcius, "O, if he Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his *demerits rob Cominius.

Bruc. Come:

Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honors, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let hence, and hear

How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes

Upon his present action.

Bruc. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Corin. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIUS, 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 has been thought on in this state,

That could be brought to boilily act ere Rome

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,

Since I heard thence; 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 east, or west. The dearth is great;

The people mutinous; and it is rumor'd,

Cominius, Marcius 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 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you.

Consider of it."]

1 Sen. Our army's in the field.

We never yet made doubt but Re no 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

hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,

We shall be shorter'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; hie you to your bands.

[Giving it.]

Let us alone to guard Coriol:

If they set down before's, for the "remove

Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find

They've not prepar'd 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 honors;

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 honors safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]


Enter VOLCUMNIA, and VIRGILIA. They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-

self in a more comfortable sort. If my son were
my husband, I should feelier rejoice in that ab-

sence wherein he won honor, than in the embrace-
ments 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 of
king's entertainies, a mother should not sell him an
hour from her beholding; I,—considering how hon-
or would become such a person; that it was no bet-
ter than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown
made it not so,—was pleased to let him seek dan-
ger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel
war I sent him; from whence he returned, his
brows bound with soak. 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
him to be 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. Hie me

profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my

love alike, and none less dear than mine and my
good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly

for their country, than one vapidly out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseach you, give me leave to return myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

As children from a bear the Volesces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

"Come on, you cowards! You were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow

With his invid'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to now

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 Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not so lovely

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood,

At Grecian swords contemning.—Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

Vir. Heansens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her

Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-

keepers. 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,

than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a

very pity boy. O' my truth, 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

thereafter.

* That is, attracted the attention of all towards him,—

The rest of the line 442:1 is of obscure sense; it gives to him the life of a citizen, and was accorded more honorably than any other.— Withdraw.— "A fine spot," i. e., a handsome spot of embroidery.
SCENE IV.

CORIOLANUS.

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Mend, you mark who, 'Tis good I agreed. I

I O

Lart. So, I have the idle husband with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vir. 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.

Vir. 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.

Vir. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ilissus full of molts. Come: I would, your car- bric 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.

Vir. In truth, b, 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? Vir. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscæ have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power; your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vir. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but displease our better mirth.

Vir. In truth, I think she would. Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—'I'vythee, Virgin; thou thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.

Vir. I wish you much mirth.

Vir. Well then, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colors, MARIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. 1

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wander, they have

Lart. My horse to yours, no. [met.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. 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 their drum, 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 less 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 plan'd with rushes; They'll open of themselves. Hark you, for off: [Alarum after off. There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes Amongst your cloyen army.

Mar. O! they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho! The Volscæ 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 disjoin us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wraith. Come on, my He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscæ, [Follows: And he shall feel mine edge.*

Alarum, and excent Romans and Volscæ, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter MARIUS enraged.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, You shames of Rome! 2 Unheard-of boils and plagues Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhor'd Further than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of greece, 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 flight and ague 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 shall stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives, As they us to our trenches follow.

Another Alarum. The Volscæ and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volscæ retire into Corioli, and MARIUS 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.


All. To the port I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Shun, 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 outlaries his senseless sword,

* "Our fielded friends," i.e., our friends who are in the field of battle.—"The poet means, 'No, nor a man that fears you more than he,' i.e., having sensation, feeling.
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Mar.  

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Coriolanus:  

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  

Only in stroke; 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!  

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!  

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 murrian on't! I took this for silver.  

[Alarum continues till after off.]*

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.  

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their  

honours.  

At a crack'd or shrunk! Cushions, head-spoons,  

trows of a dolt, doublets that hangmen would  

Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  

Bre 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 warn'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 oppressors' swords! Bold gentleman,  

Prosperity 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 alliher 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:—thy Roman gods,  

Lead their successes as we wish our own,  

[ing  

That both our powers, with smiling fronts encounter-
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish you were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balm applied to you, yet dare I never
Duty you 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 were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared; if any fear
Lesser his part than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many as 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 Caps.
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If those show be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? 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 I shall be they'd. Please you, march before,
And I shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men be 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 MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,
a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your
dukes,
As I leave 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.

Luc. 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 Ro-
man and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate
Worse than a promise-breaker. [Thee
Anf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame! i. e. easy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him ufer! 

Anf. If I fly, Marcus,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Anf. Wreath thou the Hector,
That was the whip of thy bragg'd progeny,

Mar. Thou should'st not scape me here.—

Anf. They fight, and certain Volscs come to the aid
of Aufidius.

Censure, and not vainly—you have shum'd me
In your remund so seconds.
[Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS.

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 Scarf, 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,
'T the end, admirable: where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly qu'ld, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,
That with the lusty plebeians late shone honors,
Shall say, against their hearts,—

"We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!"
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his 3 Power, from the
pursuit.

Lar. O general,
Here is the steed, we the captor:
Hast 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; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overt'en mine act.

Com. Thou shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a tradecment,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
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 bear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they foster against 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 achieve'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your own choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bride to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[Flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! Mar-
cius! cast up their Caps and Lances: Co-
minius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you pro-
fanec,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall

*That is, in affording such ill-timed help. — 1 Gladly qu'ld," i. e., thrown into grateful trepidation.— 2 Power.
*— Privilege.— That is, 'T hath done as much as I have done.— 4 Censure; obloquy.— Should they not," i. e., not be remembered.
I'll 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 fill’d some 1st debile wretch,
Which without note here’s many else have done,
You shott me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dicted
In praises sac’d with lies.
Com. Too modest are you:
Mac. I creat to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If ‘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 steel, 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 honor of the host,

Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Triumphs sound, and Drums.

All. Caius Marcus Coriolanus!

Com. 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;
Wherefore do we repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Labinius,
Must to Corioli buck: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulately,
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: t’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 Ambus was within my view,
And wrath o’erwhelm’d my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well-beg’d! were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcus, 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 Volscers.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta’en;
I Sold. ’Twill be deliver’d back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

—Being a Volscer, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a traitor find
I’ the part that is at mercy! — Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou bent me;
And would’st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements.
If e’er again I meet him heard to hear,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honor in’t, it had; for 18 where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I’ll beat him at some way,
Or work, or craft, may get him.
I Sold. He’s the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor’s poison’d,
With only suffering stain by him: for him
’Tis fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fame, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Enlargements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom against
My late to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother’s guard, even there,
Against the hospitable 20 canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.—Go you to the city:
Learn, how ’tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.
I Sold. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attendent at the cypress grove: I pray you,
(Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
I Sold. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. The angerer tells me, we shall have news tonight.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

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 Marcius.

Bru. He’s a lamb, indeed, that bares 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 Marcius 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 of 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 chief 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, (talis, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patron, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, 'tis without a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect in favoring the thirst complaint; lusty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such as you, sir, you are, (I entombed in you as cursures) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worshipes have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to hear with those that say you are reverend gentlemen, come they deadly, that left Hungarians, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follow it, that I am known well enough, too! What harm can your bisson conjectures glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Bru. Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing else better, than to be suspicious for poor that venture caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a *fossset-seller, and then adjourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.

—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cabinet, your faces like ninja, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a vender of a cup of the table, than a necessary bearcher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcus is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Decullion, though, perdventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good don to your worshipes: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the huntsman of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutes and Sicaniies stand back.]

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcus approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcus coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcus coming home?

[Throwing up his Cap.

Both Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it. Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *empiric physic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too; I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so indulged for all the chests in Coriolis, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Both Ladies. let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate bas letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In truth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worship.

[To the Tribunes, who came forward.] Marcus is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.

Vol. Where is he wounded?

Vol. 'Tis the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cinctures to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [A Skould and Flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. Those are the ushers of Marcus: before him

*Statesmen; politicians. *Microcosm,* l. e. little world. *Fossset,* l. e. blind sight.

"Caps and legs," l. e. braw and obedience. *Fossset-seller,* l. e., a seller of *faucets.—*Set up the bloody flag,* l. e., declare war.—Scooter; blackguard.

*Informed.
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she 3 cheers him: the kitchen 4 milkpin 
Her richest 5 knockram 6 bout her frechey neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and rides hors'd
With variable complexities, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: 7 sold-shown famous
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar 8 station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gaunted cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were silently crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. 9

On the sudden
I warrant him consul.

Bru. 10

Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget with the least cause, these his new honors;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The 4 napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their sticking breaths.

Sic. Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

Bru. Then have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Sic. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, 4 at our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to his 5 power he would
Have made them milks, silence'd their plenders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Then cameis 6 the war: who have their 4 provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his souring insolence
Shall 2 touch the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcus shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind

*Flourish on cornets.— 1 Graceful.
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves, 
Ladies and maidens their scarfs and handkerchiefs, 
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended, 
As Jove's statue, and the commons made 
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts. 
I never saw the like. 

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 
And carry with us eyes and ears for the time, 
But hearts for the event. 

Sic. Have with you. [Exc.]

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 Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Tis faith, there have been many great men 
That flattered the people, who ne'er 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 Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in his disposition; and, out of his noble carelessnes, lets them privately see.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, or 'wa'v'd indifferently 'twixt doing 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 him their enmity so, as to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatten them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthyly 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 further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors 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 Scene. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, many other Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volaces, 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 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 perform'd 
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom 
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember 
With honors like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius: 
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital, 
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' 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 honor and advance 
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather 
We shall be prest to do, if he remember 
A kinder value of the people, than 
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off: 
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 honors' pardon: 
I had rather have my wounds to heal again, 
Than hear say how I got them.

Sic. Sir, I hope, 
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet off, 
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. 
You soothe'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 
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit [sun] 
To hear my nothings monstered.

[Exit.

Men. Masters of the people, 
Your multiplying spawn how can lie flatter, 
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see, 
He had rather ventче all his limbs for honor, 
Than one eu'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 valor is the chiepest virtue, and 
Most dignifies the haver: if it be, 
The man I speak of cannot in the world 
Be singly counterpoise'd. 
At sixteen years, 
When Tarquinius 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 chievo he drove 
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid 
An o'erpressed Roman, and i' the consul's view 
Slew three opposers: Tarquinius'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 need 
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age 
Enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea; 
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since, 
He hur'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

* Conven'd. — "Off." i. e., nothing to the purpose.—
* Beardless.—Bearded.— "That is, caused him to fall upon 
his knee."—Reward.—Robbed.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was but the sound of dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shameless destiny, sideless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Coriolis like a planet. Now all's his;
When he by and by the din of war gain pierced
His ready sense; then, straight his doubled spirit
Re-quick'ned what in flesh was *fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere 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 honors
Which we devise him.

**Com.** Our spoils he kick'd at; and
Look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common mark o' 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 Coriolanus.**

**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'ercap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
That I may pass this doings.

**Sic.** Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they hate
One jot of ceremony.

**Men.** Put them not to:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honor with your *4* 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 **Scinius.**
**Cor.** To bring 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 honor.

**Scinius.** To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!

**Flourish.** **Exeunt Senators.**

**Bru.** You see how he intends to use the people.

**Sic.** May they perceive's intent? He will require them,
As if he did content 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.**

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**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 tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be grateful were to make a 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.

3 **Cit.** We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some aurum, some bale, but that our wits are so diversely colored: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points of 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 as another man's will: 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure, southward.

2 **Cit.** Why that way?

3 **Cit.** To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts dilated away with rotten dew's, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get then 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 behavior. We are not to stay all together, 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 honor, 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 roared, 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:

---

*a* Wearied. — **b** Bequeath. — **c** "Misery." i. e., *avarice.* —

*"Your form," i. e., the form which custom prescribes to you.*

*Once for all.—* Accord; agreement.
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.  

Enter two Citizens.

Cor.  Bid them wash their faces, 
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a 

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 desire. 
1 Cit. How! not 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 anything, 
we hope to gain by you. 
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship. 
1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly. 
Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, 
Which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice, 
What say you? 
2 Cit. You shall ha'nt, worthy sir. 
Cor. A match, sir.— 

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.— 
You have my alms: aideu. 
1 Cit. But this is something odd. 
2 Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis 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 
which virtue and 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 
counterfeittly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the flattery 
of some popular man, and give it bountifully 
to the desires. Therefore, beeleeve, you may be 
consul.  
4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore 
give our voices heartily. 
3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your 
country. 
Cor. I will not  steal 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  wordless togs should I stand here, 
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, 
Their needless vouches? Custom calleth me to't: —
What custom wills, in all things should we do'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 foule it so, 
Let the high office and the honor 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, and heard off 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.— 
God save thee, noble consul!  

[Exeunt Citizens. 
Cor. Worthy voices! 

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 th' official marks invested, you 
Anon do meet the senate. 
Cor. Is this done? 
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd: 
The people do 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.  
[again, 
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself 
Repair to the senate-house. 
Men. I'll keep you company.— Will you along? 
Bru. We stay here for the people. 
Sic. Fare you well. 

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius. 

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 
'Tis warm at's heart. 
Bru. 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 
1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.  
[man? 
Bru. 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 flotation us downright.  
1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock 
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 our 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 consul," 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 voices, your most sweet voices:—now you have left your 
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery? 
Sic. Why, either, were you i' ignorant to see't, 
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness 
To yield your voices? 
Bru. Could you not have told him, 
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power, 
But was a petty servant to the state,  

* "Ignorant to see't," i. e., so ignorant as not to see it.
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 away * the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast toe to the *plebeii, your voices might
Be curses 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-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination: from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called 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 ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. 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,
Easy ways, denied the asker; and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
You 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. Acquaint them instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chosen 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 bid his hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
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 gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labor'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. *Yon,
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
How youngly he began to serve his country.
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of the Marcus; from whence came
That Ancus Marcus, Numa'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 descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did command
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.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don'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. Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come, we'll be there before the stream of the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have gouged onward.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians.
Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had; my lord; and that it was,
Our swifter composition. [caus'd
Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Cor. 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 Volsces, 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?
Lart. How often he had 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 wholly.—Welcome home.

[To Lartius.

Enter Scinibus and Brutus.
Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
For they do *prank them in authority, [them,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

* Weighing.—* Our putting on," i. e., our importunity.—
* "On safe-guard," that is, with a guard appointed to protect
him.—* "Prank them," i. e., plume themselves.
Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter.

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the com-

Bru. Comin'us, no. [mons?

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop, or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herds?—Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight disclaim their tongues!—What are your offices? You beat 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.

Call'n't a plot. The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd; Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them?

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, Each way, to better yours. [clouds

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' 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 as a consul, Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on.—This  

becomes not Rome: nor has Coriolanus [tering  

Deser'd this so dishon'r'd rub, laid  

faulsly  

I the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again— Men. Not now, not now.

Cor. 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 against our senate The wreck of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,  

By mingling them with us, the honor'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? As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs Coin words till they decay against those  

menzels, Which we disdain should utter us, yet sought  

The very way to catch them.

* Shuffling.—** Treacherously. —* Populace. —* Lepers.

Bru. You speak o' the people, As if you were a god to punish, not  

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. *Twere well, We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind, That shall remain a poison where it is, Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you His absolute "shall"?

Com. "Twas from the  

Cor. "Shall!"

O, good but most unwise patriots! why, You grave but  

reckless senators, have you thus Given Hydra  

leave to choose an officer, That with his peremptory "shall," being but  

The horn and scalp of these  

monarchs, were not spirit To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have power, Then vain your  

impiety: if none, revoke Your dangerous  

bounty: if you are learned, Be not as common fools; if you are not, Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians, If they be senators; and they are no less, When both your voices blended, the great'st taste Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate; And such a one as he, who puts his  

His popular  

shall," against a graver bench Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself, It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches, To know, when all the greater men 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 Sometime in Greece.

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  

power, 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 assur'd They ne'er did service for't. 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  

the war, Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd Most valor, were not for them. The accusation 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  

bisson  

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 their declamations.—Thus we debate The nature of our seats, and make the rabble Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows To peck the eagles.

* "From the canon," i. e., according to law. —** Careless. —* Pass through. —* "Bisson" i. e., blind. — Number.
Come, enough.

Men. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

Seal what I end with!—This double worship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other

Insult 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 slantness. Purpose so bar’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 multitudinous tongue: let them not lick

The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonor

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 doth control it.

Men. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o’erwhelm thee!—

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails

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.

Men. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Men. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit ædile. in whose

name, myself.

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sic. Sen. We’ll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.


Cor. Re-enter the ædile, 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.

Men. Seize him, ædiles.

Sic. Down with him! down with him!

[Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[They all bundle about CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Corioli, 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,—Corioli, patience!—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me! people, peace! peace!

Cit. Let’s hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.

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* Fear. — Risk.
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the *tag* return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear?
Men. Pray, be gone. I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any color.
Com. Nay, come away.
[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.
1 Pat. This man has marri'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here's goodly work! 2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber—What, the
Could he not speak them fair? [vengeance.
Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the Rabble.
Sic. Where is this vicer,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall he thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace! [hunt
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have help to make this rescue?
Men. As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—
Sic. Consult!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no. [people,
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
May I be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This vicious traitor. To eject him hence,
Were but one danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her! deserving children is enrol'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O! he's a limb, that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that don't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end of the world.
Sic. This is clean l Kam.
Bru. * Merely away. When he did love his country,
It honor'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.—
Pursue 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 unscann'd *swiftness*, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ediles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come!—
Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' 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.
Sic. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcus, 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.
1 Sen. 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 thus to them. 2
1 Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I 'muse my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vasals; they are contented
To buy and sell with greats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my *ordinance* stood up

3 [*Clean kam," i. e., quite awry. — " Merely," i. e., absolutely. — *Unseen'ml* awkwitted," i. e., inconsiderate haste. — " Boulit," i. e., finely sifted.— " I mass," i. e., I wonder.—Rank.]}
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.

"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 Menerius, and Senators.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough,
Something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'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 be my vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman! Before he should thus stoop o' the heart, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on, Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. 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 dote to them?

Vol. You are too absolute; Though therein you can never be too noble, But when extremities speak. I have heard you say, Humbly and policy, like uneasy 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?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor 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 honor, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. 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 roated in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you 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 honor: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather show our general love
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that 'twas meant to use.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may say 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 stretch'd 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,
With something, thus, correcting thy young heart,
Now's humble as the ripstip mulberry
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
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 those will frame
Thyself, focou's, 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 no,
Go, and be ruled: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir,
You make strong party, or defend yourself
'tis fit By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill sove; if he Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd scence?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do';
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Mercians, 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. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

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 threat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! 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',
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:

*"General lows." I. e., common clovans.—"That want," I. e., the scent of their loves.—"Not seems here to signify not only," I. e., uncovered hand.—"This single plot," I. e., this single body.—Dwell.
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Than thou 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 valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But be not'th thy pride thyself.

Cor. 
Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
*Cog their hearts from them, and come home before'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to your wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
The way of flattery farther.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd *yourself
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 honor.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutos.

Brus. In this point charge him home: that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his *envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antistes
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What! will he come?  

Æd. He's coming.

Brus. How accompanied?  

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favor'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?  

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?  

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons," he it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry, "fine!" if death, cry, "death!"
Insisting on "their" old prerogative
And power 't the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Brus. 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.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Brus. Go: about it.  

[Exit Edile.  

Put him to chaoler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his mouth
Of contradiction: being once charg'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.

* Obituary — "Cor' it," I. e., owest — "Flatter; wheedle.
* Fiction; forgery. — "Enforce him with his envy," I. e.,
object to him his hatred.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the 'knave by the volume.—The honor'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!  

1 Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I
Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tris. 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 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;

Sears 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 disfavor'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so. [take
Sic. We charge you, that you have contv'd to
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 tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands cluch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?  

Citi. 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 defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Brus. Serv'd well for Rome,—

"Bear the knave," I. e., bear being called a knave.—

"Season'd," I. e., wisely tempered; established by time.
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. I pray you,— 
Cor. I'll know no farther. 
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death, 
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger 
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 she can give, 
To have't with saying, good morrow. 
Sic. 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 o' 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. 
Cut. 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 
friends;— 
Sic. He's sentence'd: no more hearing. 
Com. Let me speak. 
I have been consul, and can show for Rome, 
Her enemies' marks; and I do love 
No 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 loans; 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, 
An enemy to the people, and his country. 
It shall be so. 
Cut. 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 rumor 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. 
Ed. The people's enemy is gone; is gone! 
Cut. 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.

ACT IV. 

Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: 
... The gods preserve our noble tribunes:—Come. 

ACT IV. 

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City. 
Enter Coriolanus, Volteria, Virgilia, Menenius, 
Cominius, and several young Patricians. 
Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell. 
...—The beast 
With many heads butts 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 wind the sea was calm, all boats alike 
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's bo's, 
When most struck home, being gentle *minded craves 
A noble cunning. You were us'd to lead me 
With precepts, that would make invincible 
The heart that con'd them. 
Vir. O heavens! O heavens! 
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman. 
Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades 
In And occupations perish! [Rome, 
Cor. What, what, what! I shall be lov'd when I am back'd. 
Nay, mother, 
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say, 
If you had been the wife of Herecles, 
Six of his labors you'd have done, and sav'd 
You'd hand so much sweat.—Cominius, 
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, 
That which to see steep streets 
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you *wot well, 
My hazards still have have been your solace; and 
Believe't not lightly, though I go alone, 
Like to a lonely 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 Cominius 
With thee a while: determine on some course 
More than a wild *exposition to each chance, 
That starts i' the way before thee. 
Cor. O the gods! 
Com. 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 thrust 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 
I' the absence of the needer. 
Cor. Fare ye well: 
... Thou first years upon thee; and thou art too full 
Of the wars' surfeits to go rover with one 
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate. 
... Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and 
My friends of noble *touch, when I am forth, 
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 
While I remain above the ground, you shall 
Hear from me still; and bever of me aught

* "Envied against," l. c., shown hatred to. — Not for not only. — Value. — Subdued; overthrown.

SCENE III

CORIOLANUS

But what is like me formerly.

Men. 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.—

Come. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Aedile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no
further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humber after it is done,
When than it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home.

[Exit Aedile.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O! 'tis well met. The hoarded plague of
Require your love!—

Men. 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,
To say so to my husband.

[Sic. I had the power.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Not but this
fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou no boxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O, blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever 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 he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had. 'Twas you threw 'em the rabble:

Courts that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. 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.

Sic. Why stay we to be haited
With one that wants her wits?

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 unclasp my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll supp with me?

Vol. And, my meat: I sup on myself,
And so shall stay with feeding.—Come, let's go.
Leave this faint pating, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like.

Come, come, come.

Men. Vie, vie, vie!

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscen, 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 flavor is well approved by your tongue.

What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscen state, to find you out there: you have well
saw'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange incursions
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 apsence 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 banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanon.

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 Tullus Anficius will appear well in these wars,
his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no re-
quest 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 this, 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 entertain-
ment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyous to hear of their readiness, and
am the man, I think, that shall set them in present
d Countenance.—* "In the entertainment," i. e., taken into
pay.

* "Mankind," i. e., a woman with the roughness of a man.
• "Mean cunning."
Enter. A goodly city is this Antium. — City, '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, Least that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

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 slipperies turn! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose house, whose bed, whose mean, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a discussion of a doit, break out To bitterest enmity: so, fester items, Whose passions and whose plots have broke 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.


1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here? I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit. Enter a second Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotos? My master calls for him.—

Cotos! [Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 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.

2 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! —

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, th'art troublesome. —

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk with amon.

a In being Coriolanus," I. e., in having derived that surname from the suck of Coriol.

b Feed.—Memory for memorial.
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 cancel'd 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 tied; then, in a word, I also am  
Lust to live most wench, and Romaunt  
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,  
Drown tunes of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

**Act III. Scene 1.**  
O Marcius, Marcius!  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
[heart  
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,  
And say, "'Tis true!'; I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters; Here I clip  
The *anvil of my sword;* and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitions strength I did  
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,  
I lov'd the maid I married: never man  
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Though doing thing, more danc'd and all the curl,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Besride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,  
We have a power on foot; and I have purpose  
Once more to how thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dance and encounter twixt myself and heart.  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fasting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,  
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we must waster all  
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
Into the bowls of angrifull Romaunt  
Like a bold flood 1'other heart. O! come 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!  
Asf. 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 experienc'd, & since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways;  
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or ruderly visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me command thee first to those, that shall

*1. wreek, an old term for revenge.—2. shames, of shame; i. e., disgraceful diminutions of territory.—3. The under hands, i. e., the infernal hands.—4. Clip, i. e., embrace.—5. Auspicius calls Coriolanus the axel of his sword, because he had formerly in his right hand, blows on him as a smith strikes on his head.—6. Thy brawn, i. e., thy arm.—7. Beat me out, i. e., beat me fully, completely.*

Say, "yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most  
welcome!

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.

1 Serv. [Advancing.] Here's a strange alteration!  
2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have  
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave  
me, his clothes made a false report of him.  
1 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  
nothing in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, me-thought,—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 in the world.  
1 Serv. I think, he is; but a greater soldier than  
he, you say one.  
2 Serv. Who? my master!  
1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.  
2 Serv. Worth six 2 on him.  
1 Serv. Nay, not so either; 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  
extcellent.  
1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.  
Re-enter Third Servant.

3 Serv. O, shoves! I can tell you news; news, you  
rascal.

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, he's he that was wont to thwack  
our general,—Caecus 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 out: before Coriol, he scotched him and  
notched him like a carbouano.  
2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might  
have broiled 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  
of the table; no question asked him by any of the  
senators, but they stand bold before him. Our general  
makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself  
with his hand, and turns up the white o' the eye  
to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our  
general is cut the middle, and but one half of what  
he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the  
entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he  
says, and 1'awl the porter of Rome gates by the  
ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave  
his passage 3'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,

1 Know,—A carbouano is most scared for cooking.—2 That is considers the touch of his hand as holy.—Pull—"Poll-ed," i. e., bared; cleared.
sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show 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 burrows, like cones after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward?

3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall see the drum strike up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then shall we have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers. Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spirited, waking, audible, and full of sound. Peace is a very apoplexy, letargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard 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 cuckolds.

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.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Scinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tuned by the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Bunch that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves didn't, beheld Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our traders singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius? Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'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 He could have tempori'd. [better, if


Enter three or four Citizens.

CIt. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. [Good-den, our neighbors.

Bru. [Good-den to you all, good-den to you all. 1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our part bound to pray for you both. [live.

Sic. [And thrive.

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors. We wish'd Cor- had lov'd you as we did. [Iolanus

Cit. Now the gods keep you! Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Eccent Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,

Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving;—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

Men. 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 Edict.

Ad. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volsces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; Which were insheller'd when Marcius stood for Rome, And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumorer whippe'd.—It cannot be, The Volsces dare break with us. 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. Tell not me: I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

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 'fore 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 Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vows revenge as soon as, as between The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish God Marcius home again.

Mess. The very trick on't.

Sic. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more 'atone, Than violent contrary.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent to the senate. A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius, Associated with Aufidius, ranges

1 That is, 'Aiming at absolute power, without the participation of the tribunes.' To . . . our lamentation, i.e., to our sorrow. 'Stood for Rome,' i.e., stood up in her defence. 'To reason with is to talk with. — Changes, 'Atone,' i.e., agree; accord.

2 There is a slave, whom we have put in prison.
SCENE VII.  
CORIOLANUS.  

Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINUS.

Com. O! you have made good work.
Men. What news? What news?
Com. You have help toinish your own daughters,
To melt the city leads upon your pates; [and
To see your wives diathron'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 Volscians,—
Com. He is 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,
You, and your *apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!—
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules—
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 slingingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools.
Who's? can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Men. 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 hands,
*You, and your handy crafts have crafted fair.
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 boot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Talus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys 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 arms, 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 coxcombs,
As you threw 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. 'Tis faith, we hear fearful news.
1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas 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 banish-
ment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Y'are good things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your *cry!—Shall's to the
Citoploit?

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are arts 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 i' the wrong, when
we banish'd him.
2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. 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?
Liev. 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 tame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more prouder,
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.

Liev. 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 he thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. 'Tis almost
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

*Mechanics.—* Smilingly revolt;* i.e., revolt with pleas-
ure. * Roar him in again,* i.e., roar at his return.

Footnotes:
1 *Your cry,* i.e., your pack, alluding to a pack of hounds.
2 *For your particular,* i.e., for your private interest.
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, Whene'er we come to our account. [Rome.

Luc. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry

Away: 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 honors even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail 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
Even with the same austerity and garb [Peace,
As he controll'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'est 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 *coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbud 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 for Rome,
To make coals cheap, a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To 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.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Unbend 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?

Bra. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcius.

Men. Well; and say that Marcius
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 unharts me.
He was not taken well; he had not disd'd
The veins unfil'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our wine
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him
Till he be diert to my request,
And then I'll set him upon.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. You shall ere long have knowl-

edge Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The julier to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise!" dismiss'd 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Rome. The Guards at their Stations.

Enter to them, Menenius.

1 G. Stay! Whence are you?
2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.
**Scene III.**

**Coriolanus.**

1 G. You may not pass; you must return: our
Will no more hear from thee.  [General
2 G. You will see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
You'll speak with Coriolanus.  [Before
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is to losses to blanks,
your 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 special lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whereas men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply, amplified; *
For I have ever magnified 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 subtile ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the wearing. 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
as life itself, to live chastely. Therefore, go back.
Men. Pr'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 done must 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
fringe him, to bewitch him? Thou groan'st of old
women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or
with the palsied intercession of such a decayed
dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in
with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd;
therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution.
You are confounders; 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 force thy half pint of blood,—back,—
that's the utmost of thy having,—back.
Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,
**Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.**

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 guardant cannot
office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by
my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not
the state of hanging, or of some death more long
in spectators, and crueller in suffering: he now
presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.
—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy
particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than
thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my
son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's
water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come
to thee; but I am assured, none but myself could
move thee. I have been blown out of your gates with
signs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy
petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage
thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet
here; this, who, like a block, 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,
Ingratiate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Then pity note how much. Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I write it for thy sake,

[Give 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 s—

A uf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power.
You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back?
2 G. What, then, 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, I'll not be sithed, away!

[Exit.  
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.

A uf. Only their ends you have respected; stopp'd your cars against
The general suit of Rome; therefore 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 old love, I have
(Though I show'd sordily 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 shou't is this?

[Shout within.

Men. Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow?

*"Law to blanks," i. e., chances to nothing.—Friend.*

*Deceitful.—* Almost stamp'd the learning, i.e., almost given the lie such a sanction as to render it current.—* Factionary on the party of,* i.e., partisan in the cause of—Jack guardant, i.e.,Jack in office.

*Subjected.—* That is, the power of forgiveness rests with the Volscians.—*Fur,* i.e., because.—*Reprimanded.—* By himself,* i.e., by his own hands.—*Openly.
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning Habits, Virginia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then, the honor'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, 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 courtly worth? or those 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 Volscos
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a goosling 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 virgin'd our beds. No, God! I pray,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unslunk, Sink, my knee, i'the earth;

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd! With the soft cushion, I kneel before thee, and improperly
Show duty, as 'tis mistaking 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
Stoutly the proud cedars against the very sun,
Mur'dring impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight work.

Cor. [Rising and raising her.] Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the turtle,
That's curdled by the frost from paviz snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvanquished, and stick i' her wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. [Rising.] Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy! Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

* Juno.—b Sterile.—c Strike; storm.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be hold by you denials. Do not bid me
Disme my soldiers or my capitate.

Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To alay 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 Volscos, mark; for we'll
Hear nothing from Rome in private. [Take his seat. ]—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And strength of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

[Row; Constrains them weep, and shake with fear 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. 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;
Whereas we are bound, together with thy victory,
When ere 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 rein,
And hear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
Purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Then seek the end of one, thou shalt not 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.

Vol. Requires nor child nor woman's face to see,
I have sat too long. [Rising.

Boy. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscos whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honor: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscos
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Romans,
'This we receive'd;' and each in either side
Give the all-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

* Conclude; end.
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name, Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses, Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble, But his bad brood brought him to the ground: Destroy'd his country, and his name remains To 1 each ensuing age abhor'd." Speak to me, son! Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor, To imitate the graces of the gods; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That would be give an oak. Why should 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 childhood will move him more Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate Like one of the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy? When she, (poor ben!) fond of no second brood, Has chuck'd thee to the wars, and safely home, Loaded with honor. 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 me from the duty, which To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away. Down, ladies, let us shame him with our knees. 2 [All kneel.

To his surname, Coriolanus, long more pride, Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end; This is the last:—so we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbors.—Nay, behold us: This boy, thou canst not 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.——Come, let us go. This fellow had a Valscian to his mother; His wife is in Corioth, and his child Like him by chance,—yet give us our despatch: I am almost on the road—say we are, And then I'll speak a little. 3

[He holds Volumnia by the hand, long, and self-struggling.

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 prevail'd, 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 me, Aufidius? Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. 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 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 lost thy mercy and thy honor At difference in thee: out of that I'll work Myself a firmer fortune. 4

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Cor. Ay, by and by; 5

[To Volumnia, etc. We will drink together; and you shall hear A better witness back than words, which we

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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 July, and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace. 6

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yonder' coign 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 't stay upon execution.

Sic. It's 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 a bear the name of a young wild horse. The tartness of his face sour'd ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his tread. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his "thren: 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 noth- "ing 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 now have got your fellow-tribune, 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 prevail'd, The Volscians are divided, and Marcus gone. 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 lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the bloudy gate, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you! 7 [Shouts, Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beat, all together. 8 The trumpets, sackbutts, puerlieries, and fids, Tubors, and cyrnals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again.

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8 Angle.—"Stay upon," i. e. wait but for.—"State," i. e. chair of state.—"As a thing made for," i. e. as one made to resemble.—Drag.
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 patroons, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; stare flowers before
Unshout the noise that banish’d Marcus; 
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!
All. Welcome, ladies! Welcome!
[Exeunt Attendants.

SCENE V.—Antium. A Public Place.
Enter TELLUS AFFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auy. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.
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
To purge himself with words. Despatch.
[Exeunt Attendants.

2 Enter Conspirators of AFFIDIUS’ Faction.

Most welcome!
1 Con. How is it with our general?
Auy. 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.
Auy. 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 full of either
Makes the survivor heer of all.
Auy. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raise’d him, and I pawn’d
Mine honor for his truth: who being so hoithen’d,
He water’d his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so 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 stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping.—
Auy. 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

*Recall.—"Him," I. e. he whom.—* Gates.

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 designments
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 waged me with his 4 countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So did he, my lord;
The army marvell’d at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried 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 rhem, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
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.

1 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 throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Er, 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 pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auy. Say no more.

Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auy. 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.
Auy. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colors: a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return’d your soldier;
No more infected 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 honor to the Antilates,
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.

Read it not, noble lords; but tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus’d your powers.

4 "Waged me with his countenance," i. e., rewarded me with good looks.—"Tears."—“Answering us with our own charge,” i. e., rewarding us with our own expenses; making the cost of the war its recompense.
Cor. Traitor!—How now!—

Aue. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!—

Aue. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name. Coriolanus in Corioli?—

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 rear'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?—

Aue. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to speak. Your judgments, my grave lords, Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion (Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak. Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads, Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False bound! If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there, That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli: Alone I did it.—Boy!

Aue. Why, noble lords, Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune, Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart, 'Tere your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces; do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter:—he killed my Cousin Marcus:—he killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!

* Tears.—b "No more," i. e., no more than a 'boy of tears.'

The man is noble, and his fame folds in This orb o' the earth;* His last offences to us Shall have *judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius, And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O! that I had him, With six Aufidines, or more, his tribe, To use my lawful sword!

Aue. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Aue. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus!—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor will weep.

[quiet.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be Put up your swords.

[rage, Aue. My lords, when you shall know (as in this Provek'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body, And mourn for him. Let him be regarded, As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.

Aue. My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:— Help, three o' the chiepest soldiers; I'll be one.— Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully; Trail your steel spikes.—Though in this city he Hath widow'd and unchild'd many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the Body of Coriolanus. A dead March, while they pass round the Stage.

* "Folds in this orb o' the earth," i. e., overspreads the world.—*Judicial.
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.

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 1st Capitol. Enter, below, Saturninus and his Followers, on one side; and Bassianus and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colors.

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.

* "My successive title," i.e., my title to the succession.

Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

Aemilius, a noble Roman.

Alarbus, 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.

Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. [right, Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonor to approach Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, conscience, 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, Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have by common voice In election for the Roman empery,

b "Mine age," i.e., my seniority in point of age.—c Empire; sovereignty.
SCENE II. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Tun,  
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 invited home,  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
The noble Titus, and his good foes,  
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastis'd 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, listen with honor's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat,—by honor of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,—  
That you withdraw you, and let your strength:  
Display your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.  
Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.  
Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so do I affly  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honor thee and thine,  
Thy nobler Titus, and his good foes,  
And her, to whom my thoughts are hallowed all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends:  
And to my fortunes, and the people's favor,  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.  
[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.  
Sat. Friends, that have been this forward in my  
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all: [right,  
And to the love and favor of my country  
Commit myself, my person, and my cause.  
[Exeunt the Followers of Saturnius.  
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
Open the 2 hidden gates, and let me forward.  
Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.  
[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol; and exeunt  
with Senators, Marcus, &c.

SCENE II.—The Same.  

Enter a Captain, and others.  

Capt. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honor, and with fortune, is return'd,  
From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter Martius  
and Mutius: 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.  

Tht. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo! as the bark that hath discharge'd her fraught  
Returns with precious 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;  

Tears 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 sheath 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 let them by their dear parents.  

[The Tomb is opened.  
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your 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?  
Lyd. Give us the valiant progeny of the Goths  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones;  
That so their shadows be not unpeace'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.  
Tit. I give you him; the noblest that survives.  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.  
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,  
Victorious Titus, true the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O! think my son to be as dear to me.  
Suffest not, that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs, and return their goods  
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 pitiful in thine, it is in these.  
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.  
Wilt thou draw near the 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.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,  
Religiously you ask:  
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,  
T' appease their groaning shadows that are dust.  
Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.  

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Titus, with Alarbus.  
Tam. O cruel, irreligious, most bloody!  
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?  
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
With opportunity not to the nature of the gods;  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)  
To quench the bloody woes upon her foes.

---4 Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.—[It was supposed that the ghost of unburied patriots appeared to solicit the rites of funeral.]—Lament.—"In passion," L c., in grief.
Re-enters LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their Swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd Our Roman rites. Albiruns' limbs are lopp'd, and entwists feed the sacrifing fire, Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky. Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren, And with bold harums welcome them to Rome. Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls. [Trumpets sounded, and the Cuffins laid in the Tomb.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons; [Kneeling. Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, Secure from worldly chances and misshaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no daunted grudges; here no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. In peace and honor rest you here, my sons! [Rising.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honor live lord Titus long; My noble lord and father, live in fame. Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears I render, for my brethren's obsequies; And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome: O! bless me here with thy victorious hand, Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud. Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!— Lavinia, live; outline thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother, Gracious triumphant in the eyes of Rome! Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus. Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars, You that survive, and you that sleep in fame. Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all, That in your country's service drew your swords; But safer triumph is this funeral pomp, That hath aspire'd to Solon's *happiness, And triumph's over chance in honor's bed.—— Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, Whose friend thou hast ever been, Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust, This *palliation of white and spotless hue; And name thee in election for the empire, With these our late-deceased emperor's sons. Be candidatus 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 do this robe, and trouble you? Be chose with acclamations to-day; To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life, And set *abroach new business for you all?—— Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years, And led my country's strength successfully, And bred 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 honor for mine age, But not a sceptre to control the world: Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. Mar. Titus, thou shalt 6obtain 6 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 were slip'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 wean them from themselves. Mar. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, But honor thee, and will do till I die: My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends, I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men Of noble minds, is honorable meed. 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 *Titus' rays on earth, And just in time will this commercial suit: 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!" [A long Flourish. 7 Shouts.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors 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 honorable family, Lavinia will I make my empress, Rome's royal mistresse, mistress of my heart, And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse. Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee? Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match I hold me highly honor'd of your grace: And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, King and commander of our common-weal, The noble word of justice, do I consecrate My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners; Presently worth worthy Rome's imperial lord: Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe, Mine honor'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 least 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 honor and your state, Will use you nobly, and your followers. Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue [Aside. That I am the choice, were I to choose anew. [To her.] Cheer up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance: [cheer, Though chance of war hath wrought this change of 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 Dunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
SCENE II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Can you make greater than the queen of Gods.—

Luc. Not I, my lord; *sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lucius—Romulus, let us go,

Runnless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honors, 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 recol'sh'd, will,

To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.

Mar. Summ cuique is our Roman justice:

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaut! Where is the emperor's

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd. [guard.]

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'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 alone.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'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,

Is wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, nor any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonor me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Do as you will; but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust by leisure that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

Mat. Do you not see, my lord, in Rome to make a steals,

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 bandy 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 Goth:

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshine the gallant dams of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goth, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

2 Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymenæus stately,

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 advance the queen of Goth;

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. + [company

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheum.—Lords, ac-

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt Saturninus and his Followers; Tamora,

And her Sons; Aarons and Gothas.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when art thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonor'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 quarter slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonor'd all our family:

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Lnc. 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 brawl.

Bury him where you can, he come not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impious of him.

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him.

He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mar. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouesch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee.

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded:

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.

Want Not, till Mutius' hope be buried.

[Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.

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,—

Lnc. 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 honor 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 dismalst day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Mutius is put into the Tomb.

Luc. There lies thy bones, sweeping dust, with thy

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb! [friends,

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lords,—to step out of these dreary

—How comes it that the subtle queen of Goth

*Since.—+Stalking-horse.—"To ruffle," l. e., to play the bully.—Since.
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus; rise: my empress 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 honor, 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,  
[3 They kneel.  
Tendering our sister’s honor, and our own.  
Mar. That on mine honor 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. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother’s here,  
And at my lovely Tamora’s entreats,  
I do remit these young men’s heinous faults.  
Lavinia, though you left me like a chair,  
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 bound we’ll give your grace bonjour.  
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramiency too.  
[3 Trumpets. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now cimbeth Tamora Olympia’s top,  
Safe out of fortune’s shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder’s crack, or lightning flash,  
Advanced above pale envy’s threatening reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And having gift the ocean with his beams,  
Galleps the zodiac in his glistering couch,  
And overlooks the highest-piercing hills;  
So Tamora.—  
Upon her [will doth earthly honor 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 Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress.  
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
This syren, that will charm Rome’s Saturnine,

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c. Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay, The fields are fragrant, and the woods are wide. Uncease here, and let us make a boy, And wake the emperor and his lovely bride, And praise 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.

And see his shipwreck, and his commonwealth'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, affect be. '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 will approve, And plead my passions for Lavinia's love. [peace.

Aar. 2 Clubs! clubs! these lovers will not keep the Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd, Gave you a dancing rapier by your side, Are you so desperate grown, to threaten your friends? Go to; have your blade glided 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 was not 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, Threaten 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, Fool-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue, And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say! Now by the gods that warlike Gods adore, Full worthy babble will undo us all.

Chi. Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous It is to set upon a prince's right? What! is Lavinia then become so loose, Or Bassianus so degenerate, That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd, Without contumely, justice, or revenge? Young lords, beware!—on should the empress know That this ground's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, J know she and all the world: I love Lavinia more than all the world. [choice: Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some manner Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. 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. Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, thou may'st be wold; She is a woman, therefore may'st be won; She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd. What, man! more water gildeth by the mill Than wots the miller of; and easy 'tis

Of a cut leaf to steal a shive, we know: Though Bassianus be thy emperor's brother, Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturnius may. [Aside. Dem. Then, why should he be despair, that knows To With, words, fair looks, and liberality? [court it What! hast thou not full often struck a doe, And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose!

Aar. 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.

Aar. Would you had hit it too; Then should not we be tir'd with this ado. Why, hurk ye, hurk ye,—and are you such fools, To square for this? Would it offend you, then, That both should speed? Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one. [jar. Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you 'Tis policy and stratagem must do That you affect; and so must you resolve, That what you cannot as you would achieve, You must, perfuce, accomplish as you may. Take this of me: Lucrece was not more claste Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. A speedier course than lingering 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 unrequited plotts there are, Fitted by 1 kind for rape and villainy. Single ye 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 2 sacred wit, To villainy and vengeance conspire, 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, 3 and ears: The woods are ruthless, 4 dreadless, 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 fax aut nefas, till I find the stream To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c. Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.
But dawning day brought comfort and delight.
[Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.]

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I could make such feasts a hunter's real.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bos. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall we see
Our Roman hunting.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory's top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest.

[Enter Aaron, with a Bag of Gold.

Aen. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stragam,
Which, cunningly effect'd, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest.
That have their limbs out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The make 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 shirilly 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 curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wieldeth in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aen. 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 venerable 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 pilgrimage of her chastity,
And wash their limbs in Bassianus' blood.
Seek 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.
Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aen. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bass. What habitation have we here? Rome's royal em-
Unfurnish'd of her well-becoming troop? [press,
Or is it Dian, habit'd like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the pow'r, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be plac'd presently
With hounds, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in morning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.
Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white noble steed,
And wander'd lithier 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 joy her raven-colored love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, let your sibyls have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so sightly 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 doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tide me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ermight with moss, and baleful misletoe.
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 *urchins,
Would give such fearful and confus'd cries,
As any mortal barely hearing it.
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told me 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:

* Possess. — Disquiet.
SCENE IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress, Lascivious Goth, and all the fourest terms That ever ear did hear to such effect; And though I was not by wonder fortunes 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. [Stabs Bassianus.] Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [Stabbing him likewise.] Lav. Ay, come, Semiramus!—ny, barbarous Ta! For no name fits thy nature but thy own. [mors] Tam. Give me thy paniard: thou shalt know, my boys, Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong. Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her: First, fhew 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. Dmg her husband to some secret hole, And make his dead trunk pillow to your love. Tam. Then let me have ye have the honey ye desire, Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting. [sure.] Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that Come, mistress, now we perforce we will enjoy That nice preserved honesty of yours. Lav. O Tamorn! thou hearest a woman's face,— Tam. I will not hear her speak: away with her! Yet let us not beg, as thou hast been but a word. Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory To see her tears; but be your heart to them, As unc relenting flint to drops of rain. [dam] Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee. The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble; Even thence thou hast a thyn bony arm. 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? Lav. Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark: Yet have I heard, O, could I find no help! The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure To have his princely 3 claws par'd all away. Some say that ravens foster forlorn children, The whilst their own birds famish 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! Lav. O! let me teach thee: for, my father's sake, That gave thee life, when well he might have slain Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears. [thee, Tam. Hadst thou in person n'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 fate had done him and yourself the like: Therefore, away, and use her as you will: The worse to her, the better lov'd of me. Lav. O Tamorn! be call'd a gentle queen, [Kneeling. And with thine own hands kill me in this place; For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long. Poor I was slave when Bassianus did, And I am going. Tam. What begg'st thou, madam, let Lav. '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 loathsome 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. Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature, [Rising. The blot and enemy to our general name! Confession falls.— Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou thy husband: [Dragging off LAVinia. This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exeunt. Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed, [sure, Till all the Andronic be made away. Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, And let my spleenful sons this as trull deflor. [Exit. SCENE IV.—The Same. Enter AARON, with QUINTUS AND MARTIUS. Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before! Straight will I bid you to the 3 loneliness, pit, Where I esp'y'd the panther fast asleep. Quin. My sight is very dull, what'er it bodes. Mart. And mine, I promise you: we't not for shame, Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. [Martius falls into the Pit. Quin. What! art thou fallen? What subtile 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. 4 Under the stage.] O, brother! with the dismalst object hurt, That ever eye with sight made heart lament. Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find them here; That he thereby may give a likely guess, How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit Aaron. Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out From this unhollow'd and blood-stained pit? 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 thing whereat it trembles by surprise. O! tell me how it is; for n'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 detest'd, 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 lightens all the hole, Which, like a taper in some monument, Both shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks, And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: So pale did shine the moon on that man, When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood. O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,— [Strumpet.
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,— 
Out of this fell devouring receptacle, 
As hateful as Coctus' nasty 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 come to thee.

[Exeunt.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what help is here, 
And what he is that now is leap'd into it. 
Say, who art thou, that lately didst 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: 
Heard his lady been abroad? 
Upon the north side of this pleasant chance; 
'Tis 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? [grief. 
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing 
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, 
[Giving a Letter.

The complot of this 3 timeless tragedy; 
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold 
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] An if we miss to meet him hand-
sonely— 
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean, 
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him. 
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward 
Among the nettles at the elder tree, 
Which overshares the mouth of that same pit, 
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus. 
Do this, and purchase us thy lastling friends." 
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like? 
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree. 
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out, 
That should have murder'd Bassianus here. 

Aur. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To Titus.] fell curs 
of bloody kind, 
Have here bereft my brother of his life,— 
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison: 
There let them bide, until we have devis'd 
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What? are they in this pit? O wondrous 
How easily murder is discovered. [thing! 

Tit. High emperor, upon my fearless knee 
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed; 
Thee didst fell fault of my ancestral house,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, 
Sat. If it be prov'd: you see, it is apparent. 
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you? 
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up. 
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their ball; 

* Untimely.

For by my father's revered tomb I vow, 
They shall be ready at your highness' will, 
To answer this suspicion with their lives. 

Sat. Thou shalt not boli them: see, thou follow me. 
Some bring the murderer's body, some the murderers. 
Let them not speak a word, till thou command. 
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death, 
That end upon them should be executed. 

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king: 
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough. 

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. 

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, rav-
ished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell an if thy tongue can speak, 
Who 'twas 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. 

Hands. 

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy 
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash; 
And so let's leave her to her silent walks. 
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself. 
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. 

[Exeunt 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, 'would 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 heap'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 prostrate lips, 
Coming and going with thy honey breath. 
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflored thee, 
And, lest thou should'st detect him out thy tongue, 
Ah! how 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 Titun's face 
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud. 
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so! 
O! that I know thy heart; and knew the beast, 
That might rail at him to ease my mind. 
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd, 
Doth burn the heart to cinders 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 crazier Tereus, cousin, thrust thou met, 
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off, 
That could have better serv'd than them,

* Would all my wealth," i.e., would that the giving of all my wealth.
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 dangerous wars, whilst you so securely slept;

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;

And for the fiery 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 'tis thought
For two and twenty sons I never wept,

But which did die in honour's lofty bed;

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 stand the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shave and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth! I will befriended thee 2 with more rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
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 refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Luc. Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverence tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears were now prevailing on thy ears.

Luc. O, noble father! thou hast 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; 3 or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, 4 yet plead I must,
And hoodwink unto them.

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale. 4

[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 these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than death;
A stone is silent, and off-endeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

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 Livinia.

Mar. Thus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if so be 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 Livinia, what occurred between
Hath made thee humbly bend the father's sight?

What foul 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 6 Nillus, it disdaineth bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have sought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woeful singing her;

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, Livinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hand's to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hast betray'd thee?

Mar. O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
6 Rich varied 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 die herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some 6 unerring 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 unerring surge
Will in his briny 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 Livinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have mad'd me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy 6 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; at that tall 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 lil'y almost wither'd. 6 [husband;]

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath his revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

*The Thracian poet is Orphus.

7 The river Nile.—Irremediable.
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 and downwards, to behold our cheeks
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 cut 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 farther misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come. [grief,

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears: for at your see, how my wretched sister soba and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thy eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I am at, 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 of woe is this;
As far from help as limb 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 thither 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 take 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
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Rome,
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 wither'd herbs as
Looking downwards, to behold 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,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

[Aside. And 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.

6 Re-enter Lucius with an Axe, and Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your stride: what shall be, is de-
patch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:
Move hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd 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.—

[Aaside.] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pityes wretched tears,
To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom? Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth overflow? If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face? And what should have a reason for that chide?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping wilkin, I the earth:
Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then, must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd. For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then, give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now, let hot extra cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
And yet detested life not shrink thereat! [wound,
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

Títus. continual.—*

Wherefore wound,
Passionate," That thy poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starred snake,

Títus. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Shake'st thou the palace and bloodless: and brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control my griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Títus. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Títus. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
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 then to let, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their threats 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 wrench, 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 Gods, 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.

[LExeunt Títus, Marcus, and Lavinia.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woefulst 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 to-morrow best 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 Gods, and raise a power;
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

SCENE II.—A Room in Títus's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter Títus, Martius, Lavinia, and young Lu-
cius, a Boy.

Tít. So, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revengc these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot, that sorrow-wreathen 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,

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 groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor heart doth fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tít. How now! has sorrow made thee so pale 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 Eneas 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 fraudily I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus doth not name the word of hands.

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this—
Here is no drink. Hurk, 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, b'mesh'd upon her cheeks—
Speechless complainier, I will learn thy thought;
In thy hands action will I be an agony.
As begging hermits 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 'tis practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments:
Make my son merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tít. 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?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd a boy.

Tít. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'dst my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Títus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tít. 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,

[him.

 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd

Mar. Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favor'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.

Tít. 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.—

[rah!—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sir,
Yet I think we are not brought so low,

rb "Mash'd," I. e., mesh'd, an allusion to brewing; "Still," I. c., constant; continu'd.
Sirrah was formerly not a disrespectful expression.
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 every where, I know not why.—

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marcus. 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. Marcus. 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: Somewhither she would 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 plies 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 Ran 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, Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt; And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend thy ladyship.

Marcus. Lucius, I will.—[Exeunt.

LAVINIA TURNS OVER THE BOOKS WHICH LUCIUS HAD LET FALL.

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means 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 dumb'd contriver of this deed.— What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus? [see

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than CONFIDENT in the fact.—Ay, more there was; Or else to heaven she leave them to revenge. Tit. The hoist book is that she tosseth so? Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis: My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps, she culp'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves! Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I This is the tragic tale of Philomel, [read it? * Tully's treatise on Eloquence, entitled Orator. — * Succes- tion. And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. [leaves. Mar. See, brother, see! note, how she quotes the Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl, Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, Fore'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?) Pattern'd by that the poet here describes, By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O! why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies? [friends, Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but What Roman lord it was durst do the deed: Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst, That left the camp to sin in Lucrece's bed? [me.— Mar. Sit down, sweet niece: another, sit down by Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury. Inspire me, that I may this treason find— My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia: This sandy plot is plain: guide, if thou canst, This after me, where I have writ my name [He writes his Name with his Steal, and guides it with Feot and Month. Without the help of any earth in all. Cura's the heart, that forc'd us to this shift!— Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last, What God will have discover'd for revenge. Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain, That we may know the traitors, and the truth! [She takes the Steal in her mouth, and guides it with its stamps, and writes.

Tit. O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ? STUPROREM—CHIRON—DEMOTRIUS. Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora Performers of this heinous, bloody deed!

Tit. Magnai dominator poli, Tam lentus anus sedcera? tam lentus vides? Mar. O! calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know, There must be written upon this earth To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts, And arm the minds of infants to exclaims. My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel, And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope, [They kneel. And swear with me,—as with the wound so fierce, And father, of that chase dishonor'd dame, Lord Junius Brutus, aware for Lucrece's rape,— That we will prosecute, by good advice, Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths, And see their blood, or die with this reproach. [They rise.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you know how to do it; But if you hurt these behawshels, then beware: The dam shall wake, and if she wind you once, She's with the lion deeply still in league, And lulls him whilst she playeth on her lack; And when he sleeps she will do what she list. You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone; And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass, And with a 'fag of steel will write these words, And lay it by. The angry northern wind Will blow these sands, like Sybill's leaves, abroad, And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you? Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man, Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome. Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath fell off For his ungrateful country done the like. Boy. And, uncle, so will I, as if I live. * Observes. — PhiIlers. — Husband. — Sile; grauer.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ScENE II.

TITUS. Come, go with me into mine armoury; Lucius, I’ll fit thee: and, within, 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, grand- sire. TITUS. 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 compass him? Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy, That hath more tears of sorrow in his heart Than fool-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. [father.

AARON. Stand, and receive his message from his mad grand- son. Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may, I greet your honors from Andronicus:— [Aside.] And pray the Roman gods, confound you Dem. *Grammarly, lovely Lucius. What’s the news? Boy. [Aside.] That you are both decipher’d, that’s the news, [pleaseth you, For villains mad’r’d with me. [To them.] May it My grandd’r, well advanc’d, hath sent by me. The goodliest weapons of his armoury, To gratify your honorable 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 appalled 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; [about.

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus, Non eget Marii jactatus, nec avus. Chri. O! ’Tis a verse in Horace. I know it well: [read it in the grammar long ago. I have it. Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you [Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! Here’s no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt, And sends them weapons wrapp’d about with lines, That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick; But see our witty empress well done. She would applaud Andronicus’ consort; But let her rest in her unrest awhile. [star

[To them.] And now, young lords, was’t not a happy 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.

Chri. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here licks but your mother for to say amen. Chri. 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.


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 be bidding thee morever. Aar. Why, what a catewauling dost thou keep. Dem. And the wind, howl’d dog, thou hast 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 your best rest! What hath he sent her? Nur. A devil. [issue. Aar. Why, then she’s the devil’s dam: a joyful Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue. Here is the babe, as leathernsome as a toad [showing it. Amongst the fairest burdens of our clime. The empress sends it thee, thy stately seal, And bids thee christen it with thy dagger’s point. Aar. *Zounds! ye whore is black as base a hue?— Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure. Dem. Villainia, what hast thou done base? Aar. That which thou canst not undo. Chri. Thou hast undone our mother. Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother. Chri. Am I the father of thee? Aar. Woe to her chance, and damn’d her losted choice! Accurs’d the offspring of so foul a fiend! Chri. It shall not live. Aar. It shall not die. Nur. Aar, 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 tap-dole 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, murderer villains! will you kill your brother? Now, by the burning tapers of the sky, That shone 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 *Enceladus, With all his threatening band of Typhon’s brood, Nor great 4 Alcides, nor the god of war, Shall seize this prey out of his father’s hands. What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys! Ye white-lim’d walls! ye alehouse painted signs! Coal-black is better than another hue, In that it scorches 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. Tell the empress from me, I am a *Triton. [To the Nurse.

* Split. — Enceladus, a giant, the son of Titan and Terra.

* Hercules.
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Will thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigor, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Of which use of thee shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.

Fire! treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The time of your death and counsels of your heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another 4 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 imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surest side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperor?

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 self will have the wind of their hearts.
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
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor, [league,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The brazen lion, and all such as I;
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia 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, apprised to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O lord I sit, 'tis a deed of policy.

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tong'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
My son and he will live, 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 call this tempest whirling in the court,
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her 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 this Mult live, my countryman,
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then, let the ladies tattle what they say.
Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

* "Meagre," i.e., in spite of—* "This foul escape," i.e.,
this foul illegitimate child.—Ignominy.—Complexion.—
* "Pack," i.e., contrive; bargain.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Enter Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And come to grief the emperor's harts.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave; I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you thrive on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a comp.

[Exit with the Child.

SCENE III.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing Arres, 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 Sir boy, now let me see your archery:

[way.—

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.

Terras Astra reliquis:

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,
Slacken with sorrow in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearched:
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 distressed?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night 't attend him carefully;
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
'Till he beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the God; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. [What?

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!

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 her heels.—

Publius, we are but slaves, no cedars we;
No big-lion'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back; [bear:

Yet 'wring with wrongs, more than our backs can
And, since no justice is in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.

* Strained. — Since. — Revenge.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus. 

[He gives them the arrows.] 

Ad Aeneas, that's for you,—here, ad Apollo! —

Ad Marten, that's for myself:

Here, boy, to Pallias:—here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Cains, 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 unsold.

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 Pallias.

Mar. My lord, I 'mid a mile beyond the moon, Thy letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Pallius, Pallius, what hast thou done? See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Pallius shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court; And, with his coat of mail on, and thy letters,

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present. [Joy.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship

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, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there.

God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in

My young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to

the tribune; there, to take up a matter of a brawl

between my uncle and one of the emperor's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that's 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

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, [It.—

For thou hast made it like a humble suppliant.—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir: I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron,

Lords and others: Saturninus with the arrows in

his hand, that had been shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was

An emperor of Rome thus overborne, [ever seen

Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent

Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, the mighty gods no less,

(However these disturbers of our peace

But in the people's care) there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the willful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrow have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;

This to Apollo; this to the god of war.

Sweet scrools to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this but libelling against the state,

And blazoning our injustice everywhere?

A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to the wronged; but

He and his shall know, that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut the proud' st conspirator that lives.

Tat. Take his scot.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

[heart;

Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scar'd his

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best, [come

For these contempt.

[Aside.] Why, thus it shall be—

High-witted Tamora to all things:

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

The life-blood on't. If Aaron now be wise,

Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

[Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, farsooth, an your mistresship be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but younder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he,—God, and Saint Stephen.

Give you good even.

I have brought you a letter,

And a couple of pigeons for want of better.

[Saturninus reads the Letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then, 'friend, I have 2 brought my neck to a fair end.

[Exit, guarded.

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair.

Nay, or honor, shall 2 have privilege.

* "Gear," i.e., business; matter. — * * The tribunal plebe," t. e., the tribune of the people. * * Flatter.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius, and an Army of Goths, with Drums and Colors.

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, Imperial, and impatient of your wrongs; And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath, Let him make treble satisfaction. [curt. 1 Goth. Bravo slip, sprung from the great Andronicus—Whose head once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high exploits, and honorable deeds, Ingratiate 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 we all with him. Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all. But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth? Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; [stray’d, 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: — “Poor Lucius, I have bought thee half my life, and half thy dam! Did not thy hue bewray thy brutish art thou, 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. [babe, Peace, villain, peace!”—even thus he rates the “I for I must bear thee to a trusty Goth; Who will not know the time thou art the emperor’s 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 incarrate devil, That robb’d Andronicus 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-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey This growing image of thy fiend-like face? Why dost not speak? What! deaf? ne, not a word? A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of bastardy. Aaron, take the blood of the 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 befal, 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. As 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, Complots of mischief, treason, villainies Ruthful to hear, indisputably perform’d: 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.

*Horn.—Alluding to the proverb, ‘A black man is a pearl in a fair woman’s eye.’
Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believest no
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath? I God:
Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Thou therefore urge thy oath:—for in my law,
I know, an idol holds his bangle 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 see'rt 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 ought 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 instatate, *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 know in her sister's mind, for he understands her,
But cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

* [and twas

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; 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 spirit that 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 b'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 kiss'd the letter that thy father's head,
And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it!
I play'd the cheatress for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And cut that root which broke my heart with his death:
I pray'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Behold his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like 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. [blush?

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Ait thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse) Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
And, if a man, or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle oftentimes break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners seçenek them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the back of trees,

Aar. Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging, presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Amilius.

Welcome, Amilius! 'tis the news from Rome!

Amil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you all by arms,
He carves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Amilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March! away! [Exit.


Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguising
4 as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Titus opens his study door above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it thy trick to make me ope the door,
That my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd! for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
[Shewing a Paper.
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. "Old Titus, I am come to talk with thee."

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

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 wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer 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 crouch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them their dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the felon quaker.

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 signal 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 globes.

I provide two proper pikemen, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaded with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hypermion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou dispatch Rapipe and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they called?

Tam. Murder: they are 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 embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I surge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
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, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some curious 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's might,
It were convenient you had such a devil.

But welcome as you are, What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chir. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

[wrong,

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou findest 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 ravisher.

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 thro' 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!—tis 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 encamp 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 deserveth, who is my father's son.

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.

Tit. 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 govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again.

Tit. [Aside] I know them all, though they suppose
I know me mad!

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-bounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[Exit.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Calus, and Valentine!

Enter Publius, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons.

Tit. I take them: Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tam. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd; the one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Calus, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,
And strip their clothes off, if they begin to cry.

[Exit Titus.—Publius, &c., seizing Chiron, and Demetrius.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Calus. Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, 

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. [will. 
1 Goth. And ours, with 2 thine, befall what fortune 
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor, 
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil. 
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him, 
Till he be brought unto the empress's 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! unshunnable slave! 
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. 
[Exeunt Goths with AARON. 2Trumpets sound. 
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Re-enters Titus Andronicus, with LAVINIA; she bearing a Bason, 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, [mud; 
Here stands the spring whom you had stain'd with, 
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 'twixt her stumps doth 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 my paste; 
And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 
And make two pasties of your shameful heads; 
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam, 
Like 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, he ever 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 'gainst their mother comes. 
[Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.

Enter SATURNINIUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, 
Senators, and others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one? 
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun? 
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, to break the 
These quarrels must be quietly debated. [parle; 
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus 
Hath ordain'd to an honorable end, 
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome: 
Please you, therefore, dine high, and take your places. 
Sat. Marcus, we will. 
[Heautobys 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 Goth; and welcome, Lucius; 
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor, 
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you, eat it. 
Sat. What hast thou thus attire'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. 
Sat. An if your highness knew my heart, you were. 
My lord the emperor, resolve me this: 
Was it well done of rash Virginus, 
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 
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow 
Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind! 
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me 
I am as woful as Virginus was, 
For I myself am blind. 
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 highness feed? 
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus? 
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius: 
They ravish'd her, and cut 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 daintily hath fed, 
Eating the flesh that she herself hath brea'd. 
'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. 
[Killing SATURNINIUS. A great tumult. 
The People in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, 
and their Partisans, ascend the Steps before 
TITUS'S House. 
Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome, 
By uproar seve'rd, 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,

4 "Break the parle," l. c. bog or the parle.
These broken limbs again into one body.

1 Loth Rome herself be sane unto herself; And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to, Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away, Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age, Grave witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words, Speak, Rome's dear friend; 2 as erst our ancestor, When with his solemn tongue he did discourse, To love-sick Didius' sad attending car, The story of that baleful burning night, When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Titus' Troy.

Tell us, what Sismon hath bewitch'd our ears, Or who hath brought the fatal engine in, That gives us Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel, Nor can I utter all my bitter grief;

But floods of tears will drown my oratory, And break my very utterance, even i' the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind commiseration.

Hasten your captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throng and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditors, 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 foul faults our brothers were beheaded, Our father's tears des派'd, and basely ceas'd.

Of that true trade, that fought Rome's quarrel out, And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banish'd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out, To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their eminency in my true tears, And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you, That have pressow'd her welfare in my blood;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point, Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Aha! 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, if you think, 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.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done ought amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the rugged 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.

End. Come, come, thou reverence man of Rome,
And bring your emperor gently in thy hand, Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice doth cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.

Lucius, &c., descend.

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
To an Attendant.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
And be adjudg'd some direful 4lingering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Luc. all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Lnc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile
For nature puts me to a heavy 6style.

Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obscureous tears upon this 7bier.—

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

These sorrowful drops upon thy blushing 8face, The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

Of! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lnc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grand sire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he gave thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Moot and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, 7 all that he can have.

Boy. O grand sire, grand sire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.—

O lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with Aaron.

1 Rom. You and Andronicus, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food;
If any one relieves, or pity's him
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. 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,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Lnc. 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 4ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds, No mournful bell shall ring 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 dam' 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.

[Exeunt.
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.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMSON, SAMUEL, Servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, GREGORY, Peter, Another Servant to Capulet.
ABRAM, Servant to Montague.

MUSICIANS.

CHORUS. Boy; Page to Paris; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

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.

ACT I.-Scene I.

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 remove,
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 SAMSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords, and Bucklers.

SAM. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.
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; therefore, if thou art moved, 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, 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 cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.
Gre. The heads of the maids?
Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.
Sam. Mst 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. Draw thy sword; here come two 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?
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No marrow: I fear thee!
Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir; I no, sir.
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio, at a Distance.
Gre. Say—better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.]
Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords with his.

Enter Tybalt.
Tyb. What! are thou drawnd among these heartless fools? [Draws.]
Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me. [word, Tyb. What! drawnd, and talk of peace! I hate the

*Poor John" is kake, dried and salted.—To "bite the thumb" was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, in Shakespeare's time.—Gregory alludes to Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio.—Swaggerting—dashing.

**Angry.—"Fikes"—"Free-town," said to be the castle of the Capulets.
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pur’d my humor, now morning his,
And gladly shunn’d who gladly fied from me.

**Romeo.** Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning’s dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The silver 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 humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

**Ben.** My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
**Rom.** I neither know it, nor can learn of him. 
**Ben.** Have you importune’d him by any means?
**Rom.** Both by myself, and many other friends;
But he, his own affections’ 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 one could best sit with the worm of his worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrow grows,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

**Enter Romeo, at a distance.**

**Ben.** See, where he comes: so please you, step
I’ll know his grievance, or be much denied.  [aside;
**Rom.** I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true speech.  [Come, madam, let’s away.
[Exeunt Montague and Lady.

**Ben.** Good morrow, cousin.
**Rom.** Is the day so young?
**Ben.** But now struck nine.
**Rom.** Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

**Ben.** It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo’s hours?

[short.

**Rom.** Not having that, which, having, makes them
Ben. In love?

**Ben.** Out.

**Rom.** Of love?

**Ben.** Out of her favor where I am in love.

**Rom.** Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

**Rom.** Alas, that love, whose bow is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here’s much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, 0 brawling love! 0 lovely hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

**This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?**

**Ben.** No, coz; I rather weep.

**Rom.** Good heart, at what?

**Ben.** At thy good heart’s oppression.

**Rom.** Why, such, 6 Benuvio, is love’s transgres-
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  [sion.—
Whon thou wilt propagate, to have it press’d
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Both add more grief to too much of mine own.
Lent me a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being 7 puff’d, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes;

Being vex’d, a sea nourish’d with lovers’ tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

**Farewell, my coz.**  [Going.

**Ben.** Soft, I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

**Rom.** Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:
This is not Romeo; he’s some other where.

**Ben.** Tell me in’s sadness, who is’t that you love?

**Rom.** What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

**Ben.** Groan! why, no;
But 8 sadly tell me, who.

**Rom.** Bid a sick man in 9 sadness make his will;
A word ill urg’d to one that is so ill.—

In 9 sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

**Ben.** I am so near, when, I suppose you lov’d.

**Rom.** A right good man-much!—And she’s fair I love.

**Ben.** A right fair mask, fair cox, is soonest hit.

**Rom.** Well, in that bit 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 encharm’d.
She will not let him sit with the worm of his worm,
Nor hide th’ encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

**Ben.** Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste,

[waite;

**Rom.** She hath, and in that sparing makes hugo
For beauty, starv’d with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; too wisely far,
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.** Be nul’d by me; forget to think of her.

**Rom.** O! teach me how I should forget to think.

**Ben.** By giving liberty unto thine eye:
Examine other beauties.

**Rom.** ’Tis the way
To call her’s, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies’ brows,
Being blind, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He, that is sticken 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.

[Exeunt.

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 such as we to keep the peace.

**Par.** Of honorable 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 the happy mothers made.

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6 "In sadness," i.e. seriously.
7 "In sadness," i.e. gravely.
8 "That is, "To make her exquisite beauty the subject of conversation."
9 "Estimation; account."
Cap. And too soon marri'd are those so early married.
Earth's 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.
As she were within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereeto 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
Break from the 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 treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, see all,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
May agree 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 Peper.
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.
Serv. Find them out, who, whose names are written here?
Is it written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find these 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 burn.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; [Ing, Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief curing 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? Nor
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food, [low.
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fel-Serv. God gi' good den. [pray, sir, can you read?—Serv. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. [Ing, But, Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book;
I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.
Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livio, Signior Vandelio, 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?
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trod,
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:
"Yes," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit:
Wilt thou not, Julia?" and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay." To see now, how a jest shall come about?
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Julia?" quoth he.
And, nay, fool, it *stinted, and said—"Ay."
Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay!"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
A perilous knock: and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall stit upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Julia?" 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:
As I would live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
La. Cap. Marry, 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 honor that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy aunt.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now: younger
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, [than you,
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. Alas, my 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-
This night shall behold him at our feast: [man
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 obscure'd in this fair volume lies,
Find 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, is but a hide.
That book in many 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?
I can't look to like, if look liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

---

*To "stint" is to stop.*—*"A man of wax," i.e., as well made as wax-work.*

Enter a Servant.

Serr. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
You called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse,
cursed in the pantry, and everything 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.

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 be spoke for our e.
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Searing the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
Let not the ghostly Hosts be, Wilt not, we will,
We'll measure them d measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mr. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So takes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mr. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore encumbered with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so 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.

Mr. 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 quote 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 wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless brushes with their heels;
For I am provok'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candel-holder, and look on:
The game was no'er so fair, and I am done.

Mr. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mine
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the bare-head, the fair, the waste
By day-light, lo!.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mr. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'ts no wit to go.

---

*Count. = Dance. — A torch-bearer was formerly on attendant to every troop of maskers. — Note: mark. — Alluding to the custom, previous to the use of carpets, of strewing rooms with rushes. — To burn day-light was a phrase applied to superficial actions.*
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 trencher! he scrape a trencher! 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. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Poppan! 2 Serv. Ay, boy! very.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheery, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire.

Enter Capulet, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah, loy, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes daintly, 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
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such none could please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play,
A hall! a 'hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[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 unlock'd for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, sir, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. Illyr lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
[much:
Comes postcock as quickly as it will,
Some live and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the band
Of young knight?

[Pointing to Juliet.

Sir, I know not, sir.

Rom. Of the doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove troping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch the hours of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I 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 shave

*The court-cupboard was a sideboard, or stand for plate.—
4 Marchpane was kind of sweet cake, composed of almonds,
5 Hail! an exclamation signifying make way! give place! make room!—Dance.
Scene I.

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To cover and scorn at our solemnity.
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. [you so?]

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo, thou art a rogue.
Tyb. Thas 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 dispossession;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frows,
An ill-becoming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.
He shall be endur'd:
What, goodman boy!—I say, ho shall;—go to;
1 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 my 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 a saucy you:—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my heart!—You are a b'princex: go:
Bo quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience performe with wilful choler 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
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
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 manner devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too?
Jul. Are, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O! then, let saints, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, 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
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Jul. You kiss by the book. [Kissing her again.
Rom. What is her mother? [Juliet retires.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. Nurse. What is her mother?

Jul. 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.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trilling foolish banquet towards;—
Is it c'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 fa, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [Going.

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

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
Nurse. I know not. [Exit.

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.
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.

[Exeunt all Guests.
Nurse. What's this?—what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learnt'd even now
Of one I dance'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET! Nurse. Aton, anon.—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exit.

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That 'tis fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she stole love's sweet bait from fearful books;
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe those sweeter words as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belov'd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

ACT II.

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 leapt this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

* "Scath you," I. e. do you an injury. — * "A princex."
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.

Arise, 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 she were so!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis 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 those 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 leans her cheek upon her hand!

O! that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek.

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, 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 winding eye

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lacy-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.

Jul. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What’s Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. 0! be some other name.

What’s in a name? that which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call’d,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;

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.

[night.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in

So stumbllest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not now to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee:

Had I it to forget, I would not speak the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue’s utterance, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How canst thou hitter, tell me? and where—

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

[walls.

Rom. With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these

For stony limits cannot hold love out:

And what love can do, that dares love attempt;

Therefore, thy kinsmen are no 4 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 cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And 4but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life was better ended by their hate,

Than death 5protracted, wanting of the 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, wear thou as far

As that vast shore wash’d with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know’st how the masks of night is on my face.

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoken: but farewell compliment.

4 Hinderance. — 4 But," in e. c. unles. — 5 Postponed.

5 Farewell compliment," i.e., farewell attention to forms.
SCENE III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay; And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swearest, Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries, They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo! If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully: Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt win; but, else, not for the world. In truth, fare Montague, I am too fond, And therefore thou may'st think I have my honor 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 be stung thy yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,— Jul. O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant That monthly changes in her circled orb, [moon, Last that thy love prove likewise variable. Rom. What shall I swear by? Jul. Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I shall believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love— Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night: It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden; Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be, Ere one can say it lighteneth. 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! I sweet reposes, and rest Come to my heart, as that within my breast! Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night? Rom. Th' exchange of my love's faithfull vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again. [pose, love? Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it for what pur- 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 to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. [Nurse calls within. I hear some noise within: dear love, nede! Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afright, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too fatterning-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night If that thy heat of love be honorable, [indeed, 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! Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well, I do bereave thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam! Jul. By and by; I come.— To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief: To-morrow will I send.

* * * To be strange,* i. e., to be shy, distant.
Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distempered 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 a unused youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth cough his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore, thy carline doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. True; the sweeter test 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 hear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steats my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift. [Exit.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'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.

Jean Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow checks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To wash love lost, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet of sight 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,
These and such woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? I pronounce this sentence, then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou child'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil nine.

Rom. And 'bat'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 household's rancor to pure love.

Rom. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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 stand courteous.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the lams.

Rom. Meaning—to 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: 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 anything, 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. Why 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 bumble 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 *goer!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good 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 *spick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlemanwoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. But to be true, it is well said:—for himself to mar, quoth'ra?—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! Mervei'

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No bawd, sir; mine is a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. An old hare b hoar, and an old hare hoar, 1 [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. 2 [Singing.

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so fell of his property?

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 lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scoury knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his *skimine-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 vexe i., that every part about me quivers.—Scoury knave!—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 behavior, 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, i' 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 it-shrift

* A pun on counterfeit money called *slips. 2 Pump well flowered. It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes, in the shape of flowers.—Seventing: an apple so named.—*Cherred, i.e., soft stretching leather.—Business. 4 *God ye good den, i.e., God give you a good even.

† Point.—Hoary; mouldy.—* Roguery.—* Swaggering companions.—* Confidence.
This afternoon; And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains. Nurse. No, truly; sir; not a penny. Rom. Go to; I say, thou shall.

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 high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convey in the secret night. Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll' quite thy pains. Farewell!—Come to me thy mistress. [yon, sir. Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark! What say'st thou, my dear nurse? Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you no' en' 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 aside; but she, good soul, Had us lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, She looks as pale as any clout in the varsiar world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? Nurse. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R. Nurse. Ah, mock'r! 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.—CAPELTY'S Garden. Enter JULIET. Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send thee In half an hour she promis'd to return; [nurse; Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.— O! she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts, 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-swift 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 3dull 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 sh'mst the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face. Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—

"Like a tackled stair," i.e., like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.

Fix, how my bones ache! What a jount 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. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile? Do you know, that I am out of breath? [Breath Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast 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, no he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg exceeds 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, wench; 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 aches! what a head It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. [have I: My back! o' the other side.—O, my back, my back!— Beshrew your heart for sending me about, To catch him death with jaunting 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 reply'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 coil.—Come, what says Romeo? Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shift to-day? Jul. I have. Nurse. Then, lie you hence to friar Laurence' 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 the 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. He to high fortune!—Honest nurse, fare-well. [Exit. 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! Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can, It cannot counterfeit the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight: Do thou but close our hands with holy words, Then love-devouring death do what he dare: It is enough I may but call her mine. Fri. These violent delights have violent ends, And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
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 'scape a brawl; For now these hot days, is the mad world stirring. Merc. 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 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?

Merc. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shorty, 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, 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 as addle 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. Didst thou not full out with a sailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet then 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!

* Conceit here means imagination.

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 day! a word with one of you. Merr. And but one word with one of us? Come 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.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortst with Romeo.— Mer. * Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlerstick; here's that shall make you dance. *Zounds, consort!*

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, And reason coldly of thy grievances, Or else depart; were all eyes gaze on us. [Eaee: Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them 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, 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. Buy, 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, dishonorable, vile submission! *A la stoccata carries it away. [Dresses as Tybalt is going. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of 4 cats, nothing, but one of you nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, да-heat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pelter by the ears! make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing. Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier 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 has bidden them desist In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio! [Exeunt 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 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 bragart, 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 fall—A plague o' thy house! They have made women most of us.

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 both cousin and sweet Juliet! Thy beauty hath made me effuminate, And in my temper soften'd valor'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 descend: This but the woe others must end.  

[Exit.]

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, ² respective lenity, And fierce-ey'd 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. [here, 

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that dist ² consort him Shall with him hence.

Rom. This shalt determine that.  

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, awake! begone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

Stand not arm'd:—the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken.—Hence!—begone!—awake! 

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. ² You, sir:—go with me: I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

Pria. Where are the vile beginners of this fray? 

Ben. O noble prince! I can discover all The unucky manage of this fatal braw!— There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. [cubit] 

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd Of my dearest kinsman!—Prince, as thou art ² true, For blood of ours shed blood of Montague. O cousin, cousin! 

Pria. ² Who began this bloody fray? ² say: 

Beu. Tybalt, here shain, whom Romeo's hand did Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him think How 'nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered Withambient breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he ilets 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 It back to Tybalt, whose dexter arm Retorts it Thence. Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than His tongue, His agile 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 hand by hand they come back to Romeo, Who had but newly enter'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 Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague; Affection makes him false, he spokes not true. Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give: Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Pria. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? 

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend; His death condition but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

Pria. And for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence: I have an interest in your late's proceeding, My blood for your rude braves doth lie a bleeding; But I'll ²merco you with so strong a fine, That Tybalt, and all your friends, with loss of blood, 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.  

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phæbus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phæon would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately. ² 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 wasting match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads: ² "How nice," i. e., how trifling, unimportant.— ² "Amorous," i. e., punish by fine.— ² "Civil," i. e., grave solemn.
Hood my unnam'd blood, bating in my "check's;  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
Think true love neted simple modesty.  
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of white  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, 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,  
Yet set 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 Cordes.  
And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks  
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
That Romeo bade thee fetch?  
[The cords

Nurse. Ay, ey, the cords. [Throws them down.  
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou bring thy hand  
To disarray thy bands? [Dead!  
Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
Ack! the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!  
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?  
Nurse. Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!  
Who ever thought that he? —Romeo!  
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?  
This torture should be rend'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,  
And that bare vowel, I shall poison more  
Than the death-dar'ing eye of cockatrice;  
I am not I, if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut, that made thee answer, I.  
If he be slain, say — I; or if not — no:  
Brief sounds determine 2 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 gloomy blood;— I am wound'd at the sight.  
— Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at  
To prison eyes; ne'er look on liberty: [Unease!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,  
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!  
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!  
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?  
My dearest love's cousin, and my dearest lord!  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;  
For who is living, if those two are gone?  
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd. [Blood!  
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
Nurse. It did, it did; also the day! it did.  
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolshif-ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest soul!  
Just opposite to what thou justly art.  

---These are terms of falconry. —  
"Gaudy; showy. —  
In Shakespeare's time the particle ay was written I. —  
"Swomned."
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate. Rom. Thou canst not speak of it thou dost not Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel. An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me, and like me banished, [thy hair, Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear And fall upon the ground as I do now, Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thy self. [Knocking within. Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick gums, Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?— Romeo, arise; Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up; [Knocking Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will! What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [Knocking. Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will? Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome, then. Nurse. Enter Nurse. Nurse. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? [drunk. Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case; Just in her case.

Fri. O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament! Nurse. Even so lies she, Bubbering 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?

Rom. Nurse! [Rising suddenly. Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all. Rom. Speak'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 conceit'd lady banish'd I love? [weepes. Nurse. O, she says nothing sir, but weeps and 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 kinman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword. Fri. Hold thy desperate hand! Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art; Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unreasoning fury of a beast: Unseemly woman, in a seeming man; Or ill-becoming beast, in seeming both! Thou 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, 1 Dispute with thee of thy estate;" i.e., converses with thee of thy condition.—"'My conceit'd lady," i.e., 'may lady whose marriage, or relation to me, is concealed'.
I would have been a bed an hour ago.

Par. That time of woe called night to wo.

Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow.

To-night she's new'd up in her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be ruff'd

In all respects by me; my more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed.

Acquaint her here of my son Paris's 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,

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, it we revel much.

Therefore, we must have some half our own 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, to my chamber, hio!

Afore now 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 hollowness of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks

Do lase the heaven's face with fire abroad,

Night's candles are i'th' morn; nocturnal jades

Stand on the mast toppe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Ye 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 need'st not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, thou grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so.

How'st, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discord, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;

This death is not so, for she divided change eyes:

O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray.

* Bold; adventurous.—4 "Reflex of Cynthia's bow," i. e.,

reflection of the moon.—5 Inclination.—6 A decision is music is a

variations in melody.
Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustomed'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd—
Mumad, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O! how my heart aches
To hear him nam'd—and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him! [a man.
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they? I beseech your ladyship! [child;
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, [morn,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.
La. Cap. These are news indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl! what! still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou Countess! is't a bark, a sea, a wind?
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sun,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree? [thanks.
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
I would, the fool were married to her grave. [wife.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
How! will she none? dost she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrong'd
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you
Proudly have not been of what I hate, but have:
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now, how now, chop-logie! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud?—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor prou'd me no prou'ds,
But settle your fine joints against Thursday next.
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
La. Cap. Fire, 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 bless'd
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is too much,
And that we have a curse in her having.

Out on her, hiding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

Jul. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudent: smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O! God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mummery fools! 
Use your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need not it.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, having 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 demesnes, youtiful, and noble train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,

And then to have a wretched pulling fool,
A whining b mummy, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me.

But, if you will not well, I'll push 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.
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forewarned. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity 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 dim monument where Tybalt 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 me from heaven
But, as I am bid?—Comfort me, and ease me.

1 Alack! that heaven should practice 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 dishel'd 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 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speaketh thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beashrew them both.

Jul. Amen!—

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in: and tell my lady I am gone,
Having disples'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O, most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispose my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—God the counselor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. On Thursday, sir! the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to shew his haste.

Fri. 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 sorrows so much 2 way,
And in his wisdom hopes our carriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put by her from society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste?

Fri. 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.
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. 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 abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite. [report.
Par. Thou wrong'at it, more than tears, with that
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. 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?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit Paris.

Jul. O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. O! Juliet! I already know thy grief;

It straights me past the compass of my wits;

I hear thou must, and nothing must proscribe it,

On Thursday next be married to this 2 count.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hast'st of this,

Unhappy me! For do I not perceive 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.

[Shewing 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 may true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall shay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experience'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

Twixt my extremes 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 honor bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

[Offers to strike.

Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry thy county lord,

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thyself,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That co'gst with death himself to scape from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O! bid me keep, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or walk in thievish ways; or be a knave

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;

O hide me nightly in a charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With rocky slanks, and yellow chapless sculls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;

Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unsta'nd'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday's to-morrow;—

To-morrow night look thou that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink me thoroughly.

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse

Shall keep his native progress, but successe;

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like curtains when he shuts the day of life;

Each part, deprived of ample government,

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robe uncover'd on the bier,

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave;

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shalt Romeo by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall be come, and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Rome hear this hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no unconstant *toy, nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valor in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous.

In this behalf. I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[Exit Servant.

Sibrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try

if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How can they try them so?

2 Serv. marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick

his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers

goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnished for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nay, now, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her,

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

[Exit Capulet.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from *shurt with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadgling?

Jul. Where I have learned't to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behets, and am expou'n'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, [Kneeling.

And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you:

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county: go tell him of this.

I'll have this knot untied 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 at' this is well,—stand up:

This is as't 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?

4 *No unconstant toy,* i. e., no fastidious freak; *no light prices; no change of fancy.*—Confession.

*The seals of deeds were formerly appended on distinct clips or tabs affixed to the deed.—* "Shall play the umpire," i.e., shall decide the struggle between me and my distress.— Authority; power.
Ah, black! Is it not like, that I?
So early waking,—what with balsam's smells,
And shrieks like madrigals torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, heaving them, ran mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous sounds,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinamount'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 split his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! Romeo! there's a drink—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. [A l椑. Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the 

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, go cot-queen, go.
Get you to-bed: 'tis night, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching. [now

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse. Cap. A jealous-head, a jealous-head!—Now, fel-
What's there? [low,
Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.
1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
want.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show where they are.
2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.
Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be master-head.—Good faith! 'tis day:
The county 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 bridgroom 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!—he, you snug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam—sweet-heart!—why,
bride!—
[Now:
What! not a word?—You take your pennyworths
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
*Distracted.—"The pastry," I e, the room where the
pastry was made.
Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

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.

[The day]

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd; she's dead; alack
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 unfruitful fruit
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. 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 Musicians.

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
Hath death lain with thy wife; there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
And my daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!

Par. Have I thought to see this morning's face,
And shall it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labor 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 wo, O 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. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel death thee quite overthrown,—
O love! O life!—not love, but love in death!

Cap. Desp'la, distressed, hated, marty'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why can'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou!—slack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, peace! for shame! confusion's cure lives 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 love you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advance'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advance'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's merriment.

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, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And I will, 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.


1 Mus. *Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone,
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up; for, well you know, this is a piti"f case.

[Exeunt 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 b gleck: 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 dag-
ger on your pate. I will carry no crotches: I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

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 dag-

—Answer me like men: .

When grieving grief the heart doth wound,
And dolceful minds the mind oppresses,
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.

* Dumps were heavy mournful tunes.—To gleck is to scoff; and a gleckman signified a minstrel.
Of ill-shap’d fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, blindlins, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter’d to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose safe is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a canthif wretch would sell it him.
Of this same thought did I forsake 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
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have [poor;
A dram of poison; such soon-spedding *geer
As will dispurse itself through all the veins,
That the life-wearis may fly as dead
And that the trunk may be discarg’d of breath
As violently, as nasty powder fir’d
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s wound.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s law
Is death to any he that uttereth them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear’st to die? And 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.

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 dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men’s souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsom world, [sell:
Than these poor compounds that thou may’st not
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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Friar Laurence’s Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Francisian friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Laurence. 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,
Seal’d up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay’d.

Laurence. Who bare my letter, then, to Rome?

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.

"Geer," i. e., stuff.
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

_Bat._ For all this same, I'll hide me here about:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  
[Exit.

_Rom._ Thou dostestable maw, thou wond of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I ene thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Moniment.

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,
It is 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 tol, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be purs'd 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 allright 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 came hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone:—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy hale thee run away.

_Par._ I do defy thee commissneration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

_Rom._ wilt thou provoke me? then, leave at thee,
boy.

[They fight.

_Page._ O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[Exit Page.

_Par._ O! I am slain.  
_Friar._ —If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

_Rom._ In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman noble county Paris!—

What said my man, when my betossed 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,

[Taking 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.

_Leaping Paris in the Moniment._

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!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not couped' d; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks.
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
Of what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy 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.

*Presence-chamber.*
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 chambermaids; O! hero 
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 
And shake the yoke of imbuspicious 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 dateless bargain to engrossing death.

Come bitter | conduct, come, unsavory 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, Cross, 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. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, 
What torch is yond?—that thinly lends his light 
To grubs and eyless souls? as I alack, It burns 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 O! much I fear some ill unthriftly thing. 
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, 
I dreamt my master and another fought, 
And that my master slew him. 

Fri. 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 discolor'd by this piteous peace! 
[Entering the Monument. 
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable change! — 
The lady stirs. 

JULIET wakes. 
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, contagion, 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'll 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, clos'd in my true love's hand? 
Poison, I see, hath been his remorseless end. — 
Oh churl! drink all, and let 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. — [Kisses kim. 
Thy lips are warm! 
1 Watch. [Within.] Leauk, boy:—where way? 
Jul. Yea, noise?—[Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! 
[Snatching Romeo's Dagger. 
This is thy sheath; — [Stabs herself; ] there's rest, and let me die. 
[Dies. 

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch 
doth burn. 

[churchyard. 
1 Watch. The ground is bloody: search about the Go, some of you; who'er you find, attach. 
2 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come. 
Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence. 
3 Watch. Here is 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. 
Cop. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? 
La. Cop. O! the people in the street cry Romeo, 
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run 
With open outcry toward our monument. — [ears 
Prince. What fear is this which startles in your 
1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before, [sine; 
Warm and new kill'd. — [ner comes. 
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder 
1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's 
With instruments upon them, fit to open — [man, 
These dead men's tombs. — [bleeds! 
Cop. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter 
This dagger hath mis'ta'en,—for, lo! his —house 
Is empty on the back of Montague, 
And is mis-sheathed in her daughter's bosom. 
La. Cop. O me! this sight of death is as a bawl, 
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 hath stopp'd her breath. 
What further woe conspires against mine age? 
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. 
Mon. O thou unnatural! what manners is in this, 
To press before thy father to a grave? 
Prince. Seal up the mouth of —entry for a while, 
Till we can clear these ambiguities.

* Conductor.

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b "His house," L. & e., its (the dagger's) scabbard. —"On 
the back:" the dagger was acutely worn behind the back.
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.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in
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 my 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 waked; 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 ought in this
Misered by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before the time,
Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
Where’s Rome’s man? what can he say in this?

Bail. 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 master, that rais’d the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady’s
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
[grave,
Anon, comes one with light to open the tomb,
And, by and by, my master dwelt 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 pothecary; 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.

Cop. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter’s jointure; for no more

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
For here I 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 so fair and faithful Juliet.

Cop. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
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.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV.—Scene 3.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Timon, a noble Athenian.
Lucius.
Lucullus.
Sempronius.
Ventidius, one of Timon’s false Friends.
Aemanius, a churlish Philosopher.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Flavius, Steward to Timon.
Flaminius.
Lucilius.
Servilius.
Caphis.
Philotus.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensus.
Servants to Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore: two of Timon’s Creditors.
Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant,
Phrynia, Timandra, A Fool.

\* Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.


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.

Joe. Nay, that’s most fix’d.

Mer. A most incomparable man; \(^3\) breath’d, as it To an untirable and continue goodness: \(\text{were, He }^2\) passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here— \[^5\] Showing it.

Mer. O! pray, let’s see’ed. For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—

Poet. “When we for recompense have praise’d the It stains the glory in that happy verse \[^6\] vili, Which aptly sing’s the good.”

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 poesy is as a gum, which \[^6\] issues

\[^1\] Three flattering Lords
\[^2\] Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

\[^3\] “Breath’d,” i.e., exercised, inured by constant practice.

\[^4\] “Passes,” i.e., exceeds; goes beyond common bounds.

\[^5\] “Touch the estimate,” i.e., come up to the price.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire 'tis the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Poet. 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. &1 [Showing it.

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 dunnish of the gesture
One might 'tincture.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; 'tis good!

Poet. It speaks 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! [Visitors.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
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
Hails not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of verse: no level'd malice
Infests 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
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues, and properties to his love and tendance,
All sorts of hearts; ye, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves 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 of the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagates 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. 'Tis convey'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 climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fel lows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,
Ruin 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
Spurs down her late below'd, all his dependants,
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnant 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?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comforts.

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.


Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up.
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honor! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

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? [Thee.

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before

Tim. Attend he here, or no!—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrive,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trenched.

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 pray thee, 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.

— In our condition. I. e. In our art; in painting.
— Through him drink the free air. I. e. breathe freely at his will only.
Scene I.

Timon of Athens.

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It must not hear 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 Lucullus.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If 'tis her marriage my consent be missing,

I'll all 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 'tis 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,

Paw me to this your honor, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.

Luc. Humily I thank your lordship. Never may

This state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not 4ow'd to you?

[Exeunt Lucullus and old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your lordship.

Tim. I thank 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 diabolon traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give out. I like your work,

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance

Tim. I hear you 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 suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord, dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extol'd,

It would 4une me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give: but you well know,

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.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord: he speaks the common

Which all men speak with him. [tongue,

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be bid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; when thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

[Know'st them not.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repeat not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great belligies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st. Take it for thy labor.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as a plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then, I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. 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.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had! so hungry a wish to be a lord.

—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not.

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. 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.

Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there. —

* Alluding to the proverb, 'Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who use it die beggars.'
Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time o’ day is’t, Apemantus?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Ape. The more accurst thou, that still omit’st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon’s feast.

Ape. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat

Lord. Fare thee well; fare thee well. [Fools.

Ape. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Ape. Shouldst hast kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Ape. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend. [Thee hence.

2 Lord. Away, impassable dog, or I’ll spurn

Ape. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[Exit.

1 Lord. He’s opposite to humanity. Come, shall
And taste lord Timon’s bounty? he outgoes [we in,
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no d’mead, 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 attending: then, enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Senvronius, Sen- 
prinio, with other Athenian Senators, with Ven-
tidius, whom Timon redeemed from prison, and 
Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, Ape-
manus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honor’d Timon, it hath pleas’d the gods
to remember
My father’s age, and call him to long peace;
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Dubbed with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv’d liberty.

Tim. O! by no means,
Honour 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: fowls that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!  

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devil’d at first,

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recounting 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 all have confessed it.

Ape. Ho! ho! confess’d it? hang’d it, have you

Tim. O, Apemantus! — you are welcome. [not?

Ape. No, you shall not make me welcome: I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there

Tim. Fie! thou’rt a churl: you have got a humor
Does not become a man; ’tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, ira flour 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, indeed.

Ape. Let me stay at thumb aperill, Timon: I
come to observe; I give thee warning out.

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.

Ape. I scorn thy meat; ’twould choke me, if for
I should never suffer 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 sitts
Next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges 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,
Lest they should spy my windpipe’s dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with  harness on their
throats.

[Round.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go
2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Ape. Flow this way? A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well.
Those health will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.
Here’s that, which is too weak to be a fire,
Honest water, which never left man i’ the mire:
This and my food are equals, there’s no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus’ Feast.

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:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Ents and drinks.

Much good 4 doth thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, 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 new, my lord, there’s

That is, ‘Anger is a short madness.’—Peri. For is used in this sense: ‘The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursue, by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill; and the wonder is, that the animal, on which they are feeding, cheer them to the chase.’

Armorer.—My lord, in heart,’ t e., my lord’s health in sincerity.—Foolish.
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: 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring
Of Taxos; and, to show their loves, each singles out
an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a
lofty Straita or two to the Hautoys, and case.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [fair ladies,
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.
Apem. '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 Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Flavius! [Exit Cupid, and Ladies.
Flav. My lord.
Tim. The little casket bring me hither.
Flav. Yes, my lord. [Aside.] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humor;
Else I should tell him,—well,—'t faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be 'cross'd then: and he could,
'Tis pity 'hounst had eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[Exit, and return with the Casket.

1 Lord. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
2 Lord. Our horses!
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good
I must entreat you, honor 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 honor,
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.
Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pray thee, let's be provided to show them entertain-
ment.
Flav. I scarce know how. [Aside.

Enter another Servant.
2 Serv. May it please your honor, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall except them fairly: let the presents
Enter a third Servant.
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news? 3
Serv. Please you, my lord, that honorable gen-
tleman, lord Lucullus, entrants your sun to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

* For ever perfect." i.e., arrived at the perfection of happiness.—* That is, 'Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of entertain'd, the title of friend, did you not,' &c.—* Much was an ironical expression of doubt, suspicion, or contempt.
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 forc'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed Than such as do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord.

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. [receive it. 2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will 3 Lord. O! he's the very soul of bounty. Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bawd conser

I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it. [that. 2 Lord. O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know Can justly praise, but what he does affect: [no man I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: ;

I'll call to you. All Lords. O! none so welcome. Tim. I take all, and your several visitations, So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give: Metthinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And no'er be weary.—Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich: It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living Is strength of the dead, and all the lands thou hast Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord. 1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,— Tim. And so Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd,— Tim. All to 'you.—Lights! more lights! 1 Lord. Sir. The best of happiness, Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends. [Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c. Apem. What a coil here's! Serving of bceks, and jutting out of bums! I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That they are given for 'em. Friendship's full of drags: Menthinks, false hearts should never have sound legs. Thus honest folks lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I'd be good to thee. Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to pull upon thee, and then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon; I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, popes, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit. Apem. So;—thou wilt not hear me now;— Thou shalt not then; I'll look thy theven from thee, O, that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flutter! [Exit.
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c., as from hunting.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?
Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Cap. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Cap. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the successions of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by 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.
Cap. Nay, my good lord,
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, good my lord,—
From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment,
Cap. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
[weeks,
Tim. Twas due on forfeitance, my lord, six
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And so some express to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you.
[To Flavius.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,
And the detection of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Do so, my friends.
See them well entertain'd.
[Exit Timon.
Flav. Pray, draw near. [Exit Flavius.

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.

Cap. 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?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.
[To the Fool.
Isid. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on
him yet.
Cap. Where's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. —Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gruemeries, good fool. How does your mistress?
Fool. She's o'en setting on water to scold such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!
Apem. Good: grumercy.

[Exeunt Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.
Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?
Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.
Page. Prythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters? I know not which is which.
Apem. Canst not read?
Page. No.
Apem. There will little learning die, then, that
day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bastard.
Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt
furnish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.
[Exit Page.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.
Fool. Will you leave me there?
Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers.
All Serv. I would they served us.
Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman 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 mistresse is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away 2 merrily; but they enter my mistresse' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?
Var. Serv. I could render one.
Apem. 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: sometimes, it appears like a lord; sometimes like a lawyer; sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones 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 folly as I have, so much wit thou lackest.
Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.
All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.
Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come, with me, fool; come.
Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, woman; sometimes, 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:
TIMON OF ATHENS. ACT III.

Enter Flamininus, 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 honor to-day: —you, to Sempronius. Command 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! bumpt! —

Tim. To you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state’s best health, I have Deserv’d 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 ‘falt, want treasure, cannot Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable, — But yet they could have wish’d—they know not— Sometimes they have been amiss—to noble natures May catch a wrench—would all were well—tis pity. — And so, ’ntending other serious matters, After distasteful looks, and these hard 3 fractions, With certain 2 half-caps, and cold-moving nod’s, They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! — Prythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows Have not the ingratitude in them hereditary: Their blood is cak’d, ’tis 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.] Prythee, [To Flavius,] be not sad; Thou art true, and honest:  ingeniously I speak, No blame belongs to thee.— [To Serv.] Ventidius lately Buried his father; by whose death, he’s stepp’d Into a great estate: when he was poor, Imprison’d, and in scarcity of friends, I clear’d him with five talents: greet him from me; Bid him suppose some good necessity Touched his friend, which craves to be remember’d With those 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. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Lucullus’s House.

Flamininus 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.

Notes:
Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's your lord.

Lucul. [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 respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exit Servant.] And how does this honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. 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 honor 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.

Lucul. La, 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 out; 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 out, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure. Indeed, I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and cannot use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. —Get you gone, sirrah.—[To the Servant, who exits.]—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 solidaries 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 worship's thee.

[They have the money away.

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit Lucullus.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may Let molten coin be thy damnation, [scald thee! Thou disease of a friend, and not hims, 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 humor has his 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 upon it, [tire, And, when he's sick, let not that part of us Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.}

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SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

1 Stram. 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 rumormors: 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 for money.

2 Stram. 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 for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stram. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man! there was very little honor shown in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindesses 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 occasions so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Serv. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor.—[To Lucius,]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your honor, 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, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Serv. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with five hundred talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want five hundred talents.

Serv. But in the meantime he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius? Serv. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir. Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disturb myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor!—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. Command me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honor 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 please such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you bestir me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Serv. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. [Exit Servilius.

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*Respectfully. — Honesty here means liberality. —

*"Alive that 'liv'd," i. e., alive now that lived then. —

*"Passion," i. e., suffering; grief. —*"His hour," i. e., his hour of suffering.

*"Acknowledge,"—That is, 'If he did not want it for a good use.'
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? I
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. Who can call him
His equal in that day he eats 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 's his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.
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 honorable 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’s House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me in't, humph!
Above 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 or they have all denied him.

Serv. 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: [Eians,
Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physi-
Thrice 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
But his occasions might have wo'd me first; [forget,
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That ever received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it fast? 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 thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.

[Exit.
Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly vil-
lain. The devil knew not what he did, when he
made man politic; 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 copies 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
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. [Hortensius.
Luc. Hort. 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!
Luc. Serv. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
Phil. What do you think the hour?
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phil. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on’t: 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.
Phil. 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 jewel 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’en us if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em. [ness.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can wit-
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;
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. [what's yours?
1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

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*Keep his house;* i. e., keep within doors for fear of dame. *This charge,* i. e., this office or employment.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent.
[Exit Flaminius.

Enter Flavius in a Cloak, muffled.
Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flam. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flam. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then profess'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat? Then, they could smile, and
Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Like into their glutinous maws. You do yourselves but
To stir me up; let me pass quietly: [wrong,
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.
Flam. 'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[Exit.

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier's worship mutter?
2 Var. Serv. No matter what: he's poor, and
That's revenge enough. Who can speak beyond
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 leas 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
And if he be so far beyond his health, [sick:
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Serv. Good gods! Tit.
We cannot take this for an answer, sir.
Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!
[Exit.

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius, following.
Tim. What! are my doors oppo'd against my pas-
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Large? Be my retenive enemy, my jail!
The place which I have fenced, 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.
Phil. All our bills. [the circle.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to
Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

*"With 'em." I. c. with the bills; a quibble upon bills,
which also meant battle-ace.

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.
[Exit.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.
Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
Creditors—devils! [slaves
Flam. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flam. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!
Flam. Here, my lord.
Tim. So tidy? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flam. 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 knives once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice too; the fault's
bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honor, 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,
And in the heat of my report, stepped into the law, which is past depth
To those that without need do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues;
Nay did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honor 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 unmoved passion
He did 3 reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but moved an argument.
1 Sen. You outraged too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd
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
[wrongs
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
His outside; to wear them like his raiment, care
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, [leasly,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,—
1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear; 
To revenge is no valor, but to bear. 
Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me, 
If I speak like a captain. 
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, 
And not endure all threats? sleep upon, 
And let the foes quietly cut their threats, 
Without repugnancy? If there be 
Such valor in the hearing, 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, 
Louden with irons, wiser than the judge, 
In vain, if he be in sufferings. O, my lords! 
As you are great, be pitifully good: 
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood? 
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest  gast; 
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis 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. 
1 Sen. What's that?  
[vice. 
Alcib. Why,' say, my lords, he has done fair ser- 
And slain in high many of your enemies. 
How full of valor 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 rooter: he has a sin, that often 
Drowned him, and takes his valor prisoner. 
* Were there no foes, that were itself enough 
To overcome him: in that bestly fury 
He has been known to commit outrages, 
And rash factions. 'Tis infer'd 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 honor to you, upon his good returns. 
If by this crime he owes the law his life, 
Why, let the war receiv'n 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? 
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect: 
We banish thee for ever. 
Alcib. Banish me! 
Banish your dotage, banish sury, 
That makes the senate ugly. 
1 Sen. If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee, 
* "What make we abroad?" i. e., 'what have we to do in 
the title? endure brave men means rashness." — "By mercy, 
i. e., I call mercy to witness: an adjuration." — Base for 
dishonored. 
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell 
our spirit, 
He shall be executed presently. [Execut Senators. 
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live 
Only in home, that none may look on you. 
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes, 
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 lay for * hearts. 
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds; 
Soldiers should break as little wrongs as gods. 
[Exit. 
SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in Timon's House. 
Music. 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 
honorable lord did but try us this other day. 
1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts 'tiring, 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 
ofasting. 
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 
behind them, and I must needs appear. 
2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my in- 
portunate 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. 
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 
lordship. 
2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more 
3 willingly, than we your lordship. 
Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such 
summer-birds are men. [To them.] Gentle- 
men, our dinner will not recompense 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 honorable lord, I am e'en sick 
of shame that, when your lordship this other day 
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar. 
* "Lay for hearts," i. e., endeavor to win the affections 
of the people.—"To tire on any thing meant to be fully employed 
on it.
Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords!
2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3 Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
4 Lord. I have lost my gown.
5 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and neught but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?
6 Lord. Did you see my cap?
7 Lord. Here 'tis.
8 Lord. Here lies my gown.
9 Lord. Let's make no stay.
10 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
11 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.
12 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent; Obedience flit in children! slaves, and gods; Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general fihths Convert o' the instant green virginity! Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your Trustees' threats! bound servants, steal! Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crust from thy old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And look! confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripes for stroke! thou cold sciatias, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty Creep in the minds and murmurs of our youth, That gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itch's, blusses, Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! [Casting away his Clothes] Take thou that too, with multiplying bats. Timon will to the woods; where he shall find Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all) The Athenians, both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his late may grow To the whole race of mankind, high, and low! Amen. [Exit.}

* "Your better remembrance," i.e., your good memory.
  —"Toward," i.e., near at hand: in prospect. —"In all places alike:" This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank. —"Your perfection," i.e., the highest of your excellence. —"Timon's fitch," i.e., fitch of a season. —"Minute-jacks," i.e., automaton figures appended to clocks.

‡ "General fihths," i.e., common strumpets. —Contrarieties. —Libertinism. —" Multiplying bans," i.e., accumulating curses.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward! where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my follows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.

2 Serv. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm,

And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs

Upon our companion, thrown into his grave,

So his *familiers to his buried fortunes

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air,

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,

Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's liv'ry,

That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow. Leak's is our back;

And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

Hearing the surges threat: we must all part

Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,

As 'twere a wound unto our master's fortunes,

"We have seen better days." Let each take some;

[Giving them money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[They embrace, and part several ways.

O, the *fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory *as to live

But in a dream of friendship? *and revive

To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,

But only pointed, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;

Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual *blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does so much good!

Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accur'd,

Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief affliction. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat

Of monastick friends;

Not he that with him to supply his life,

Or that which can command it.

I'll follow, and inquire him out;

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter Timon, *with a Spade.

Tim. O, blessed budding sun! draw from the earth

Rotten humility; below thy *sister's orb

Infest the air. *Twinn'd brothers of one womb,

* His familiars to his buried fortunes," i.e., those who familiarly participated in his buried fortunes.— * Fierce here means valiant.—* Blood," i.e., propensity; disposition.

* Thy sister's," i.e., the moon's.

Whose procreation, residence, and birth,

Scares *dividant, touch them with several fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,

(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,

But *by contempt of nature.

Rais'd in this beggar, and *decline that lord;

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honor.

It is the pasture lards the *other's sides, *dares,

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who

In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say, "This man's a flatterer!" If one be,

So are they all; for every *grace 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 villany. Therefore, be abroad:

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His *semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, suace his palate

With thy most operant poison—What is here?

[Finding gold.

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,

I am no ?id votarist. Roots, you're clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black, white; foul,

Fair, fair. [Sift.

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, val-

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 shade

Will knit and break religions; *ideas accur'd;

Make the hoar leprosy *dear; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the beach: this is it,

That makes the *wappen'd widow wed again:

She, whom the *spital-house, and vicious sores

Would cast the *gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April's day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the route of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature.—[March after 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.

Alcib. What art thou there?

Speak.

[heart.

Tim. A heart, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy

For showing me again the eyes of men! [They

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to

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 I know thee.

* "Dividant," i.e., different, separate.—But by is used here for without.— * Rother-beasts are horned cattle.—

* "Gris," i.e., crop; degree.— * "Semidable," i.e., like—

* "Fang," i.e., seize.— * Operative,— * Pure.— * Surrounded.

* "Hospital."—To "cast the gorge!" is to revolt or turn the

stomach.— * "To the April day," i.e., to the freshness of

youth.— * Thou'rt quick," i.e., thou hast life and motion in thee.
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,* gules;
Roll all cause in the noble Timon to this change?
Then what should war be? This fell whose of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns.
A Phry. How dost thou pass 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 sawst them, when I had prosperity.
And now remove the now; then was a blessed hour.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brance of harlots.

Timon. Is this th' Athenian minority, whom the
b Voic'd so regardfully? | world

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes, [thee:
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Timon. Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
Fortunes, and baths; bring down rose-checked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have 'd but little gold of it, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and grieve'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Ti-

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
I have 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. Warrst thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast 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 Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy • trechant sword; for these milk-
paps.

* Gules, a term in heraldry denoting red.—b Voic'd so regardfully," i. e., praised so highly.—c Alluding to the cure
then in practice for bese renen.—c Cutten.

That through the window-bars bore at man's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down: their tears a double:
Spare not the
Whose dimples smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounce'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans • remove: swear against • abjects;
Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yell's of mothers, maidis, norbabes,
For sight of priests, in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers: 3 [Throwing it.
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not; be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
giv'st me,
Not all thy words: [upon thee!

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
Phry. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:
Dost thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore foreswear her trade,
And to make whores • abhor'd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant; you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
But forgetting thy minders, into strong cry at home,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your • conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in thee, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six
months
Be quite contrary: and that thy poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead:—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: where
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: [still;
A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. & Timan. Well, more gold,—What then?
Believ'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 • quillet shrilly: hoar the • flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose.
Down with it flat; take the heavenly quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general • weal: make curb'd-pate
ruffians bald;
And let the unscur'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:

4 [Throwing it.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches • grave you all!

Phry. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first: I have
But 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 spokst well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,

* "Sans remores," i. e., without pity.—Dispositions.
* Subletites.—b "Flamen," i. e., priest.—To foresee his particular is to provide for his private advantage, for which
he leaves right secent of public good.—c To grave it to bury.
And take thy bengles with thee.
Ach! We but offend him.—

Strike!

[Drums beat. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man’s unkindness, Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

Whose wounds unmeasurable, and infinite breast, Teem, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle, Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff’d; Engenders the black toad, and adder blue, The gilded newt, and eyeless venom’d worm, With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven Whereon Hyperion’s quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all the human souls doth hate, From forth thy plentiful bosom, one poor root! • Ensear thy fertile and concepions womb; Let it no more bring out ingratitude man! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; Teem with new monsters, whom thy uper face Hath to the marbled mansion all above! Never presented!—Oh! a root!—Dear thanks! Dost thou thy meadow, vines, and plough-torn leas; Whereof ingrateful man, with lipperious draughts, And morsels unctuous, gawse his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips—

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague! Plague!

Apen. I was directed hither: men report,

Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. Thir, then, because thou dost not keep a dog Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apen. This is in thee a nature but infected; A poor sannily melancholy Lyceum! From change of fortune. Why this space? this This slave-like habit, and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft, Hug their discom’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: bring thee 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 gavst thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome, To knives, and all approachers: ’tis most just, That thou turn mascall; hast thou wound again, Rascals should have’t. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I’d throw away myself.

Apen. 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 skirt on warm! Will these mastoods, That have outlived the eagle, page thy circle, And skip when thou point’st out? Will the cold brook, Caudied with ice, caudle thy morning taste, To cure thy d’er-night’s surfeit? call the creatures,— Whose known natures live in all the spite Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhusked trunks, To the conflicting elements expos’d, Are nere more natures,—bid them flatter thee; O! thou shalt find—


Apen. I love thee better now than e’er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apen. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt’rest misery.

Apen. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apen. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain’s office, or a fool’s.

Dost thou see thyself in’t?

Apen. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apen. If thou didst put this sour cold habitation To castigate thy pride, ’twere well; but thou Dost it enforcedly: thou’lt courtier be again, Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery Outlines uncertain pumps, is crown’d e’er 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 desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune’s tender arm With never clasp’d, but leav’d to a dog.

Halst thou, like us, from our first 2 swath, proceeded The sweet degrees that this brief world affords To such as may the passive 2 dogs of it Freely command, thou wilt have plung’d thyself In general riot; melted down thy youth In different beds of lust, and never learnt The key 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 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, Bare For every falling on thy blow,—I, to bear this, That never knew but better, is some burden: Thy nature did commence in 2 suffrance, time Hath made thee hard in’t. Why shouldst thou hate men?

They never flatt’red 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 compoundeth thee Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!— If thou hast not been born the worst of men, Halst thou been a knife, and flatterer.

Apen. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apen. 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.

[Emptiness."

Apen. Here; I will mend thy feast.

Offering something."

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself. Apen. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. ’Tis not well mended so, it is but botch’d! If not, I would it were.

Apen. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Apen. The serpent called the blind worm. — Curved. **" Enter,* i.e., close; stop up. — " The cunning of a carper is the habiliments of a critic.
Tell them 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 'by'st o' nights, Timon?

_Tim._ Under that's above me.

Wherefeel'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 souse thy dishes.

_Apem._ The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gift, 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._ I feel not.

_Apem._ Dost hate a medlar?

_Tim._ Ay, though it look like thee.

_Apem._ An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man diest thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

_Apem._ Who, without those means thou talkest of, diest thou ever know beloved?

_Apem._ Myself.

_Tim._ I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

_Apem._ What things in the world causeth thou nearest compare to thy flatteners?

_Tim._ Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

_Apem._ Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

_Tim._ Would'st 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 the beasts to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livest but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: Wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; Wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: Wert 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 could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st 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 to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to 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 *cup* 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 thee, are pure.

_Apem._ There is no leprous but what thou speak'st.

_Tim._ If I name thee,—

1 I'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!

_Gho._ does kill me, that thou art alive;

_Apem._ I swoon to see thee.

_Tim._ Would thou would'st burst!

_Apem._ Away, Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

_Apem._ A stone by thee.

[ _Throws a stone at him._ ]

_Tim._ Slave!

_Apem._ Teed!

_Tim._ Rogue, rogue, rogue!

_I am sick of this false world, and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon.'

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:

_Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph, That lies on Dian's lap! thou knowest, God, That solder's close impossibilities, _language_,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy divorce Set them into confounding odds, that beasts May have the world in empire!

_Would 'twere so; but not till I am dead._—I'll say, thou'st gold:

Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

_Tim._

_Apem._

_Tim._

_Apem._

_Tim._

_Apem._

_Apem._

_Apem._

Enter Banditti.

1 Band. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender o'er 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 noise, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Band. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for it, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall we get it?

2 Band. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 Band. Is not this he?

All. Where is?

2 Band. 'Tis his description.

3 Band. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

_Tim._

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

_Tim._ Both two; and women's sons.

—* Too much curiosity.* 1, e., too much finical vanity.—

*Remotion is removing away; removing afar off.*

*" The cap," i.e., the top; the principal. — Touch for touches.*
All. We are not thieves, but men that much do
want. [meat.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred swards;
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, nor berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes; [fishes;
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
You within this mile, as the fox, and you
yet think must you, con, That you are thieves professed, that you work not
In lieder 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 escape 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 thievocracy:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rob 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 its true tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have unchecked theft. 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. Steel no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.
Tim. [examinavi to his Cave.
3 Band. He has almost charmed me from my
profession, by persuading me to it.
1 Band. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he
thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mys-
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.
[Enter Flavius.
Flav. O you gods!
Is yon desip'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing! 0 monument,
And wonder of good deeds evily bestowed!
What an alternation of honor has desperate wants
made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest 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 mislead 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?

1 To con thanks was used formerly for to thank.— 2 Limited for allowed.— 3 Compost; manure.— 4 That is, There is no hour in a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become true, e. honeat.— 5 An alteration of honor is an alteration of an honorable state to a state of disgrace.— 6 Rarely, i. e., admirably.
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.

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 rumor hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain; Alcibiades 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 shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our \(^1\) horses with what \(^2\) 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; I have only brought you a fair at this time but by 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 plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of the counterfeits! To you, it is most courteously and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter Timon, behind, from his Cave.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poet. True; When the day serves, before black-cover'd night, Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, That is in worshipp'd in a baser temple, Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigit'st the bark, and plough'st the foam; Sotst thou admire reverence in a slave? To thee be worship; and thy saints for nay Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey! Fit I meet them. [Advancing.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

\(^*\) The deed of saying;" I. e., the doing of what we have said we would do.

\(^1\) Portrait—Flatter.

\(^2\) A made-up villain," I. e., a complete, finisht villain.
You have done work for me, there's payment: hence! You are an alchemist, make gold of that. Out, rascal dogs! [Exeunt, beating them out.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is vain that you would speak with Timon; For he is set so only to himself, That nothing but himself, which looks like him, 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. 'Twas 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.

Flav. 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 cauterizing 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. Of 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 single 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 wish 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 own 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 th' approaches wild;°

Who, like a bear too savage, doth root up His country's peace. 2 Sen. And makes his threatening 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°whistle in th' unruly 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 Of health, and living, now begins to mend, And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still: Do Alcibiades your plague, you his, And last so long enough! We speak in vain. Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not One that rejoices in the common wreck, As common °britt doth put it. 1 Sen. That's well spoke. Tim. Commend 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. Commend me to them; And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs, Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses, Their pangs 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 wild 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 cut down, And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends, Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, From high to low throughout, that whose please To stop affliction, let him take his haste, 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 shall still find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens, Timon hath made his everlasting mansion Upon the pitched verge of the salt flood; Whom once a day with his °embossed froth The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come, And let my grave-stone be your oracle.— Lips, let sour words go by, and language end: What is amiss, plague and infection mend: Graves only be men's works, and death their gain. Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.

[Exeunt Timon.]

°With one consent of love," i. e., with one united voice of affection.°° Hath sense of its own fall," i. e., hath a sense of the danger of its own fall.° Reader is confession.°° Allowed," i. e., confirmed.

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 Porley sounded.]

Enter Senators, on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and filled 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 waver'd with our traver's arms, and breath'd Our suff'rerance vainly. Now the time is flush, When crowning hour, in the hearer strong; Cries of itself, "No more!" now breathless wrong Shall sit and pant in your great chains of ease; And purly insolence shall break his wind With fear, and horrid flight.

* Drearful. * * * With our traver's arms, i. e., with our arms crooked. —Nature; ripe.

1 Sen. His discontent's are unremovably coupled to nature.
2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return, 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 & 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 scouring Doth chock the air with dust. In, and prepare: Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place. Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

Timon is here, who hath outstretch't his span: Some beast roar'd this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure, and this his grave. —Wilt'st on this tomb I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax: Our captain hath in every figure skill; An ag'ld interpreter, though young in days. Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose full the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter Senators, and a Messenger.

Sen. 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.

2 Sen. 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 hath), take them in the destin'd tenth; And by the hazard of the spotted die Let die the spotted. 1 Sen. All have not offended; For those that were, 'is 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 cluster of thy wrath must fall With those that have offended. Like a shepherd, Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth, But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt, Thou rather shall enforce it with thy smile, Than hew to't with thy sword. 2 Sen. Set but thy foot Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall cpe, So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, To say, thou'lt enter friendly. 2 Sen. Throw thy glove, Or any token of thine honor else, That thou wilt will the wars and redress, And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbor in our town, till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. 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 stow 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. Theis 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, Enramp'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.

"Their refers to griefs. — That is, "Who made the motion for your exile." —Child; wisdom. — Uncharged ports, i. e., unwatched gates. — Atoney, i.e., reconcile.
Alcib. [Reads.] “Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs lost! [hate:]
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did Pass by, and corse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.”
These well express in thee thy later spirits:
Though thou abhor’st in us our human griefs, Scorn’dst our brain’s *flow, and those our droplets, which

* "Our brain’s flow," I. e., our tears.

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 b stint war; make each Prescribe to other, as each other’s c leech.—
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

b Stop.—c Physician.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III—Scene 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Caesar.
Octavius Caesar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Aemilius Lepidus,
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lerna; Senators.
Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Flavius and Marullus, Tribunes.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a body of Citizens.


2 Cit. 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 Cit. 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 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you. Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou? 2 Cit. 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 recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handwork. Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I.

JULIUS and you let Caesar rank. Disrobe [again. For
What Many Calphurnia, I
You myself And 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 charioted 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 call out a holiday? And do you now swear flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Do you not! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flæ. 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 exulted shores of all. [Exeunt.

Flæ. It is no matter; let no images Be hung 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, 1 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,—
Cas. Calphurnia,—

dd. 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 steele curse.
Ant. I shall remember: When Caesar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cas. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.

2 Qcit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph. Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings What tributaries follow him to Rome, [he home? To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

4 Crowd. — Flourish of instruments.—"Your passion," l. e., the nature of your feelings.—"To state is to make common.
SCENE II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and Shout.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then, must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. 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,
So walk one in one eye, and death the other,
And I will look on both indifferent;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor 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 be not, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as 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 this, upon my honor, I do say;
But mark me, Brutus. The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accents 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,
Cesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
And, as Anceas, 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.

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:
He shook his head when he did leave the earth,
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.

Brutus. Another general shout! I do believe that these applause are
For some new honors that are heap'd 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 dishonorable 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 you, Caesar: what should be in that Caesar?

That should name be sounded more than yours!
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Casca. You pull'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 to-day.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being offered 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?

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry 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 neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. This is a master 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 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the raddlement I shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part 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 tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and disapproved 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 perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pricked me ope his doublet, and offered them his threat 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 among 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 infancy. Three or four wenchers, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no need 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.

* Honest. — "A man of any occupation," i. e., a mechanic.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'le ne'er look i' 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 Flavius, for passing so close 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 mettled 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.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honorable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore, 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not 4 humor me. I will this night,

In several bands, in his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obiously

Cesar'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
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero! [earth
I have seen tempests, when the seceding 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,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by

* Doth bear me hard," i. e., hath an unfavorable opinion of
me.—Cic.] — "Brought you Caesar home," i. e., did you attend Caesar home.
SCENE III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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Hold up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches jointed: and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Beside, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol! Our yoke and subdurance
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly 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,
Everything, on a sudden, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their 1 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, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
This?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
Of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunderstone:
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. [Heavens?

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
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 gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-form'd 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 thunder-lightning, open 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?

* Entirely; altogether. — 'Thunderbolt.' — "Calculate;" i. e., foretell; prophecy. — * Fortunate.
And look you lay it in the sexton’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?  
Cic. All but Metellus Cimber, and he’s gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will lie,  
And so beat out these papers as you bade me.  
Cic. That done, repair to Pompey’s theatre.  
[Exit Cinna.  
Come, Cassius, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.  
Cass. Of he sit high in all the people’s hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.  
Cic. 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.

SCENE I.—The Same. Brutus’s Orchard.  
Enter Brutus.  
Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!  
Enter Lucius.  
Luc. Call’d you, my lord?  
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.  
Luc. I will, my lord.  
[Exit.  
Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spur him at,  
But for the general point. 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.  
Tis’ abuse of greatness is, when it disjoints  
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known when his self-confidence saw’d  
More than his reason. But ‘tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition’s ladder,  
Whence the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upwardmost,  
He then into 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 color for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these 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.  
[Exeunt.  

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a Orchard and garden were formerly synonymous.—

b Pity; tenderness.—"A common proof," i.e., proved by common experience.—"As his kind," i.e., like the rest of his species.

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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.  
[Giving him the paper.  
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?  
Luc. I know not, sir.  
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.  
Luc. I will, sir.  
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.  
[Opens the paper, and reads.  
"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’s drive, when he was call’d a king.  
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I excepted  
To speak, and strike! O Rome! I make thee promise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receiv’st  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!  

Re-enter Lucius.  
Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.  
[Knocking within.  
Bru. '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,  
The first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasm, 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.  
Bru. Is he alone?  
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.  
Bru. Do you know them?  
Luc. No, sir; their lats are plain’d about their  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favor.  
Bru. Let them enter.  
[Exit Lucius.  
They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Shall we show to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most fresh? O! then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, confound  
Him in smiles, and affability;  
For if thou path, thy native semblance,  
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?  
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?  
[Countenance.—'Tis that, 'if thou walk in thy true form,'
Scene I.

**JULIUS CAESAR.**

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 Threbonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca; 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.]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break Casco. No. [Here?] Cin. Of pardon, sir, doth; and you'ld gray lines, that fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

And you shall find 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 towards the north He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands as the Capitol, directly here. 

But give your hands not out of one, by one. 

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, nor 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 out 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 valor The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur, but our own cause, To prick us to redress? what other bond, Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And you? for that the other oath, Than honesty to honesty engag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it? 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 That high-blooded spirit, that doth mark out Nor th' insipidative mire 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 an agreement that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casco. 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 led out our hands; Our youth, 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.

Bru. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cas. Decius, well urg'd. — I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar, Should outline Caesar, we shali all 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. [Siue.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caes. Cعد. To cut the head off, and then lack the limbs, Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Caesar. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caes. 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 wantonly: Let's crave him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcass 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, 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 ingraved 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 a 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 virtue of our country, and 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 resolv'd, I can o'er-way 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 flattering; But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers, He says, he does, being then most flattered. Let me work; For I can give his humor 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?

Cas. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who ranked him for speaking well of Tomney: I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:

MALICE. — To take thought is to prick, to be troubled in mind. — *Omen.* — *By hain,* i. e., by his house.
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.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily. Let not our looks put * on our purposes; But bear it as our Roman actors do, With unirt'd spirits, and formal constancy: And so, good-morrow to you every one. [Exit all but Brutus. Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter; Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber: Thou hast no figures, nor to Dianas, Which busy care draws in the brains of men; Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord! Brutus. 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, Brutus, 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 star'd upon me with ungenteel looks. I urg'd you further; 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 wafure of your hand, Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did, Fearing to strengthen that indisposition, Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal, Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 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 prevail'd on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Mark how you are dispos'd with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all. Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors Of the dawn morning? What! is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night, And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and upon my knee.

[Knelling.

I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men to-night Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

* "Put on," i. e., show.—" Figures," i. e., shapes created by imagination.—Condition is temper, disposition.—Damp. —" I charm you," i. e., I entreat you.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia. [Raising her. Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted, I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort, or limitation; To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. Brutus. You are my true and honorable wife; As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant, I am a woman; but, withal, A woman that lord Brutus took to wife: I grant, I am a woman; but, withal, A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter. Think you, I am no stronger than my sex, Being so father'd, and so husband'd? Tell me, my lord, if I be not to blame. I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience, And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods! Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knocking within. Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while; And by and by thy bosom shall partake The secrets of my heart. All my engagements I will construe to thee, All the character of my sad brows. Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia. Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how? Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue. Brutus. What a time have you chose out, brave Caius, To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick! Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honor. Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

[Throwing away his bandage. Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins, Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible; Yet, get the better of them. What's to do? Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lucius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-sid I follow you, To do I know not what; But it sufficeth, That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [Exit.

* All the character of, 'i. e., all that is characterized on.
SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Caesar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caesar, in his Night-gown.

Caes. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night; thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, "Help, ho! They murder Caesar!"—What's within? Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, and bring me their opinions of success. Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house to-day, [me, Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanish'd. Caes. Caesar, I never stood on o ceremonies, yet now they fright me. There is one within, besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid signs seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelp'd in the streets; and graves have yaw'n'd, and yielded up their dead; fierce fiery warriors light upon the clouds In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol: The noise of battle b'furled 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.

Caes. What can be avoided, whose end is purpos'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.

Caes. 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. What say the augurers? 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.

Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: Caesar should be a beast without a heart, if he should stay at home to-day for fear. No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well, That Caesar is more dangerous than he. We are two lions licker'd in one day, and I the elder and more terrible; and Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord, Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence. Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house, and he shall say, you are not well to-day: Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. [Kneeling.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well; And, for thy humor, I will stay at home. [Raising her.

Enter Decius. Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar: I come to fetch you to the senate-house. Caes. And you are come in very happy time To hear my greeting to the senators, and tell them that I will not come to-day. Cannot be false; and that I dare not, false: I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius. Cal. Say, he is sick.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far, To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come. Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. Caes. The cause is in my will; I will not come: That is enough to satisfy the senate; but, for your private satisfaction, because I love you, I will let you know. Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. She dream'd to-night she saw my statue, Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts, Did run pure blood; and many happy Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these she does apply for warnings, and portents Ev'ns imminent; and on her knee hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day. Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted: It was a vision, fair and fortunate. Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood; and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance, This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. Caes. And this way have you well expounded it. Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say: and know it now. The wife have concluded To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar: if you shall send them word, you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock Ato be rendered, for some one to say, "Break up the senate till another time, When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams." If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, "Lo! Caesar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this, and reason to my love is ille:ible. [Calls Cal. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal. I am ashamed I did yield to them.— Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius, Brutos, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna. And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius.

Pub. What, Brutus, are you stir'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Caesar.—Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy, as that same age which hath made you lean. What is't o'clock? 

Bru. Caesar, 'tis six stricken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony. See! Antony, that reveals long o' nights,
SCENE III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus: take heed of Cassius; come not near Cassa; 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 thee; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, "Artemidorus." Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along.

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 'tween 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. Harsh, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam. Por. Pr'ythee, listen well: I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter 2 the Smiths' Shop.

Por. Come hither, fellow.

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Envy.

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 Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæsar. The idees of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.


Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar. Brut. What said Popilius Lena? Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear, our purpose is discovered. Brut. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him. Cæs. Lena, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus shall be done. If this be mov'd, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back. For I will stay myself. Brut. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change. Cæs. Trebonius knows his time: for, look you, He draws Mark Antony out of the way, [Brutus, Eext Anto myste and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their Seats. Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar. [him.

Bru. He is *address'd*: press near, and second

Cin. Casca, you are the first that bears your hand.

Casa. Are we all ready? 

Cas. What is now amiss, 

That Caesar and his senate must depart? [Cæsar,

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

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 that which melts the fools; I mean, sweet words,

*Low-courted* courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and frown for him,

I spurn thee like a car 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;

Dreading thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutos! 

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 *appreciable*;

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 Caesar should be banish'd, and

Constant do remain to keep him so.

Cas. O Caesar—

Cas. Hence! Will thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

Casca 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, Brutus—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 pulpits, and cry out,

"Let's, Freedom, and enfranchise!*

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted,

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpits, 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 doers.

Re-enter TERENCE.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were doomyday.

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, lie 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 elbows, 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,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,

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 gait his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;—

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;

Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolve'd

How Cæsar hath deserve'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

[Of Rising.

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 honor,

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.
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.

Brut. 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.

Brut. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent.

Ant. That Antony speak in his funeral.

Cas. Know you how much the people may be mov’d
By that which he will utter?

Brut. 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.

Brut. 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 we not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit wherein I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Brut. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

Enter Antony.

Ant. Of pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruines 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 prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the joints of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife;
Shallumber 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 “Havoc!” and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
Serc. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Scene II. — The Same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

CIT. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

BRUT. Then follow me, and give me audience, Cassius, go you into that other street, [friends.—
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. 

2 CIT. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
When severally we heard them rendered. [reasons,

3 CIT. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence! 

BRUT. 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 honor, and have respect to mine honor, 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 Caesar’s, to him I say, that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar? this is my answer, —not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would not be a Roman? 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. I pause for a reply.

1 ALT. None, Brutus, none. 

2 ALT. None, Brutus, none. 

3 ALT. None, Brutus, none.

BRUT. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not exterminated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar’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; us which of you shall not find? 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 country to need my death.

2 ALT. 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 Caesar.

4 CIT. Caesar’s better parts

8. O! now be crown’d in Brutus. [and clamors.

1 CIT. We’ll bring him to his house with shouts Bru. My countrymen,—

2 CIT. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 CIT. Peace, ho! 

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone; And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar’s corpse, and grace his speech Tending to his death, when Mark Antony, By our permission, is allowed 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 willing 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. ‘Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here. 

1 CIT. This Caesar 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 

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. [ears:

The evil that men do lives after them, 
The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Mark Antony 

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, 

And grievously hath Caesar answer’d it. 

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, (For Brutus is an honorable man, 

So are they all, all honorable men) 

I come to speak in Caesar’s favor. 

He was my friend, faithfull and just to me: But Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose rasons did the general coiffers fill: 

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the ears were gored, Caesar hath wept; 

Ambition should be made of sternest stuff: Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; 

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal I thrice pronounced him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; 

And, sure, he is an honorable 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 flied to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me; My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me: [ingr.

1 Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his say-

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. [Antony.

3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than

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 Cæsus wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To mark the deed to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable 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 hands in his sacred blood; You, 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:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O! what would come of it?

4 Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony; You, read it, Mark Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. I fear, I wrong the honorable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors: honorable men! All. The will! the testament! 2 Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descant? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend.

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

4 Cit. A ring! stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony! Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off. All. Stand back! room! hear back! Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place, ran Cæsus' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Cæsa made: Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: Judge! you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him! This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquisht him: then burst his mighty heart; And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel The 4 dint of pity: these are gracious drops. Kind Brutus will not weep you, when you behold Our Cæsar's vesture wound'd; Look you live, Here is himself, *marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle! 2 Cit. O noble Cæsar! 3 Cit. O woful day! 4 Cit. O traitors! villains! 1 Cit. O most bloody sight! All. You will be revenged. Revenge! about— seek,—burn,—swoon,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen. [They are rushing out.

1 Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him. [you up

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir To such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honorable: What private griefs they have, alas! I know not, That made them do it: they are wise and honorable, 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 I love you all, a plain blunt man, That love my friend; and that they know 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 Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb moulas 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 Cæsar, 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! come, seek the conspirators. Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace! ho! Hear Antony; most noble An-

[what.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves? Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then. You have forgot the will I told you of. [will. All. Most true;—the will:—let's stay, and hear the

"Cæsar's angel," i.e., his guardian angel, or the being in whom he most trusted.—Sroke. —Discalced; destroyed. —Grievances.
SCENE I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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.  

Att. Peace, let!  

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbors, and new-plantèd 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.  

[Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.  

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art about, 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. Believe, they had some notice of the people, How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.  

[Exeunt.  

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 fantasy. 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 I say, I am a bachelor.  

2 Cit. That's as much as we say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bung 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 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 Cassius'; some to Liguarius. Away! go!  

[Exeunt, 3 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 prick'd.  

[Exeunt.  

Lep. Lepidus?  

OCT. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lep. I do consent.  

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.  

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.  

[him.  

Ant. He shall not live! look, will the spot I damn 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.  

[Exeunt.  

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, The threefold would divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?  

OCT. So you thought him;  

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die In our black sentence and proscription.  

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you: And though we lay these honors 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 shackle his cars, And graze 4 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 corporeal 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 staled by other men, Begin his fashion: do not talk of him, But as a 5 property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things; Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers: we must straight make head; Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd, [out; 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 lay'd about with many enemies:  

1 "Damn," i. e., condemn.—  

2 "As a property," i. e., as a thing quite at our disposal.
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them. 

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? Is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Cassius is come to do you salutation from his master. [PINDARUS gives a Letter to Brutus.

Bru. 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.

Pit. I do not doubt, But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius: How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd. 

Luc. With courtesy and with respect enough; But not with so familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath used of old.

Bru. 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? [ter'd: 

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along. 

Within. Stand. Within. Stand. 

Within. Stand. [One after the other, and fainter. 

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong! I mine enemies! And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of your hildes wrongs; And when you do them—

Bru. 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.

Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground.

Bru. 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. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of Brutus. 

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it. Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. 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.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet That every base offence should bear his comment. 

Bru. 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.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or by the gods this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, And chastisement does therefore hide his head. 

Cas. Chastisement! [ber.

Bru. Remember March, the icles of March remem-

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' 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 show the mighty space of our large honors, For so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me, I'll not endure it: you forget yourself, To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, Older in practice, ablter than yourself To make such conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself: Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man! 

Cas. Let possible? 

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak. 

Must I give way and room to your rash cholera? Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares? 

Cas. 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 humor? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are wapish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. 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 older men.

Cas. You wrong me every way: you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an older soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Cas. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted 

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For you life you durst not.

* Nice here is simple; silly.—** "To hedge me in," i. e., to limit my authority.—*** "To make conditions," I. e., to know how to confer offices at my disposal.
Scene III.

Julius Caesar.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. 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 base 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 runters from his friends, Be really, gods, with all your thunderbolts Do him to pieces! I denied you not.
Cas. Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool, That brought me this answer. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me. Cas. You love me not.
Bru. Cas. I do not like your faults.
Bru. A friendly eye could never see such faults. Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they'd did app As huge as high Olympus. [Exit Brutus. Cass. And Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is a coward of the world: Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother; Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd, Set in a note-book, learn'd, and cou'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 thou hast be'st a Roman, take it forth; If, that denied thee gold will give my heart. Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know, When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovest him Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [Better Luc. Well. Brutus, sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be honor.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a hump, 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.
Cas. O Brutus! —
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humor, which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, When you are ever-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [Noise within.

Poet. Let me go in to see the generals. There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.
Cas. How now! What's the matter? [mean?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you Love, and be friends, as two such men should be, For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye. Cas. Ha, hat! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence. Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion. Brutus. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time. What should the wars do with these juggling fools? *Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away! be gone. [Exit Poet.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. [you, Come, Cassius, and come yourselves, and bring Messala with Immediately to us. [Exit Lucilius and Titinius. Luc. Lucius, 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 scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? — O, insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence, And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony, Have made thou them too strong; — for with her death That taking came. — With this she fell distast, And, her attendants absent, swallowed'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O, ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Topers.
Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks. Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell 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.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.

*Companion was formerly a term of contempt; as we say at present fellow!
Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily! Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd. Call Claudius, and some other of my men; I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

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. [pleasure.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs: it may be, I shall otherwise bethink me. Look, Lucius, here is 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 forget- canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, [ful. And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't 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 might: 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.

Luc. Lay'st thou thy head? [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 paper bears — what! who comes here? I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes 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 vanishest; Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. — Boy! Lucius — 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.

[End.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thee so criedst —

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. —Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou: awake!  
Var. My lord.  
Cass. My lord.  
Brut. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?  
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?  
Brut. Ay: saw you any thing?  
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.  
Clau. Nor I, my lord.  
Brut. 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.  
[Exeunt.

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.  
Ant. 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, Titiarius, Messala, and others.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.  
Cass. Stand fast, Titiarius: we must out and talk.  
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?  
Ant. No, Cassar, 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, countrypeople?  
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.  
Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes,  
Octavius.  
[Octavius.

Octavius:  
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good  
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 stingless, too.  
Brut. O! yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stole their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.  
Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile  
Daggers Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:

"To warn," i. e., to summon.

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's foot;  
While dammed Cassar, like a cur, behind  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O, you flattlers!  
Cas. Flatters!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.  
[Swear.  
Oct. Come, come, the cause! if arguing make us  
The proof of it will turn to rider 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 9 word of traitor.  
Brut. Cassar, 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 kind,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honorable.  
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,  
Joind with a masker and a reveller.  
Ant. Old Cassar 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.  
[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.  
Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell bilow, and  
Swim back!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.  
Brut. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.  
Luc. My lord.  
[Cassar, Lucilius talk apart.  
Cas. Messala!  
Mess. What says my general?  
Cas. Messala,  
This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassar 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 presage.  
Coming from my Sardis, from my Propontis sign  
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consort 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.  
Mess. 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

― "Strain," i. e., race; family.— Friends.
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,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Throughout the streets of Rome?  
[man,  
Bru. No, Cassius; no: think not, thou noble Ro.  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind: but this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March began,  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.  
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.  
Bru.: Why then, lead on,—O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.  
Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.  
Bru. Ride, ride, Messal(a, 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 demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messal(a: 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 far off.  
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?  
Tit. They are, my lord.  
Cas.  
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 rest assur'd,  
Whether yond'rs 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.—  
[Exit Pindarus.  
This day I breathed first; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end:  
*To prevent here means to anticipate.—bThrough.

My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?  
Pin. [Above.] O my lords!  
Cas. What news?  
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—  
Yet he is not;—now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius!—now some light!—O! he 'lights too:—  
He's ta'en: 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!  
[Enter Pindarus.  
Come hither, sirrah.  
In Furtin did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I bid thee do,  
[cloth: Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
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.—Cassius, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.  
[Dies Pindarus. 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 Messal(a.  
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.  
Mes. All disconsolate,  
With Titinius, 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.  
Mes. No, this was he, Messal(a,  
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 evanenom'd,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this sight.  
Tit.  
Mes. He, you, Messal(a,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.  
[Exit Messal(a.  
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  
*Sirrah was the usual address in speaking to servants and children.
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. —[Die.]  
Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.  
Brutus. Where, where, Messalla, doth his body lie? Mess. Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it. Brutus. Titinius' face is upward. Cato. He is slain. Brutus. O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet: Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarums. Cato. Brave Titinius! Look, where he have not crown'd dead Cassius! Brutus. 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 Thessalon send his body: His funerals shall not be in our camp, lest It discomfort 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.  
Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads. [Exeunt, charging the Enemy. 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. Brutus. 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 Brutus, And may'st be honor'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 honor'd in his death. 1 Sold. We meet 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 whe're Brutus be alive, or dead; And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent, How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.  
SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.  
Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius.  
Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain. Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: saying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [Whispering. Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world. Brutus. Peace then: no words. Clitus. Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers him. Dard. Shall I do such a deed? Clitus. O, Dardanius! Dard. O, Clitus! Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee? Dard. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates. Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes. Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word. Vol. What says my lord? Brutus. 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. Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Low Alarums. 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 no an office for a friend, my lord. [Shaking hands severely. 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 labor'd to attain this hour. [Alarums. Cry within! Fly, fly, fly! Clitus. Fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here. Brutus. Farewell to you:—and you;—and you, Volumnius.— [Shaking hands severely. 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 labor'd to attain this hour. Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord. Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now he 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?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala: The conquerers can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honor 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 * them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will b prefer me to you.

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* "Will entertain them," i.e., will receive them into my service.—b "Prefer," i.e., recommend.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mess. How died my master, Strato?
Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mess. 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 Cæsar; He, only, in a generous honest thought Of 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 honorably.—
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.
Donaldain, Generals of his Army.
Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, Lenox, Rosse, Lenox, Macduff.
Meneth, Angus, Cathness, Fleance, Son to Banquo.

Thanes of Scotland.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
Young Siward, his Son.
Setton, an Officer attending Macbeth. Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.


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, When the battle's lost and won. 3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun. 1 Witch. Where the place? 2 Witch. Upon the heath: 3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth. 1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin! All. *Paddock calls:—Anon. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

* Paddock was the name for a toad or a frog.

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.

SCENE II.—A Camp near Fores.

1 Sennet within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donaldain, 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 chose their art. The merciless Maccowald
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
*Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied; And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's scourge; but all's too weak; For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name) Diadaining fortune, with his brandished steed, Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valour's minion, carr'd out his passage, Till he face'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor hate farewell to him, Till he passe'd him from the wave to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. Q, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunder break,
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark: No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,
Curnell'd these slipping Kernes to trust their heels, But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Maccbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes; As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say 4 scooth, 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 4 Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. [wounds: Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
Thy smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.
[Exit Soldier, attended.

Enter Rosse and Angus.
Who comes here?
Mal.
Len. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look, that 2 comes to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence came'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norwegian banners 3bout 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 tridegrem, lapp'd in 2proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm against arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us:—
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves 3 composition; Nor would we deign him burial of his men, Till he disbarred at St. Colines' Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Of is used here for wed. — Kernes and Gallowglasses were light and heavy armed infantry. — show'd like a rebel's where, i.e., deceived him. — Truth. — That is, make another Golgotha as memorable as the first. — to. I.e., wrote. — defy. — Bellona's bridgemen, i.e., Macbeth. — Lapp'd in proof, i.e., defended by armor of proof. — Confronted him with self-comparisons, i.e., gave him as good as he brought. — Composition, i.e., a treaty of peace. — Saint Colines' Inch was a small island in the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh.

Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present And with his former title greet Macbeth. [Death,
Rosse, I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.

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 mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd:—
"Give me," quoth I:—
"A rosein thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries. Her husband's to Allepo gone, master o' the Tiger: But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1 Witch. Thou art kind.
3 Witch. And I another.
1 Witch. I myself have all the other; And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I the shipman's card 2 to show. I'll drain him dry as day:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day, Hang upon his pest-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:\ Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd:—
Look what I have,
2 Witch. Show me, show me.
1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.
3 Witch. A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The 4 weird sisters, hand in hand,
Postel 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 Maccbeth and Banquo.
Macc. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? — What are these So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are not? Live you? or are you aught That man may question? You seem to understand me By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips. You should be women, And yet your heads forbid me to interpret That you are so.

Macc. Speak, if you can.—What are you?
1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis! — [of Cawdor! 2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
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 mean the truth, Are ye fantastics, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? — My noble partner

——— "Acrisium," i.e., Avant.— "Rump-fed ronyon," i.e., scurry woman, fed on offal.— "The shipman's card" is the seaman's book.— "Forsbid," i.e., bewitched; charmed.
"A Weird," i.e., prophetic.— "Fantastic," i.e., creatures of fantasy.
SCENE IV.

MACBETH.

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 favors, 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 bubbled, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanished?
Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal,
melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!
Was there such things here?—no, 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: wont it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross, and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' flight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing 'tis the rest of the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as 'tis
Came post with post; and every one did bear
The praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
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?—[dress me

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet; but
Under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not; but treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,

Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glownia, 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, trusted home,
Might yet entangle you unto the crown.
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trible, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. [Aside.] I thank you, gentlemen.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my beatéd heart knout 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 sooner dier in reverse, and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rant.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
May crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But 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 your favor: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred, when 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 weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Tell then, enough.—Come, friends.

SCENE IV.—Fore's. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor; or not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege, they are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implied his highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studi'd in his death.

4 "Having," i.e., fortune; estates.—"the insane root" was probably hawk's.—"As thick as tale," i.e., as fast as they could be counted.

4 Temptation.—"Seated," i.e., firmly fixed.

4 "Function is smother'd in suspense," i.e., the powers of action are oppressed by conjecture. —"The interim having weigh'd it," i.e., you having weigh'd it in the interim.

4 "studied in his death," i.e., well instructed in the art of dying.
To throw away the dearest thing he *ow'd,  
As 'were a careless trifle.       

Dan. 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 hast less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been more! only I have left to say,  
More is the due 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 honor.  

Dan. Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast less no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.        

Dan. There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.  

Dan. My plenteous joys,  
With thee 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 honor must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But this aymonization, like stars, shall shine  
On all our daughters.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.  

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.  

Dan. My worthy Cawdor!  

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'ercleap. [Aside.  
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; and yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.  

Exit.  

Dan. 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 burn'd in desire to question them farther,  
They made themselves air, into which they vanished.  
With that I stood rapt in the wonder of it,  
Some mis-sives from the king, who all-lau'd me, 'Thane of Cawdor:'  
by which title, before, these weird sisters soluted me,  
and referred me to the coming on of  

time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!'  
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,  
that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.  
Lay it to thy heart, and fanwelk.  

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promisd.—Yet do I 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 would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
[It]:  
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone.'  
Hee the hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which hate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.—  

Enter an Attendant.  

What is your tidings?  

Attent. The king comes here to-night.  

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him?  
Who, want'st not,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.  

Ing. Attent. So please you, it is true:  
our thame is 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 brings 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, unsex 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 it.  
Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief.  
Come, thick night,  
And h' all thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blindness of the dark,  
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'——  

Enter Macbeth.  

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  

They 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 hence?  

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.  

Lady M. Q! 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,  

"The golden round," i. e. the diadem.—"Metaphysi-  
cal," i. e. supernatural.—"To have thee crown'd," i. e.  
to desire to have thee crown'd.—"Mortal," i. e. deadly.—  
"Full thee," i. e. wrap thee.—"This ignorant present,"  
i. e. the present time, which is ignorant of the future.  

* Owned; possessed. — * The perfectest report," i. e., the  
best intelligence.— * Miseree," i. e., messengers.
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 dispatch,
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 favor ever is to fear.

[Exeunt.

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 lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woefully here: no juyfe, frieze,
Buttress, nor colgne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they much breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
Where is the delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honor'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 your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors 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 thame of Cawdor? We cou'd's 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 holp 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 & compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage, a Sever, and divers Servants with dishes
and service. Then, enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; but that this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here: that we but teach
Biody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: 'tis 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
Vaulting 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. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:
He hath honor'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 wakes 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 valor,
As thou art in desire? Would'st 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 boast was't, then,
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 mislike, 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 senseless 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,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundsly invite him) his two chamberlains

*Favor is countenance.—"Seat," i. e., situation.—"Coigne of vantage," i. e., convenient corner.—"To bid, here, means
to press," i. e., God reward us.—"Hermits," i. e., chambermen.—"To compt," i. e., subject to account.—A Sever was a servant whose office it was to place dishes on the table.—Surcease is cessation.

**"Sightless couriers of the air," i. e., the invisible winds.

"The adage was; "The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her foot."—"Adhere," i. e., adhere.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take’t, ’tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There’s a husbandman 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:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largesses to your offices.

This diamond he gives to 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 free have wrought.

Ban. All’s well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show’d some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entertain an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind’st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when

It shall make honor for you. [Tis,

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom fruiclis’d, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsel’d.

Macb. Good repose, the while.

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exeunt 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, [thee:—

The handle toward my hand? I come, let me clutch

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall’st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still:

And on thy blate, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There’s no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now of the one half world

Nature seems mark’d; and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain’d 1 sleeper: witchcraft celebrates

Palo Hecate’s offerings: and with’rd murder,

Alarum’d by his sentinel the wolf,

Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy nameless fear to hear me, and to mock

The present horror from the time,

Which now suits with.—Whilest I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[Alarum.

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath

Made me bold:

What though she be mad, the mad have given me fire,—

Hark! Peace!—

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 surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg’d

their possetts,

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 ’tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

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?—[cry.

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets

Did not you speak?
Macb. When 1
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended? 
Lady M. Ay. 
Macb. Hark!— Who lies in the second chamber? 
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "murder!"
[them: That they did wake each other: I stood and heard 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 up my fear, I could not say amen, When they did say God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could I not pronounce amen? I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After this 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 ravel'd sleeve 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?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glimhis 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 seem a noble strength, to think
So brainlessly 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'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Inform of purpose!
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.
Macb. [Exit.—Knocking within.]
Whence is that knocking?— How is't with me, when every noise appals 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 color; 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:
As for as if—That is, listening to their fear. —Sleeve is unwrought silk, sometimes floss silk. —To incarnadine is to
stain of a red color.

How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[Knock.] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, twere best not know myself.
[Knock.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would thou couldst!]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]

Porter. 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? — the name of Beelzebub?—Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have 'mimpkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] 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 the world might lose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Amen, amen: I pray you, re-
member the porter.

[Open the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Por. 'Faith, sir, we were enrousing till the second 
cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three 
things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially 
provoke?

Por. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.

Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprockes: it 
provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.

Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivoc-
ator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him:
it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades
him, and disinherits him; makes him stand to, and
not stand to in conclusion, equivocates him a-sleep, and,
giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Por. That it did, sir; I the very throat on me:
but I required him for his lie; and, I think, being
too strong for him, though he took up my legs some-
time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth, *in his night-gown.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macd. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slip'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

* * Old," 1. e., frequent.— [Handlerchefs.— "Till the second cock," 1. e., till three o'clock.
MACBETH.

[Scene II. Enter Macduff.

Macb. The labor we delight in * physicks pain.

This is the door.

Macb. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my * limited service. [Exit Macduff.

Len. Does the king hence to-day?

Macb. 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 screams of
And prophesying with accents terrible [death,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff. Macb. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
Cannot conceive, nor name thee. [heart.

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macb. 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.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty? [sight

Macb. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
With a new Gorgon. —Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves. —Awake! awake!—

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the alarm-bell! —Murther, and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this doowy 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! 

Macb. O, gentile lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter Banquo, 'tis unready.

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

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
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macb. Your royal father's murder'd.

---

Macb. O! by whom? 

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.
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 them.

Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macb. 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-run the pauser reason. —Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breach'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macb. 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 Macbeth 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 further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'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.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
[them: Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, l: 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.

This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leaving-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 Rossie and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night

* "Breech'd with gore," i.e., covered with blood to the knees. — That is, "When we have clothed our half-dressed bodies."— " Pretence," i.e., design; intention. — Macbeth was nearest in blood to the two princes, being the couns-

german of Duncan.
SCENE I.  MACBETH.  727

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.
Let night's predominance, or the day's slumber,
That darkness does the face of earth contam,
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 hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse.  And Duncan's horses (a thing more strange
and certain)
Beautious and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M.  'Tis said, they ate each other.
Rosse.  They did so; to this monument 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.  Isn't known who did this more than bloody
Macb.  Those that Macbeth hath slain.
[Deed]
Rosse.  Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macb.  They were subdued.
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are still away and fle'd; which put up on them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse.  'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then, 'tis 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 Culme-hill;
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.  Will I, will thither.
Macb.  Well, may you see things well done there—
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.—Forees.  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,
Why not they be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope?  But,lush! no more.

"Towering in her pride of place," i.e., soaring to the highest pitch.—Intend; design.
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there? 

Macb. I.e., We., Things we always how and though, may, might, Banquo, As the shoughs, 2 and charm-dogs, 2 called. The raised file is the descriptive list. 3 Addition, I.e., description. 4 "Bloodly distemper" is moral calamity.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together? 1 Mfr. 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, which held you So under fortune; which, you thought, had been Our innocent self. This I made good to you In our conference; pass'd in contention with you, How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments; 2 might, Who wrought with them; and all things else, That to half a soul, and to a notion craz'd, Say, "Thus did Banquo." 1 Mfr. 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 gospell'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 Mfr. We are men, my liege. Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men, As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, 2 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped 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, wherein he does receive Particular addition, from the 1 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 you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect. 2 Mfr. I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffetts of the world Have so incend'd, that I am reekless what I do to spoile the world. 1 Mfr. And I another, So insulted with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it, or be rid on. Macb. Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy. 2 Mfr. True, my lord. Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance, That every minute of his being throst 2 in every jot of life. And though I could With bare face'd power sweep him from my sight, And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and mine, Whose love I may not drop, but wait his fall Whom I myself struck down: and thence is, That to your assistance do make love, Must from the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons. 2 Mfr. We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us. 1 Mfr. Though our lives—Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most, I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, 3 o' the time, The moment on't; for'st must be done to-night, And something from the palame; always thought, That I require a clearerness: and with him, (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work) Furnace 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 Mfr. We are resolv'd, my lord. Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. 3 [Exeunt Murderers.] It is 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. Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court? Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night. Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his pleasure For a few words. Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit. Lady M. Now's his'ead, all's spent, When our desire is got without content: 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. Enter Macbeth. How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone, Of 1 sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without remedy, Should be without regard: what's done, is done. Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it: She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the eternal frame of things disjoint, Both the world suffer, Ere we will eat our meat in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams, That shake us nightly, Better be with the dead, Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him farther! Lady M. Come on: Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial o' th' home of your guests to-night. Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance apply to Banquo: Present him 4 eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honors In these flattering streams, and make our faces Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are. Lady M. You must leave this. Macb. O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife. Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live. Lady M. But in them nature's 5 copy's not eternal. Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable: 2 "That I require a clearness," i.e., that I must stand clear of suspicion. 6 "Sorriest," i.e., most melancholy. 7 "Agony," 2 "Present him eminence," i.e., do him the highest honor. 2 "Nature's copy's not eternal," i.e., the lease by which they hold their lives is not eternal.
SCENE IV.

MACBETH.

Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown His clatter'd flight; ere to black Hecate’s summons
The shard-born beetle, with his drossy bunns,
Hath rung night’s yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What’s to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest ch拙.
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, basking night,
Scarce up the tender eye of piffling day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cowl’d and tear to pieces, that great bond [crom
Which keeps me pale.—Light thickens; and the
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to drop and drowse,
Whilest night’s black agents to their prey’s do rouse.
Thou marvell’st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, p’rythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a road
leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Murr. But who did bid thee join with us?
3 Murr. Macbeth.
2 Murr. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
our offices, and what we have to do,
To thy direction just.

1 Murr. 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.

2 Murr. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!
2 Murr. Then, ’tis he: the rest,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are ’t the court.

3 Murr. His horses go about.
3 Murr. 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 Murr. A light, a light!
3 Murr. Tis he.

1 Murr. Stand to’t.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Murr. Let it come down. [Strikes Banquo.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly! Thou may’st revenge.—O slave!

3 Murr. Who did strike out the light?
1 Murr. Was’t not the way?
3 Murr. There’s but one down: the son is fled.
2 Murr. We have lost best half of our affiar.
1 Murr. Well, let’s away, and say how much is
done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Ma-
cbeth, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down:
And lost the hearty welcome. [at first
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.3

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts’
thanks.
Both sides are even: here I’ll sit i’ 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.

Murr. ‘Tis Banquo’s then.

Macb. ‘Tis better thee without, than I him within.
Is he dispatch’d?

Murr. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of the cut throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Murr. Most royal sir, Fleance is ‘scap’d.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect.
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the curst air;
But now, I am cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo’s safe?

Murr. 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 fed,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We’ll hear ourselves again.

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 rememberer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Len. May it please your highness sit? 4

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth’s place.

Macb. Here had we now our country’s honor roof’d,
Were the grace’d person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance?

Ross. 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.

[Pointing 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 Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. 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.

*"The shard-born beetle," i. e., the beetle born in the air by its shards or scaly wings.—*"Scouring," i. e., blind-
ing.—*"Light thickens," i. e., it is growing dark.—*"That are within the note of expectation," i. e., who are set down in the list of guests expected to supper.

*"Her state," i. e., her chair of state.—*"Extend his passion," i. e., prolong his fit.
Macbeth. 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.

Author'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool. [say you? —

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
Why, what care I? If thou coust nod, 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. What! quite unnerved in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie! for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, 'tis old
Ere human statute parged the gentle weal; 
[tine, 

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
[all; To those that know me. Come, love and health to
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 be 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 narrowless, 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: it is 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 4 Hyraen 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 displeas'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

A Macb. Can such things be,
And ever come 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.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse
and worse;

Question enranges 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! [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;

Augurs, and understood 2 relations, have 
forth
By 2 magot-pies, and ehangs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

[person

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I bear 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
Stooped 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 act'd ere they may be 3ca'md.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: [labes
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 an-

gerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Stuffy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;

And, I, the mistress of your charms,
The close 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 wanton; 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 1 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 noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop 2 profound;

Augurs for auguries.—1 Understood relations, i. e.,
connected circumstances relating to the crime.—Auguries. —
2 How say'st thou, i. e., What say'st thou to this cir-
cumstance? — 1st Scorn'd, i. e., nicely examined.— 2 A
vaporous drop profound, i. e., a drop that has deep or hid-
en qualities.
SCENE I.-MACBETH.

"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 spin fate, soon death, and hear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear; And, you all know, security Is mortals' 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 none. [Exit HECATE."

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [Exit 2 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, Duncan Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Was pitted of Macbeth:—mourn, he was dead; And the right-vailant 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. Whom cannot want the thought, the monstrous It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain, To kill their gracious father! damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight, In pious rage the two delinquent's tear, That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep? Was not that nobly done! Ay, and wisely, too; For 'twould have anger'd my 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 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, [Said 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 malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect. Thus 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, to sleep to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage, and receive free honors, All which we pise for now. And this report Hath so excasperate 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." [Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England, and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand occurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.-A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper cries.—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw. Toad, that under cold stone, Days and nights has thirty-one Sweeter'd venom sleeping got Boil thou first 't the charmed pot. All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake: Eye of newt, and toe of frog, Wool of bat, and tongue of dog, Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-broth boil and bubble. All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf; Witches' mummy, maw, and gulf Of the 2 ravin'd salt-sea shark; Root of hemlock, digg'd I the dark; Liver of blaspheming Jew; Gall of goat, and slips of yew Silver'd in the moon's eclipse; Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips; Finger of birth-strangled babe, Ditch-deliver'd by a draught, Make the gruel thick and slat: Add thereto a tiger's 3 chauldron, For the ingredients of our cauldron. All. Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood; Then the charm is firm and good. Enter HECATE, and other Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains, And every one shall share 't the gains. And now about the cauldron sing, Like elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in. [Music. All. Black spirits, &c. Exeunt HECATE.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes. [Knocking. Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight What is't you do? [hags! All. A deed without a name. Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me: Though you unto the winds, and let them fight Against the churches; though the petty waves..."
MACBETH.

ACT IV.

Confound and swallow navigation up; [down; Though sliedead "oorn be lodg'd, and trees blown 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 germs 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 'st rather hear it from our mouths, Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Witch. Pour in sowe's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten From the murderer's gibbet, throw Into the flame.

All. Come high, or low; Thyself, and office, defly show.

Thunder. 1 Apparition, an armed Head. Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

2 Witch. He knows thy thought.

Macb. What' er thou art, for thy good pleasure thanks: [Descends.

Thou hast 4 harp'd my fear aright.—But one word I Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's an—

More potent than the first. [other.

Thunder. 2 Apparition, a bloody Child.

App. Macb! 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, Macbeth: what need I fear of But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [thee? And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; That I may tell pale-heart'd 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 bears upon his lady braw the round And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care Who makes, who frets, or where conspirers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until 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-piec'd Macbeth Shall live the lense 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: done me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,— Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this! [The cauldron descends. Hantuysoud.

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's first and last, with a Glass in his Hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down! Thou art the slave of fear:—Shame!—Thou art the slave of fear:—Shame!—Thou art better to have seen me die than to have killed me. Macb. Thou hast seen me; and I am more than ever I was;—I will to-night kill thee, and be damn'd. Macb. Let us所有 the property of Macbeth:—I will to-night kill thee, and be damn'd.

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer us 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.


Macb. Where are they? Gone!—Let this pernicious hour Stand aye assured 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. Infecciected 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. His two or three, my lord, that bring you Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticip'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, [done: To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That track 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 II.—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 Rosse. You must have patience, madam. [Land! L. Macd. He had none:

"Blood-bolted," i. e., besmeared with blood.— 2 Spirits. 2. "Anticip'st," i. e., prevented, by taking away the opportunity.— *Trace,* i. e., follow; succeed.
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. [babbles.

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 of the season. I dare not speak much farther:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not *know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, But flout 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'dst never fear the net, 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 wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any mar.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again. [ket.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet is 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.
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 swearees are fools; for there are liars and swearees enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known, Though in your state of honor 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 fell 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 sometimeAccounted dangerous folly: why then, alas! Do I put up that wonnily defense, To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murders.

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.
Mur. What, you egg! [Slabb'ng him.
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 Weep our sad bosoms empty.

[there

Maced. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestrade our down-fall'n 6 birthdown. Each new morn New widows bawl, new orphans cry; new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and ye'd out Like syllable of color.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wait; What I 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 blusters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may deserve of him through me, and *wisdom To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

Maced. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil [don: In an imperial *charge. But I shall crave your par- That which you are my thoughts cannot transpasse; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, Yet grace must still look so.

Maced. I have lost my hopes. Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts. Why in that rawness left you wife, and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

* That is, 'I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.'—
* Birthday,' I. e., the place of our birth.— * To friend,' i. e., to befriend.— * Wisdom,' I. e., wisdom it is.— * In an imperial charge,' I. e., in the execution of a royal commission.
Let not my jealousies be your dishonor,
But mine own safety: you may be rightly just,
Whenever I shall think.

**Mac.** Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, [wrongs;
For goodness dures not check thee! wear thou thy Thine titles are affcr'd!—Pare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

**Mac.** 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 there
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 bloody ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

**Mac.** 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
Extends him as a helm, being compar'd
With my confinless harms.

**Mac.** 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, smacking 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.

**Mac.** Boundless intertemperate
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 hoardly.
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.

**Mal.** With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other house's
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

**Mac.** This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with thore perecious root,
Than summer-seeming last; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath poison to fill up your will,
Of your own mere. All these are portable

*With other graces weigh'd.*

**Mal.** But I love none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stedfastness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
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.

**Mac.** O Scotland, Scotland!
**Mal.** If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

**Mac.** Fit to govern?
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an unmitigated, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands uncertain,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Would have deni'd all kings: the queen, that bore thee,
O'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.

**Mac.** Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, bath from my soul
Wipe these black spots, resolve'd to lay my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. 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
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The tainted and blames laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely 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 that 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 goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?
**Mac.** Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

**Once, Enter a Doctor.**

**Mal.** Well: more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

**Dox.** Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of heart; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

**Mal.** I thank you, doctor.

**Exeunt Doctor.**

**Mac.** What's the disease he means?

**Mal.** Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All awon and ulcers, pitiful to the eye,

*From over-credulous haste,* i.e., from over-hasty credulity.*—*Convincing,* i.e., overcomes.
The mere despair of surgery, he curst;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and his 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.  

Macd.  

Rosse.  

Macd.  

Soc, who comes here!  
Rosse.  

Macd. My countryman; but yet I know him not.  
Rosse. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.  
Macd. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers!  
Rosse.  

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?  
Rosse.  

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call’d our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
But many knoweth 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  
[These are scarce ask’d, for whom; and good men’s  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.  
Macd.  

Rosse.  

Macd.  

Rosse.  

Almost too, and yet too true!  
Rosse.  

Macd. How does my wife?  
Rosse.  

Macd. Why, well.  
Rosse.  

Macd. And all my children?  
Rosse.  

Macd. Well, too.  
Rosse.  

Macd. The tyrant has not bated’r at their peace!  
Rosse.  

Macd. No; they were well, at peace, when I did  
leave them.  
Rosse.  

Macd. Be not a niggar of your speech: how goes  
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tides,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor  
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 d’off their dire distresses.  
Macd.  

Rosse.  

Do be their comfort!  
Rosse.  

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.  

Macd. Would I could answer  
Rosse. This comfort with the like! But, I have words,  
That would be howl’d out in the desert air  
Where hearing should not catch them.  
Rosse.  

Macd. What concern they?  
Rosse.  

Macd. The general cause, or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?  
Rosse.  

Macd. No mind that’s honest  
Rosse.  

Macd. But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.  
Rosse.  

Macd. If it be mine,  
Rosse.  

Macd. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,  
That ever yet they heard.  
Rosse.  

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.  

Rosse. Your castle is surpris’d; your wife, and  
Savagely slaughter’d: to relate the manner  
Were, on the 4 quarrie of those murder’d deer,  
To add the death of you.  
Macd.  

Rosse.  

Macd. Merciful heaven!—  
What, man! ne’er pull your last upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o’erwaft heart, and bids it break.  
Macd. My children too!  
Rosse.  

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.  
Macd.  

Rosse.  

Macd. And must I be from thence!  
My wife kill’d too?  
Rosse.  

Macd. Be comforted:  
Let’s make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure his deadly grief.  
Macd.  

Rosse. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?  
Macd. Dispute it like a man.  
Macd.  

Rosse. I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it like a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!  
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!  
Macd. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Couvert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
Macd. Of! I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And bragget with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword’s length set him; if he’scope,  
Heaven forgive him too!  
Macd.  

Rosse. This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above may;  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
The night is long that never finds the day.  
[Exeunt.  

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 to bed; yet all this while in a most  
fast sleep.  
Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at  
one time the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of  
watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking  
and other actual performances, what at any time have  
you heard her say?  

* The "golden stamp" was the coin called an angel.  
* A modern ecstasy.  
* A common grief.  
* Put off.  
* A fee-grief.  
* A grief that has but a single owner.  

The quarry is the heap of game after it is killed.— "Dispute it," l. e., contend with your sorrow.— "Put on their instruments," l. e., thrust at, their instruments, forward against the tyrant."
Macbeth.  

Enter, with Drum and Colors, 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 2 mortified man.  

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.  

Cath. Who knows, if Domibain be with his brother?  

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward’s son, And many 3 young youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.  

Menteith. What does the tyrant?  

Cath. Great Dunsiyne he strongly fortifies, Some say, he’s mad: others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper’d 4 course Within the belt of rule.  

Ang. 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 5 there?  

Cath. Well; march we on, To go in obedience where ‘tis truly ow’d: Meet we the 4 medicine of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country’s purge, Each drop of us.  

Len. Or so much as it needs To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.  

[Exit, marching.  

Scene II.—The Country near Dunsiyne.  

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.  

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsiyne, I cannot taint with fear. What’s the boy Malcolm? Was he nor born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: —“ Fear not, Macbeth; no man’s born of woman Shall ever have power upon thee.”—Then fly, false And mingle with the English epicures: [thanes, The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.  

Enter a Serjeant.  

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac’d 1 lout! Where goest thou that goose look?  

Serv. There is ten thousand—  

Macbeth. Goece, villain!  

Serv. Soldiers, sir.  

Macbeth. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy face, Thou lily-liver’d boy. What soldiers, 2 patch? Death of thy soul! those lichen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whie-faces?  

1 By the mortified man is meant a religious man.—That is, 2 When all the faculties of his mind are employed in self-condemnation,—By the medicine is here meant the physi 3 A bon is a base fellow.—Patch was an appellation of contempt.—4 Are counsellors to fear,—i. e., they infect others.
MACBETH.

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy free hence.—[Exit Serv.] Sey-
ton—! I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will I chair me ever, or dissect me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my 3May of life
Is full'in the ear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
Give me my armor. [Hack'd.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, 4skirt the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Causeth 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 oblivious antidote
Cleanse the soul's bosom of that perilous 4grief,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Thyself.

Macb. Therein the patient
Must minister 5unto himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armor on; give me my stuff—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thames fly from me.—
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The 6water 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 rubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearst thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.

Doct. 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 Colors, Malcolm, old Si-
ward, and his Son, Macduff, Menteith,
Cathness, Angus, Lennox, Rosse, and Soldiers
marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Mett. We doubt it nothing.

Sic. What wood is this before us?

Mett. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And heart before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sic. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be 6gotten,
Both more and 7less 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 on
Industrious soldiery.

Sic. 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 8arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colors, Macbeth, Seyton,
and Soldiers.

Mal. 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 7far'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darestful, heard to hear,
[A Cry within, of Women.

And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of a 9fear.
The time has been, my senses would have 11qual'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my 7fell of hair
Would at a dismal tristeous rouse, and stir,
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mal. She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I 13should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Mal. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Mal. Liar, and slave!

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.

*Scour.* 7To cast the water was the empirical phrase for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

**Both more and less.** I. e., both high and low; those of all ranks. 4Arbitrate. 6I. e., determine. 7Pell is skin, and here means the hairy scalp.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false, upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till some one, as thinking thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—I'll pull in resolution; and begin.
To doubt th' equivocation of the seer;
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunstable."—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunstable.—Arm, arm, and out!—If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'll be a weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell!— Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we'll die with b harness on our back. 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The same. A plain before the castle.

Enter, with drums and colors, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c., and their army with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle, shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siev. Fare you well,—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [All breath,
Macb. Make all our trumpets speak: give them
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[Exeunt. Alarums continued.

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
I am 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
Then any is in hell. [name.
Macb. My name's Macbeth. [Title
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword

[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. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hid to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sic. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sic. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Sic. 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.

Mai. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sic. He's worth no more:
Theysay, 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 your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor 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 snare 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. Exeunt.

* "Thy kingdom's pearl,” i. e., thy kingdom’s ornament.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATICIS 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.
Voltemand, Cornelius, Courtiers.
Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Osrick, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.

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?

Marcellus, Officers.

Bernardo, Officers.

Francisco, a Soldier.

Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.

A Captain, Ambassadors.

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.

SCENE, Elsinore.

Fran. Bernardo, 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 Horatio? Friends to this ground. [there!]

Mar. And liegemen 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?

* "Rivals," i. e., partners; colleagues.— * "Liegemen," i. e., subjects.
Hor. A piece of him. [Jus.
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 fantasy, And he will not let belief take hold of him, Touching this dreadful sight twice seen of us: Therefore, I have entreated 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! 'twill not appear.
Let us sit down while; and let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down, and let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all, When 'twas yond'some star, that's westward from the pole, Had made his course 'illume that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself, The bell then beating one,— [again! Mar. Pence! break thee off: look, where it comes
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 harrows me with fear, And Ber. It would be spoke to.
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Exit Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer. [pale.
Ber. Horatio! you tremble, and look Is not this something more than fantasy? What think you on't? Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe, Without the sensible and true [avouch Of mine own eyes. Mar. Is it not like the king? Hor. As thou art to thyself. Such was the very armor he had on, When he th' ambitious Norway combatt: So frownd he once, when, in an angry parle, He smote the stedled y'Polacks on the ice. 'Tis strange. [hour.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and 'tis jump at this dead With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. Hor. In what particular thought to 'work, I know But in the gross and scope of mine opinion, [not; This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that knows, Why this same strict and most observant watch So nightly tells the subject of the land? And why such daily cast of brazzen cannon, And foreign mart for implements of war? Why such 'impress of shipwrights, whose sore task Does not divide the Sunday from the week? What might be 'toward, that this swipe last

Doth make the night joint laborer with the day? Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I; At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, Whose image even but now appear'd us, Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway, Thereto pricked on by a most emulous pride, Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet (For so this side of our known world esteem'd him) Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a soul'd compact, Well ratified by law and heraldry, Did forfeit with his life all those his lands, Which he had good seid of, to the true conqueror: Against the which, a moiety competant Was kag'd by our king; which had return'd To the inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same design'd, And carriage of the article design'd, His fell to Hamlet. Now, sit, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved meta hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, [梭'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise That hath a stomach in't: which is no other (As it doth well appear unto our state) But to recover of us, by strong hand And terms compulsive, those foresaid lands So by his father lost. And this, I take it, Is the main motive of our preparations, The source of this our watch, and the chief head Of this post haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but 'tis so: Well may it sort, that this portentous figure Comes armed through our watch; so like the king That was, and is, the question of these wars. Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye, In the most high and palmy state of Rome, A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, The graves stood tomantless, and the sheeted 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 murdered Neptune's empire stands, Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse: And even the like precise of fierce events— As harbingers preceding still the fates, And prologue to the omen coming— 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 ease, and grace to me, Speak to me: If thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which happily foreknowing may avoid, O speak, or,
Or, if thou hast upbraided in thy life Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, [Crowe.

1 a moity competent, l. e., a sufficient portion.—
2 Gaged, i. e., pledged.— 4 Co-mart, i. e., covenant; bargain.— — Carriage of the article design'd, l. e., fulfillment of the treaty expressed.— 7 Unimproved mettle, l. e., uninjured courage.— 8 A starr'd, i. e., star'd up.— 9 A starr, l. e., a determined purpose.— 10 A rommage, l. e., ramrage; ransack.— 11 Sort, l. e., suit; fall in with the idea of.— 12 Question, i. e., subject.— 13 Palmy, l. e., prosperous.— 14 The most star, l. e., the moon.— The omen is put here for the predicted event.
HAMLET, and

ACT I.

Speak of it: stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my 4 partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. Tis here! Tis here! [Exit Ghost.

Hor. Mar. Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our blow vails 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,
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 berring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made 1 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,
The spirit of dumb锻s with such delight
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy 2 takes, nor witch hath power to harm,
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 yond 3 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 this I morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

1 Scenet. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polo-

nius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and
Attendants. 2 The King takes his Seat.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
The memory be green, and that it us befitted [death
To 3 bathe our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one bower of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves,
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'were with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one drooping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and sole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'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 advance,
He hath not fail'd to peater us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all 5 bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His farther 6 guilt herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. 4 Giving them.

Cor. Vol. Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Exeunt 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 wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That we should not be very liberal in giving thee
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more 7 instrument to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And how them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Leave, Pol. He hath, my lord, wrong from me slow
By impertinent petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy 8 night-like color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy 9 vaileth lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! say, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy 10 suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 11 havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, show's of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

Ham,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do "obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
Of impious stubbornness: 'tis a fruitless grief:
It shows a will most "incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unshod:"
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Tear to heart? Fie! 'tis a fruitless grief:
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This "unprovocable woe, and think of us
As of a father; for, let them who take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less "nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I import you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg
It is most "regrade to our desire;
And, we beseech you, "bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
[let: Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Ham.
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This great and unforbear'd accord of Hamlet.
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall burst again,
Re-speaking earthy thunder. Come away.
[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c.
Polonius, and Laurenti.
Ham. O! that this too, too solid flesh would 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 the uses of this world.
Fie on 't! O! Ée! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess 't so merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—may, 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 'Betem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she was hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown.
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
(O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Euret Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.
Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself. [ever.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
And what 'make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus? 
Mar. My good lord. [sir.
Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even
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 tell me that which you pretend,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are not truant.
But what is your affiir in Elsinore?
We'll tell you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student:
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funeral bak'd
meats
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 goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! 'tis a dream.
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an 'attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvell to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead' vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their apron'd and fear-surprised eyes, [child'd
Within his trancheon's length; whilst they, 2be-
Almost to jelly with the net of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
  *"What make you?" i. e., what do you?—It was anciently
    the custom to give an entertainment at a funeral.
  *"Dearest," i. e., chiefest; most cruel—Attentive.
HAMLET.

The apparition comes. I knew your father; These hands are not more like.  

Ham. But where was this?  

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd,  

Ham. Did you not speak to it?  

Hor. My lord, I did,  

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,  

It lifted up its head, and did address  

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,  

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  

And vanish'd from our sight.  

Ham. 'Tis very strange.  

As I do live, my honor'd lord,'tis true;  

And we did think it writ down in our duty,  

To let you know of it.  

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  

Hold you the watch to-night?  

All. We do, my lord.  

Ham. Arm'd, say you?  

All. Arm'd, my lord.  

Ham. From top to toe?  

All. My lord, from head to foot.  

Ham. Then, saw you not his face?  

Hor. O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.  

Ham. What! look'd he hewingly?  

Hor. A countenance more  

In sorrow than in anger.  

Ham. Pale, or red?  

Ham. Nay, very pale.  

Ham. And fix'd his eyes up on you?  

Ham. Most constantly.  

Ham. I would I had been there!  

Ham. It would have much amaz'd you.  

Ham. Very like. Stay'd it long?  

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a  


Hor. Not when I saw it.  

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?  

Ham. It was, as I have seen it in his life,  

A sable silver'd.  

Ham. I will watch to-night:  

Perchance, 'twill walk again.  

Hor. I warrant it will.  

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,  

I'll speak to it, though bell itself should gape,  

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  

If you have hitherto conceald this sight,  

Let it be tenable in your silence still;  

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  

Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:  

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  

I'll visit you.  

All. Our duty to your honor.  

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.  

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.  

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  

I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!  

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  

[Exit.  

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius's House.  

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.  

Lar. 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?  

Lar. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,  

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?  

Lar. Think it no more:  

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  

In thaws, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  

The inward service of the mind and soul  

Grows with the outward; perhaps, he loves you now;  

And now no soil, nor constant guardian, doth  

The virtue of his will; but you must fear,  

His greatness weight'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 my choice be circumscrib'd  

Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  

Whence all the head. Then, if he says he loves you  

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  

As he in his particular act and place  

May give his saying deed; which is no farther,  

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  

Then, weigh what loss your honor may sustain,  

If with such uncertain ear you list his songs,  

Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  

To his unmaster'd 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 choicest maid is prodigal enough,  

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.  

Virtue itself seems not calamitous strokes:  

The Duncan galls the infants of the spring,  

Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;  

And in the moon and liquid dew of youth  

Contagious blastsments are most imminent,  

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:  

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.  

Oph. I shall shew these effects of this great misfortune,  

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,  

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  

And recks not his own 'read.  

Lar. 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, forshame  

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  

And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you;  

[Leaving his Hand on Laertes's Head.  

And these few precepts in thine memory,  

Look thou 'character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:  

"Crescent," i. e. growing; increasing.—"In thaws," i. e. in showers and muscular strength.—"Caustic," i. e., deceit; subtility.—"Besmirch," i. e. soil.—"Subject to his birth," i. e. bound by the laws which relate to him as heir to the throne.—"Credent," i. e. credulous.—"Lift," i. e. listen to.—"Unmaster'd," i. e. licentious.—"Charist," i. e., most cautious.—"Reckless," i. e. negligent.—"Read not his own letter," i. e. do not read his own letter. —"Character," i. e., write; imprint.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But their light and feather’d wings shall make
Of new-hatch’d, unfeidg’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 loose, nor call thy  s palm with niggardment.
Of each new-hatch’d, unfeidg’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 loose, nor call thy  s palm with niggardment.

Heath. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed! I heard it not: it then draws near
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[Enter Affection, Ophelia, and Hamlet.

Oph. It shall obey, my lord.

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.
Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed! I heard it not: it then draws near
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[Enter Ophelia, Hamlet, and Marcellus.

Oph. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you: go; your servants tend.

Lear. 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.

Lear. Farewell.

Pol. What is’t, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord.
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 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves your daughter, and your honor.
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?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I, by mine honor, will think myself a knave;
That you have taken these tenders for true pate,
Which are not steril. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus, you’ll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun’d me with love,
In honorable 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. [know,
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these bawds, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is in making.
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scatter of your maiden presence,
Set your entreatments 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 thither 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 implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious  bands,
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, come your ways.

Oph. There is 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 honor’d in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-laden rebel, east and west,
Makes us traduc’d and tax’d of other nations.
They cleft us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform’d 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,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose them in this making),
By their o’ergrowth of some complexion,
Often breaking down the pales and posts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o’er-leavens
The form of plausive manners:—that these men,
Carring, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being nature’s livery, or fortune’s star,
Their 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 drum of bill
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost, armed as before.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Pause.

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,
Ham.

I will.

Ghost.

My hour is almost come, When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.

Ham.

Aha, poor ghost!

Ghost.

Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham.

Speak; I am bound to hear. 

Ghost So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt Ham. What? [hear.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit; Doon'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confin'd to 2 lasting fires, Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature, To which thy soul is now a slave, Are purg'd away. But, I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine? But the eternal heaven must not be Ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, O list! — If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God! [der.

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Mort.

Ham. Murder? 

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the heat it is; But this our Englishmen, strange and unnatural. [swift

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as As meditation, or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

I find thee apt; And durer should'st thou be, than the fat weed That roots itself in case on Lethe's wharf, Would follow'st in this; not Hamlet, hear. 'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard, A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark Is by a forged process of my death Ruin'd abus'd; but know, thou noble youth, The serpent that did sting thy father's life Now wears his crown. 

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle? 

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust The will of my most sequestered virtue. 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 2 secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed 2 hebenon in a phial, And in the porches of mine ears did pour The venomous 2 distilment; whose effect Holds such an emnity with blood of man, That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body; 

"Blazon," i. e., discovery; display,—" Secure," i. e., unguarded.—2 Hebenon is the poisonous hemlock.—2 Distilment," i. e., distilled juice.
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset.
And curd, like unger droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And most lazar-like, with vile and leathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once 
Despoiled:
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Disenanted, disappointed,                           
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;
I lift the royal bed of Denmark
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursueth 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.
This un-worm'd shows all unmit'ned to be near,
And 'gis to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.
Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, heart;
And you, my sheets, grow not instant old,
But be me stiffly up.—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yes, 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 conversation hang'd upon my brain,
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven!
O, most pernicious 4 and perfidious 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 are you. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
I have sworn't.
Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!
Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!
Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [Within.] So be it!
Hor. [Within.] Ulo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, 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. 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.  

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* "Posset," i.e., congealed. — * "Enear" (Fr. aligre), i.e., sour, acid. — * "Lazar-like," i.e., leprosy. — * "Disenanted," i.e., without having received the sacrament. — * "Disappointed," i.e., unperpered. — "Frenzied," i.e., without extreme exaction. — "Un-exposed fire" is light without heat. — "This distracted globe," i.e., this head confused with thought. — This is the cell which falconers use to their hawks in the air when they would have them come down.

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"Circumstance," i.e., circumlocution. — * "Hic et ubique," i.e., here and everywhere.
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man, and country.

Roy. 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?

Roy. At closes in the consequence,

As "friend or," and "gentleman."

Pol. At closes in the consequence,—say, marry;

He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or tother day,

Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;

There failing out at tennis: or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlicet, a brothel!" or so forth.

See you now;

Your blit of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and in reach,

With windlasses, and with assays of 'bias,

By inductions find directions out:

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Roy. My lord, I have:

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Roy. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Roy. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Roy. 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. What is it, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublt all unbraided;

No hat upon his head; his stockings 'fould,

Ungarter'd, and "down-gyved to his angle;

Fane as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horror he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,

And, with his other hand thus on his brow,

He falls to such "persual of my face,

As he would draw it. Longstay'd he so:

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

And end his being. That done, he lets me go,

And, with his head under his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And to the last bend'd their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;

Whose violent property & fordoes itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft by passion under heaven,

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What! have you given him any hard words of late?

1That is, 'by crooked devices and side essays.'—"In yourself," i.e., by your own observations.—"'Fould,' i.e., in wrinkles.—"'Down-gyved,' i.e., hanging down like gyves or fetters.—"'Persons,' i.e., survey; examination.—

'Madness.'—"Fordoes,' i.e., unioes.
**SCENE II.**

**PRINCE OF DENMARK.**

*Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command, I did repel his letters, and denied His access to me."

That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle, and meant to-wreck thee; but, beseech my jealousy. By heaven, it is as proper to our age To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions, As it is common for the younger sort To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king: This must be known; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [Exeunt."

**SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.**

**Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.**

**King.** Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:
Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you, did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation; such a one As Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him, And since so neighbor'd to his youth and humor, That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time; so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you;**

**Queen.** Good gentleman, he hath much talk'd of And, sure I am, two men there are not living To whom be 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 its 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.**

**GUIL.** But we both obey; And here give up ourselves, in the full bent, To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded. [senn.**

**King.** Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
 dispersed.**

My too much changed son.—Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

**GUIL.** Heavens make our presence, and our prace-

Pleasant and helpful to him! [sence,

**Queen.** Ay, amen! [Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.**

**Enter Polonius.**

**Pol.** 'Th' 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 Hants not the trail of policy) 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 th' 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 Voltimand 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 frankness, he sent out to supply us His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleick, But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness: whereat grief'd,—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in;—sent out arrests On Fortinbras; which he in brief obey'd. Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give th' assay of arms against your majesty. Wherein 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 Poleack:

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-took labor.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home.**

[Exeunt 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 art. More matter, with less art.

**Pol.** Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity, And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;**

4. "Falsely borne in hand," i.e., deceived; imposed upon. —5. "To give th' assay of arms," i.e., to attempt any thing by force of arms.
6. "Three thousand crowns in annual fee," i.e., a fee in land of the annual value of three thousand crowns.
HAMLET, Act II.

King.

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours here in the lobby.

Queen. So he doth, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll lose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras, then:
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And she not thus from his descry quickly taken,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

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 King, Queen, and Attendants.

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God's-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,
does he a good kissing carriage,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk in the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:

—friend, look to't.

Pol. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still harping on your daughter,—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

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 hans: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it set down; for you yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if 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 sir. [Aside.] How say you by that? Sometimes his replies are so! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanly 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 honorable 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 with; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Arras is tapestry, so called from the city of Arras, where it was manufactured.—"Board him," i. e., accost, address him.—"Frequent," i. e., replete with meaning; ready; apt.
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 honor'd lord! —

Ros. My most dear lord,

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah! Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happily, in that we are not overhasty; 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 favors!

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 true. 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 confines, wards, and dungeous, 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 beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggar's shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my "fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; or, 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. Beggar 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; may, 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 crafiff enough to e' color: 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 conscience of our long-continued, undivided 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? [To Guildenstern.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an e'ye of you. [Aside.] —If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, I am sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mount no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth; foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent aeness, the majestical roof fretted with golden fires, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! how all a prophet! how a man! how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust! man delights not me; I [Ros. smiles.] no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what l'entertainment the players shall receive from you: we 'cated 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 be a tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled of the 'sero; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those that you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel! their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an eny of children, little *eysases, that cry out on the top of "question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are their fashion; and so proceed the community, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

* Consonancy, i.e., agreement; fellowship; "I have an eye of you," i.e., I have an inkling of your purpose.—* Brave," i.e., splendid; fine; "Congregation," i.e., collection.—* "Tovered," i.e., overtook.—* "Foil," i.e., fencing blade.—* "Tickled the e'rea," i.e., tickled with a dry caugh or laughiness.—* An eny, i.e., a herself, a brood. —* A little a brae," i.e., young neadlings: properly, unbaked haws.—* On the top of question," i.e., at the top of their voice.—* Baggary, i.e., fill with noise.
Ham. What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the * quality no longer than they can sing? will they not buy afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession? Res. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to turn to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bill for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guit. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make *mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood! there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Guit. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the apperentunce of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me *comply with you in this garb, lest my *extent to the players (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are 

Guit. To what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guilderstern:—and you too;—at each ear a heater: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Res. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players. I say, you say right, sir; 'o Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, Buz!

Pol. Upon my honor,—

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, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca can be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of *write, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hast thou?

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

"^4 Escoted," i. e. said. "^5 The quality," i. e. the profession.—"To tour them, is to set them on.—"The sign of Shakespeare's Globe is said to have been Hercules carrying the globe.—"Months."—""Comply with you in this garb," i. e. embrace you in this fashion.—"^6 Extent," i. e. extending of the hand in friendship.—"^7 Write for writing.

"One fair daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well."—

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, 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 like it was,"

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

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'lordy, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a *chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncertain gold, he not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome.

Will e'en to the French falconers, fly at any thing 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 a survey 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 the matter savour, nor no matter in the phrase that might *indict the author of affection, 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: 'twas *Enes's 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,"—

"So it begins with Pyrrhus."

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

"When he lay couch'd in the omonous horse,

"Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard

"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

"Now is he total *gules; horribly *trick'd

"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;

"And impast 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 coagulate gore,

"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

"Old grand sire Priam seeks;":—

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Tis God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good disucion.

1 Play. "Anon he finds him

"Row," i. e. column. —""Chanson," i. e. ballad.—

"My right hand, i. e. those who come to advance my talk.—"* Valanced, i. e. fringed with a beard.—"A chopine was a clog or shoe with a thick cork sole.—"Cantare was a condiment not generally relished.—"In the top of." i. e. above.—"Indict," i. e. impecch. —"Quins, in heraldry is red.—"Trick'd," i. e. colored.
... Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam's feet, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unerv'd father falls. Then senseless Hium,
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 revered Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stript;
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 new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers full
On Mars' armor, forg'd for proof et cetera,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strompet, Fortune! All you gods,
If Pyrrhus get the good, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fettleys from her wheel,
And bowl the round world down hill of the heaven,
As low as to the fiends!" Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pyrrhus, say on: he's for a *jig, or a tale of bawdry,*
or he shal speak of any thing on, come to Hecuba.

1 Play. "But who, O! who has seen the *mobled queen*—"

Ham. The mobled queen?
Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

2 Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With his bare foot; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe
About her lank and all o'ertoomed loins,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
Gaiest fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mixing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of choler that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made *milk* the burning eyes of heaven,
And *passionate* the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his color,
And has tears in his eyes!—Pyrrhes, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will 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 deserts.

Ham. God's bookish, man, much better use every man after his desert, and who should *scape whipping? Use them after your own honor 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 hear a play to-
morrow.—Doth thou love me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

I 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?

I Play, Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord: and look you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To Ros. and Guild.]
I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exeunt Rosenkantz 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 her working all his visage wound'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function sitting With forms of 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 draw the stage with tears, And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and appal the saint, Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed, The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, *peak,* Like *a* John a-dreams, *unpregnant of my cause,* And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A *damn'd* deceit was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat, As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha! 'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gait To make *true* speeches; and I am not *sad,* I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain! Remberless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindles* villain! O, vengeance! Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave; That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, And fall a cursing, like a very *drab,* A scullion! Fie upon't! fo! 'About my brain!—I have heard, That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have professed some *confusions*; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll test him to the quick: if he but blush,  
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
May be the devil; and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: the play's the thing,  
Wherin 'twill catch the conscience of the king.  

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?  
Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.  
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?  
Ros. Most like a gentleman.  
Guil. But with so much forcing of his disposition.  
Ros. Niggard of question; but to our demands  
Most free in his reply.  
Queen. Did you assay him  
To any pastime?  
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-ruaught on the way: of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it. They are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,  
To hear and see the matter. [tent me  
King. With all my heart; and it doth much con-  
To hear him so inclin'd.  
Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia: her father, and myself  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If 't be his affliction of his love, or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.  
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you  
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book,  
[To Ophelia.

That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with Devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

King. O! 'tis too soon.—[Aside.] How smart  
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.  
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.  
[Exeunt King and Polonius.  
2 Monet. Ophelia behind, reading.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Most give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despi'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare 'sould killkin' who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of!  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!  
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy foris  
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. [Coming forward] Good my lord,  
How does your honor 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 I;  
I never saw you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, I know right well you did;  
And with them words of so sweet breath compor'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?
SCENE II.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settling matter in his heart,
Whereon his brain still beating pots him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you not?
Poë. 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's mother all alone inform him
To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'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:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players, 

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray 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 periwigs-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 inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing "Termagant:" it outshadows Herod: pray you avoid it.

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 'twere, 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, o'erweigh 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 bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeysmen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferent
ly 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...
HAMLET,

ACT III.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. Nay, 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?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a pet of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready? Ros. Ay, my lord; they fastay upon your patience. Queen. Come hither, my dear 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. [legs. Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids! Oph. What is, my lord? Ham. Nothing. Oph. You are merry, my lord. Ham. Who, I? Oph. Ay, my lord. Ham. O God! you 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. Oph. 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' redy, 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 and Queen, very lovingly; the Quean embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Axum comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, 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 seizes the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling archite, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord? Ham. Marry, this is miching 4 mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Believe, 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.

---

a "Question," i.e., point.  b "Pregnant," i.e., quick, ready.  c "Occulted," i.e., concealed; secret.  d "Stibby," i.e., smilty; workshop.  e "Censure," i.e., opinion.

t "They stay upon your patience," i.e., they wait upon your will.  4 "Misching mallecho," i.e., lurking mischief.
Scene II.

Prince of Denmark.

Op. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

P. King. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poetry of a ring?

Op. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter the Player King and Player Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' car
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirty been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite communal in most sacred bands. [Moon
P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and make an arcan 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,
Discomfit 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 here 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
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honor'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 accurst;
None wed the second, but who killed the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, 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. [Speak,
P. King. I do believe you think what now you
But what we do determine off 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 'ts, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose love,
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 slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'ts not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'ts a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies:
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies;
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly season him his enemy,
But, orderly to end where I begun,

"Siz'd," i. e. proportioned.—"Operant." i. e. active.—
"The instances," i. e. the motives.—"Validity," i. e. value, efficacy.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
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 food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that b'anks 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 wife!

Ham. If she should break 'her vow,—

P. King. 'Tis 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 miscensure between us twain!

[Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest 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?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how! aTropically.
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the gal led jade wince, our withers are unvring.

[Exeunt Lucinius.

This is one Lucinius, nephew to the king.

Op. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
if I could see the puppets dallying.

Op. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. I would cost you a groaning to take off
my edge.

Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take 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 blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Flours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ear.

Ham. He poisons him? the garden for his estate.
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ
in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how
the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Op. The king rises.

Ham. What? frightened 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.

*Anchor's for anchor's.—"Blanks." i. e. blanches;
whites.—"The mouse-trap." i. e. 'The thing in which
he'll catch the conscience of the king.'—"Tropically," i. e.,
figuratively.—"Man," i. e. curse.
Ham. Why, let the st ricken 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 Rolls on my raised shoes, get me a fellowship in a pack of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear!
This realm dis mantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, 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
records! For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, Belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Enter Rosenkantsiz and Guildenstern.

Come; some music!

Guilt. Good my lord, vouchesafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guilt. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guilt. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guilt. No, my lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer,
to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into
more choler.
Guilt. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from the affair.
Ham. I am tane, sir; pronounce.
Guilt. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guilt. 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 commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of business.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Guilt. 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 behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.
Ham. O wondrous son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother’s admiration? impart.
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 and stealers.
Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distress

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 teal?
Guilt. O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.
Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?
Guilt. My lord, I cannot.
Ham. I pray you.
Guilt. Believe me, I cannot.
Ham. I do beseech you.
Guilt. I know no touch of it, my lord.
Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these bantings with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.
Guilt. 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. ’Shoul’d I do 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.

Goddess 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 ’tis 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.

[Exit Polonius.
Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends. [Exeunt Ros., Guilt., Hon., &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
And do such bitter business as the day [blood,
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 in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
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 dispatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

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 armor of the mind, To keep itself from novanoye; but much more That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone; but like a gulph doth draw What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose base 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 fatter 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, [home; To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax him And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear The speech, of advantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere 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 note of all offenses, A tyrant's murder.—Pray God, it may 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? Whereto serves 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 full, 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 shake by justice, And oft 'tis seen: the wicked it itself Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above: There is no-shuffling, there the action lies.

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 scent'd and stood between Much heat and him. I'll seconce 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.

187. 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 can not repeat? O wretched state! O bosom, black as death! O tim'd soul, that struggling to be free, Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay: Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel, Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. All may be well. 

188. 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 scan'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 grosly, full of bread; With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May, And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven? But, in our circumstance and course of thought, 'Tis 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, asleeep, or in his rage; Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed; At gaming, swearing; or about some act, That has no vehil of salvation in't; Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven, And that his soul may be as dam'd, and black, As hell, whereo 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 King.]
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the utmost part of you. [me.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
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 Aarass.
Pol. [Behind.] O! I am shain. [Falls and dies.
Queen. O me! what hast thou done?
Ham. [Coming forward.] Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[Lines the Aarass, 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, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.
[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 dross and custom hath not bled it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense. [tongue
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
noise in so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Casts virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose From this fair station of an innocent love, And sets a blister there: makes marriage vows As false as dicer's oaths: O! such a deed, As from the body of crosstination plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With a truant visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
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, sad; "Hamlet, in thy station;" 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 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, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserve'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at a hoodman-blind?
Eyes without seeing, seeing without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling "sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so 'more.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And in the embers panders will;
Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and glaring spots,
As will not leave their tint.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an "ensenned bed;"
Stead in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the natty syle;—
Queen. O, speak to me no more
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twenty part the title
Of your precedent lord:—"a vice of kings!"—
The cure of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket?
Queen. No more!
[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. [figure?
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to clide,
That, hap'd in "flame and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dead command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet 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 do you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in premonstrance,
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;
Least with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this there?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
"Hoodman-blind," I. e., blindman's buff.—"Suns," I. e.,
without.—"Could not so more," I. e., could not be so
stupid—"deformed," I. e., dyed in green.—"Tinct," I. e.,
color.—"Ensenned," I. e., great rank; gross.—"A
vice," I. e., a mimic; a counterfeit.—"Conceit," I. e., imagi-
nation.—The Air is exalted in relation to what is, without life or
sensation.—"A Capable," I. e., susceptible; intelligent.—
"Effects," I. e., affections of the mind; dispositions.
SCENE I.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Hom. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Hom. Why, look you there! look, how it steals My father, in his habit as he liv'd! [away! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation *ecstasy Is very cunning in.
Hom. 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 more will lend, not, which madness Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul, That not your trespass, but my madness speaks: It will but skin and film the urchin place, While rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repeat what's past; avoid what is to come, And when you spread the compost on the woods, To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue; For in the fineness of these purey times, Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, Yea, curb and won, for leave to do him good. Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleav'd my heart in the brain.
Hom. O throw away the worser 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 like wise gives a flock, or live lives, That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that should 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 potency. Once more, good night: And when you are devisers to the gross, A 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?
Hom. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the blank king tempt you again to bed; Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his dog mouse; And let him, for a pair of *reec'h gloves, Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know; For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise, Would from a paddock, from a bat, a *gib, Such dear concernings hide, who could 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 assur'd, 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. Ahack! I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on. [Follows,-
Hom. There's letters seal'd, and my two school
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fung'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 enginer Hoist 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 *neighbor 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 sigs: these profound heaves You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them. Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.
[Exit 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 conjoin Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, He hesips his riper out, and cries, "A rat! A rat!" And in his brainish apprehension kills The unseen 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 every one. Ahas! 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; 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 ship him hence; and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill,

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* "Ecstasy," i.e. frenzy; madness.—"Compact," i.e. manner.—"Curst," i.e. brow; doth Obama.—"Mowre was formerly a term of endearment.—"Reechy," i.e. filthy; foul.—"Paddock," i.e. toad.—"Gib," i.e. cat.

""Conclusions," i.e. experiments.—"Hoist with his own petar," i.e. blown up with his own bomb, or mortar.

"Neighboring.—"Out of haunt," i.e. out of company.—"A mineral," i.e. a mine.
HAMLET,

ACT IV.

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further 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, haply, slander,— Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his <b>blank</b>, Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name, And hit the <b>woundless</b> sir.—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. Compounded it with dust, where'to '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 <b>replication</b> 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. <b>Hide fox</b>, and all after.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—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 <b>lovd</b> of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 'tis so, 'th' offender's scourge is <b>weight'd</b>, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown, By desperate <b>appliance</b> are relievd,'
PRINCE
Indeed, I.,
Who Er., look heart;
How while,
And
That
This
A
To
We
Commands
If
Tell
We
Claims
To
that
his
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SCENE
I.
To
Oblivion,
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and
To
To
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Polack
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the
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To
to
the
my
my
eye,
Greed
my
my
marching.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captains, from me greet the Danish king:
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a prompt'sd 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.
For. Go safely on. [Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How profess'd, sir, I pray you?
Cap.
Against some part of Poland. 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, 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 never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
[ducati.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
Will not debate the question of this straw:
They are the 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 straightforward. Go a little before.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and his 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 do in us unkind. Now, what here it be
Bestial oblivion, or some eraven scuffle
Of thinking too precisely on this event,—
[dom, A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wise—
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
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, exhorte me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
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 honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements 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 bedes; fight for a splot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and 6continent,
To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[Exeit.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter 1 Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

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,
[heart;
There's tricks i' the world; and, hens, and beats her
Spurns 6enviously 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 6collection; they 6aim 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 6unhappily.
Hor. 'Twere 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 6toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spils itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia, 6distracted.

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 sandal 6shoes.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?
He is dead and gone, lady,
[Singing.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a 6green grass turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia—
Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
[Singing.

Enter King.

King. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. 6Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewert to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, 'Godild you'! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we

* In his eye," i. e., in his presence.—* Market," i. e., profit.—* Such lay and ducats, i. e., such great power of comprehension.—* To frost," i. e., to grow moudly.—* Craven," i. e., cowardly.—* I.e., God reward you.
are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. 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 2 don’d his clothes,
And 3 d’d up the chamber door; 4
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia! 5

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I’ll make an
By Gia and by Saint Charity,
Ach, and fie for shame!
Young men will 2 d it, if they come to it;
By oath, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to seed;

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 will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would 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. 6

[Exit King.]

Follow her close; give her her good watch, and pray you.

[Exit Horatio.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father’s death. And now, behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father’s skin; Next, your son gone; and last, the most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whisperings,

For good Polonius’ death, and we have done but In 7 hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia, Divided from herself, and her fair judgment, Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts: Lost, 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 our persons to arraign In and out, and ear! O! my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering 3 piece in many places Gives me superfluous death.

[A noise within.]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

King. Attend! Where are my 3 Switzers? Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

2 Enter a Gentleman, in haste.

Gent. Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetus haste, Than you Laertes, in a vicious head, O’er-coursing your officers! The rabble call him, 4 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!” 5 [cry.

Queen. How cheerfully on the false 6 trail they O! this is 2 counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, 7 with his sword drawn; Dances following.

Lacer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all Dan. No, let’s come in. 8 [without.

Lacer. I pray you, give me leave. Dan. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.

Lacer. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile Give me my father. 9

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Lacer. That drop of blood that’s calm proclaims me lastard; Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste 8 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 incensed.—Let him go, Ger Speak, man.

[trude.

Lacer. Where is my father?

King. Dead. But not by him

Lacer. Let him demand his fill.

Lacer. How came he dead? I’ll not be juggled with. To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Consience, 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. Who shall stay you?

Lacer. 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, let’s in thy revenge, That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?

Lacer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Lacer. To his good friends thus wide I’ll ope my And, like the kind life-rendering pelican, 9 farms; Re-sew 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.

Dances. [Within.] Let her come in.

Lacer. How now? what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia, 10 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,
SCENE VII.

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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-fac'd on the bier;
Sings.

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;

Fare you well, my love! [Venge.
Locr. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade me
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.
Locr. This nothing's more than matter.
Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies; that's for thoughts.

Locr. 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 of Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violettes; but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.—[Sings.

Locr. Thought and affliction; passion, hell itself, She turns to favor, 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 moon: God ha' mercy on his soul!

And all of Christian souls! I pray God.—God be wi' you! [Exit Ophelia, dancing distractedly.

Locr. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commence 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 us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
We bear content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul
To give it due content.

Locr. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophies, sword, nor hatchetment, o'er his bones,
No noble rites, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit."

*"Fine," i.e., refined; subtitled.—"The wheel is the burden of a ballad.—""Pansies" (Fr. pensées), thoughts.—"Commune with," i.e., partake of.

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 greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

I Sail. God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.

I Sail. 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.

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 appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; and in the grapple I beheaded 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. The king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly depth. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the charge of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstann 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 the speediest, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
'Though you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Locr. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stir'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,
(If 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, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his eyes to graves; 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."

*"The bore is the caliber of a gun."—Since.—"The general gender," i.e., the common people.—"Gyres," i.e., letters.
Laert. And so have I a noble father lost,  
A sister driven into desperate terms;  
1 Who was, if praises may go back again,  
2 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 shock'd 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 Claudius, he receiv'd them  
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—  
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 asking 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 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,—  
And he is not his usual 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.

My lord, I will be rule'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.  

Laer. What part is that, my lord?  
King. A very riband 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;

* * Of the unworthiest siege," i. e., of the lowest rank.  

And to such wond'rous 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.

Laer. A Norman, was't?  
King. The very same.  
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,  
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especially;  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you: the 4 scrimmers of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them. This report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
Now, out of this,

Laer. What out of this, my lord?  
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or were you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,  
But why I know love is beguiled by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or stuff, that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a splendid,  
Dies in its own too-much. That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,  
And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer,  
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To do this yourself your father's son in deed,  
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctify;  
[tes,  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laer  
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 peruse the foil; so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
a sword unbated, and in a pass of 4 practice  
Require him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;  
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an uction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue

1 "In forgery of," i. e., in imagining. — "Brooch," i. e., ornament. — "Scrimmers" (Fr. escrimeurs), fencers. — "In passages of proof," i. e., in daily experience. — "Pleurisy here means superabundance." — "Remiss," i. e., inconstancy; not vigilant. — "Peruse," i. e., examine. — "Unbated," i. e., not blunted, so foils usually are. — "A pass of practice," i. e., an insidious thrust.
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 call 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, 'Twere better not assay'd: therefore, this project Should have a back, or second, that might hold, If this should blast it, proof. Soft!—let me see:—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your <b>cunnings</b>,—  
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 challenge for the <b>nonce</b>, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd <b>stuck</b>,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?  

Enter Queen.  

How now, sweet queen!  
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.  
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?  
Queen. There is a willow grows <b>usht</b> the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That <b>liberal</b> shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious siluer 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 snatch'd snatches of old <b>lands</b>;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and <b>redud</b>  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Fell'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.  
Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?  
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.  
Laer. 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.—Alas, my lord,  
I have a speech of fire, that thin would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it.  

[Exit King.  

Let's fellow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I, this will give start again;  
Therefore, let's follow.  

[Exeunt.  

ACT V.  

SCENE I.—A Church Yard.  
Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.  

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that  
willfully seeks her own salvation?  

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her grave—straight: the crowner 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. Water is found so.  

1 Clo. It must be so offendenado; it cannot be else.  
For here lies the point: if I drown myself willing, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: <b>aargal</b>, she drowned herself willingly.  

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman deliver.  

1 Clo. Give me the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drown'd not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shorter not his own life.  

2 Clo. But is this law?  

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.  

2 Clo. Will you lu'n' 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 <b>levens</b>, Christian; my space. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditches, 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 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 outlives 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 than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?  

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and <b>unyoke</b>.  

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.  

1 Clo. To't.  


Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.  

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for thy 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 yon; fetch me a <b>stomp</b> of liquor.  

[Exit 2 Clown.  

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 meet.  

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.  

1 <b>stomp</b> and <b>unyoke</b> i. e., therefore—<b>Even</b> <b>Christian</b> for <b>will</b>-<b>Christian</b>.  

2 <b>stump</b> a measure containing about half a gallon  

* Blast in proof, as firearms sometimes burst in proving their strength.—<b>Cunning</b> is skill.—<b>Arma</b> chalice for the <b>nonce</b>.<i> et</i>. a cap for the occasion.—<b>Stuck</b> is a thrust.—<b>Atwood</b>—"<b>Liberal</b>," i. e., licentious.—"<b>Land</b>," i. e., <b>hymns</b>.—"<b>Incapable</b>" i. e., unacceptable.—"<b>Strait</b>" i. e., straightway; immediately.
HAMLET, ACT V.

Ham. 'Tis c'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clove'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me 'till the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a scull.]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knife jowls 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'revouches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courier, 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: chappless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see'd. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at *loggats with them? mine achoo to think on!

1 Clo. A pick-axes, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
A pick-axes, and a spading shiek:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is met.

[Throws up another scull.]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his *quiddits now, his e'quitts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *seconce 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? These conveyances of his lands will hardly 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 [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

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: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill 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 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. For none is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his *kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the years, I came to 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, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill 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. 'Tis Faith, e'en 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 i'the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Tis Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pokey cores now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a barnet will last you nine year.

Ham. Why be 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 scull now; this scull hath lain you I'd earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. What 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 flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

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 gibes 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

*Loggats, an ancient game resembling quoits.—1 Quiddits, i. e., substines. 2 Quillets, i. e., frivolous distinctions.—3 The section, i. e., the head. Assurance is here used in a double sense; deeds of parchement are called the common assurances of the realm.

4 The age has grown so picked, i. e., an allusion to the shoes with long pointed or picked toes, formerly so much worn in England: picked is also curious, over-nice; hence the quib. A kibe is a child-ban.
thick, to this favor 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 Scuil.

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. Twere 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 constituted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and tumbled 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, Larerts and Mourners following; King, Queen, and their Trains.

Laer. The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The cause they follow did with desperate hand
Forsook in own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring 1 on side with Horatio.]

Lacer. What ceremony else?

That is Laerets,
A very noble youth: mark.

Lacer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful; And but that great command o'erways the order,
She should in ground unsanctioned 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 chrants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of hell and burial.

Lacer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing 2 and requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Lacer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, curdish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

[Strewing flowers.]

I hope thou shouldest have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Lacer. O! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenion sense
Depriev'd thee of.—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[Leaping into the Grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

... [Hamlet addressing Ghost.]

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emblem? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded heroes? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaping into the Grave.

Lacer. The devil take thy soul.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy thy fingers from my throat;
I for though I am not spleenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen!—Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What will you do for her?

King. O! he is mad, Laerets.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou'llt do:
Wouldst weep? woul'st fight? woul'st storm? woul't tear thyself?
Wouldst drink up Baill? eat a crocodile?
Till do';—'Till I'll do. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll tart as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him.

7 Queen. Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden 8 couples are 8 disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir?

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog'll have his day.

[Exit.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[Exit Horatio.

[To Larerts.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Ereunt.]

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 circumstances.

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

8 The golden couples alludes to the dove laying but two eggs.
Worse than the rudest times in the wildest days. Rashly,—
And I am to be rashness for it,—let us twain,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
[us,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach
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 and scarf about me, in the dark
Grop'd I 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
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 dugs and gobins in my e-life,
That on the supercifie, no leisure
No, not 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._ 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 trench their amities,
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debate or farther, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not sparing time allow'd.

_Hor._ How was this seal'd?

_Ham._ Why, even in that was heavy ordenate.
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;
Subscribe it; gave thee't impression; plac'd it safely,
The changing never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Then know'st already.

_Hor._ So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

_Ham._ Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous, when a base 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 king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between his 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? and is't not to be
To let this cancer of our nature come
[Thom.,
_Hor._ It must be shortly known to him from Eng.
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 8 court his favors:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

_Hor._ Peace! who comes here?

_Enter_Osrick._

_Osr._ Your lordship is right welcome back to Den.

_Ham._ I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

_Hor._ No, my good lord.

_Osr._ Thy state is more the 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 p'chough; but, as I say,
spacious in the possession 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
'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But my lord, his majes-
yty 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—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his Hat.

_Osr._ Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith.
Sir, here is now a newly come to court, Laertes;
I believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most ex-
cellent 4 differences, 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 continent of what part a gentleman would
see.

_Sir._ Sir, his dexterity suffers no perdition in you;
though, I know, to divide him inventorially,
would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but
raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the
verity of exultation, I take him to be a soul of great
article; and his infusion of such dexterity and rares-
ess, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his
mirror; and who else would trace him, his unbraze,
nothing.

_Osr._ Your lordship speaks most infullility of him.

_Ham._ The concurrence, sir? why do we wrap
the gentleman in our more raver breath?

* * * 

**Stand me now upon,** _i.e._ become incumbent upon me. A change, a sort of jackalow—**Excellent differences,** _i.e._ distinguishing excellencies. _The card,** _i.e._ the chart. This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon of that time.
SCENE II. PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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 gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?
Hor. His 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 was to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the impudence laid on him by them, in his mood he’s unfollowed.

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 Barbary horses against the which he has imposed, as it would take it, six French rapiers and pistols, with their assigns, as girdle, t’hanglers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hils, must delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin, were you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hanglers.

Ham. The phrase was more germene to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hanglers 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 imposed, 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 you 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’t then.

Hor. This leaping runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dag before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and windowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to you by young Osrick, 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 whatsoever, 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 disliked anything, 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 now, ‘tis 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 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 have done you But pardon’t, as you are a gentleman. [wrong; This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish’d With some disdainful action. What I have done,

That might your nature, honor, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was’t Hamlet wrong’d Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be’t en away,

And when he’s not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. It is so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong’d;

His madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming 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 honor,

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace.

To keep my name unv’rd. But till that time,

The ‘outward habit of encounter’ is exterior politeness of address.—‘Gain-giving,’ i. e., misgiving.—‘This presence,’ i. e., the king and queen.—‘Unv’rd,’ i. e., unwounded.
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.]

Lac. Come; one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star: the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Lac. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand. [Hamlet,延.]

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
You once bid laid the odds: the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he be better, we have therefore odds.
Lac. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [They prepare to play.]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stools of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit 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,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannon without,
The cannon 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.

Lac. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Ham. One, No.

Lac. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Lac. Well:—again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by while.

Come.—Another hit: what say you? [They play.]

Lac. A touch; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. 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.

Lac. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Lac. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You butdaily:
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Lac. Say you so I come on. [They play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Lac. Have at you now. [Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls.]

Osr. There is no more to the queen there, ho?

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my
Osr. How is't, Laertes? [Lord.]

Lac. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osrick;
I am 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. [Dies.]

Ham. O' villainy!—How? let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.]

Lac. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In Hamlet there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'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. [Stabs the King.]

All. Treason! treason! [Diss.]

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incontinent, murderous, damned
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here? [Dane,
Follow my mother. [King dies.]

Lac. 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 mute 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 wounded 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 told my story. [March of Har, and off, and Shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
To the ambassadors of England gives
[Poland, This warlike volley.

Ham. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite the o'er-crows my spirits;
I cannot live to hear the news from England;

1. "Unbaited," I. e., not blunted; without a button.—"Temper'd," I. e., mixed.—"A sergeant was a bailiff's or sheriff's officer."—"O'er-crows," I. e., overcomes; subdues.
Scene II.

Prince of Denmark.

But I do prophesy the election lights
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 bither? [March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This *quarry cries on *havock.—O proud
death!

What feast is *toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck? [Exeunt, marching.

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.

Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jumpe upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack wars, and you from England.

*Occurrences.—* solicited, i. e., incited; the sentence is left unfinished.—* Quarry' was the term for a heap of slaughtered game.—* Havock, a word of censure, when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.—* Toward, i. e., at hand; near; in preparation.—* So jumpe, i. e., so exactly at the time.—* Polack, i. e., Polish.

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 for'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 mis-

chance,

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 loudly 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.

* Put on, i. e., instigated; produced.—* Rights of memory, i. e., rights which are remembered.—* Vantage is here used for opportunity, convenience.
KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.


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 'curiosity in neither can make choice 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.

* Curiosity is scrupulous nitesty, finical precision.—* Moiety is used by Shakespeare for part or portion.—* *Brazed,* i. e., hardened.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; where- upon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do 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 denier in my account: though this knave came somewhat scantily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the woreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

* Proper is comely, handsome.—* "Some year," i. c., about a year.
KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.
EDG. Sir, I shall study to deserve.
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, Gloster.
GLO. I shall, my liege. [Exeunt GLOSTER and EDG."DUM.

LEAR. Mean-time, we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. —Know, that we have divided, In thee, our kingdom; and this our eldest son,
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferre'ing on younger strengths, while we Unburdened crush toward death. —Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our dearest son, of Albany; [Wall.
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dovers, 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 theirammenous sojourns,
And here are to answer'd. —Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we to our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. —Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first. [Aside.
GON. I love you more than words can wield the Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as child e'er lov'd, or lover found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

COR. What shall Cordelia speak? —Love, and be silent. [Aside.
LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous 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; Or, she comes too short, that I profess myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious spine of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dearest g dinness' love. [Aside.

COR. Then, poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's More plenteous than thy tongue. [Aside.
LEAR. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on Goneril. —Now, my joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love

\* Deserving," 1 e., to be, to make myself deserving,
* Our darker purpose," i.e., that part of our plan which we have not yet disclosed, or brought to light; "a Fast intent," 1 e., fixed resolution; "Constant," 1 e., firm, fixed; "Can wield the matter," 1 e., can express.-"Beyond all manner of so much," i.e., beyond all kinds of comparisins, expressed by so much as this, that, etc., enriched.
*"Prize me at her worth," 1 e., estimate myself at her value; "Felicitate," 1 e., made happy.-"Validity is used for value.

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested; 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 hand; nor more, nor less. [Title.
LEAR. How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little 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 honor 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 plight, 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.
LEAR. But goes this with thy heart?
COR. Ay, my good lord.
LEAR. So young, and so untouched?
COR. So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower;
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 stronger 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 my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
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 stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dovers 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.—Ourselves, 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 Crown.
KENT. To the Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron 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,

1 Interested. — "Propinquity," 1 e., kindred; relationship.—"From this," 1 e., from this time.—"His generation," 1 e., his offspring.—"Additions," 1 e., titles.
KING LEAR.

ACT 1

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 honor's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly; Reverse thy doom;
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 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. Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, king,

O, vassal! 'tis recreant!


Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

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,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot 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 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.

KENT. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, mad, mad
[Appears.
That justly think'st, and last most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[To Cornelia.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, 0 princes! bids 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 toward you, who with this king
Hast avail'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 she be dear to you, let her come in,
Or of it, with our displeasure pelted.
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, Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our love,
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,
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 ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strange, That she, that even but now was your 3bluest object,
Then a monument of your praise, half of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor. 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 faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,

If for what I meant 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 blots, nor other founness,
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd stoop,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favor;
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 mospace,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with 9 respects, that stand
Alow from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear, Give but that portion which yourself propos'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,

* See "Seeming," i.e., specious.—" Owes," i.e., owes; is possessed of.—" Stranger'd," i.e., o. — " Makest not up," i.e., is not concluded.—That is used here for as.—" Monsters it," i.e., makes it monstrous.—" Fallen into talent," i.e., become the subject of reproach.—For because.—" Hath lost me in your liking," i.e., hath ruined me in your good opinion.—" With respects," i.e., with prudential considerations.
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Then and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! tis strange, that from their cold's 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 dukés of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unsir'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest 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 *benson.—
Come noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants.

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are; and,
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father;
To your *professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, ala! 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 content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
As fortune's alms; you have obedience sauntered,
And well are worth the want that you have *wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what lighted 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 appertains 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 have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraff'd condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REG. Such uncertain 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 sit together; let 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. 2 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
Leg 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 businesse? bastardry? base? base?
Who in the lusty 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 foes,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your hand:—
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 parted!
And the king gone to-night! *subscribe'd his power!
Confus'd to *exhibition! All this done
Upon the *exhibition! How now! What news?
EDM. So please you 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: it is 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 o'er-reading.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, 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.] 1 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 bond age 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 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

*That is "Thou losest preference here, to find a better elsewhere."—"Benson is blessing."—"Profess for professing,"—"That is. And well deserve the loss of the dower that you have failed to obtain."—"Long-engraffed condition," i.e., qualities of mind confirmed by long habit.—"I the best," i.e., "While the iron is hot,"
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 me, my lord; there's the running 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 will faire think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his, 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 asward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—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, I have a talk I must deliver 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 honor, 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 honor, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

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 sequel effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond broken between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bins of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly 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 offence, honesty, this strange. [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent forreyness of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our dis-

as, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spheric predomination; drunkards, knaves, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influences, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoreson-master man, to lay his dotard disposition to the charge of stars!—'My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under ura major; so that, it holds heurous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenslot star in the firmament twinkled on my bostardizing.

Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and put he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my care is villainous melancholy, with a sign like Tom o'Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, 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 busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, death, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffinences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary 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 disliking him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that on the mischief of your person it would seem a slight.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitten bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key. If you do sir 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. [Exit Edgar.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms, That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy.—I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have hands by wit: All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.
SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech d abuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I did a wrong's my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand commend'd, (As may it come to!) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labors.

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 is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou? Kent. Service.


* "Dissime," i. e., disguise.—"Raz'd," i. e., effaced.—* "To converse," i. e., to keep company.

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 any thing: 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 knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's thy daughter? Oswald. So please you,—[Exit. Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clodpole 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 further into't.—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.


Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him. Oswald. I'll not be a stricken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [Tripping up his heels. Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I love thee. Kent. 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

4 "Jealous curiosity," i. e., punctilious jealousy.—"A very pretence," i. e., an absolute design.
Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving Kent money.]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb, [Giving Kent his Cap.]

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 part that's out of favor.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'rt catch cold; shortly: there, take my coxcomb and a bundle of my fellow's 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, Sirrah! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my e living, I'd keep my coxcomb myself. There's nine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady 3brach 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, nuncle. Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest, Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou 'trowest, Set less than thou overthrowest; 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 unfeec'd lawyer: you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land 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 counsell'd 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 hath motives, The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

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 out, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be sanctithing.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crows.

Lear. What two crows shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crows of the egg. When thou closest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou brest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, 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 ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.]

1 For wise men are grown foppish;
2 And well may fear their ways to wear,
 Their manners are so aspish.

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 putt'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 among.

Pr'ythee, 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 3frontlet 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 frowning; 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 crum, [Singing.]
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shielded 5peasow.

Goneril. 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, riots. 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 spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it long. Don't you write it; instigate it:—Allasance for aggravation, Which, in the tender of a wholesome 6weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you 6know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long;
That it had its head bit off by its young.

1 "Catch cold shortly," i. e., be turned out of doors.—
2 Nuncle, a familiar contraction of mine uncle.—
3 "Living," i. e., estate property. —A brach is a bitch hound.—
4 Own- cet. —Toptower," i. e., believed.
5 Grace in favor.—
6 A frontlet, or for head cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles, or frump.--"An O without a figure," i. e., a cipher.—
7 A shelled peasow; a mere empty husk.—"But it on," i. e., promote it; instigate it.—
8 A wholesome weal, i. e., a well-governed state.
KING LEAR

SCENE IV.

So, out went the candle, and we were left *darkling.*

Lear. Are you our daughter? [wisdom.

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good Whereof I know you are *fraught,* and put away These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Lear. May not it be true when the court draws the horse?—Wrong, 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 discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's will 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 gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favor Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright, As you are old and revrident, should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debanch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurian and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel, Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy: be, then, o' th' rack
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disseiguity 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 better.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir! [To Alb. 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.*

Alb. Sir, pray, be at patience.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To Goneril.

My train are men of choice and meanest parts, That all particular 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, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the find 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 dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Lear. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.

Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear! Suspends thy purpose, if thou didst 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 honor her! If she must teen,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a *thwart dismurtur'd* torrent to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With a *cadent tears* foot 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, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never affect yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What? fify of my followers, at a clap,
Within a fortight?

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 perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' unoctented 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 thee lea,
To temer clay.—Ha!

Lear. 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.

[Exit LEAR in fury, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Lear. 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.

[To the Fool.

Fool. Nunce Lear, nunce 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!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
[Dream, At a point a hundred knights: yes, that on every Each bus, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may engage 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,
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,
Oswald!

Re-enter Oswald.

What have you writ that letter to my sister?
Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy. [departure, Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.]

[Exeunt.]

**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.**—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

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 whispering arguments.

Edm. No, I. 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.]

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 squeezy question, Which I must act. —Briefness, and fortune, work! —
Brother, a word: —descend: —brother, I say! —

Enter Edgar.

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, i' the night, Fain 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! —
Fly, brother; —Torches! torches! —So, farewell. —

[Exeunt Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. —Father! father!

Stop, stop! No help!

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain? [out.

Edm. Here stood he in the dark; his sharp sword Mummling 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?

*"Ear-whispering arguments," I. e., whispered arguments.
*"Toward," i. e. in preparation —"Qu-say," i. e. del(ic)ate.
*"Upon his party," I. e. upon the party formed by him (Cornwall) against the duke of Albany.—"Advise yourself!" I. e. recollect yourself.
KING LEAR.

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]
Edm. Pursu'd 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, Where in his prepared sword he charges home My unprovided body, lance'd mine arm: But 'twas whether he saw my best alarum'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter, Or whether 'tis ghasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far; Not in this land shall he remain long; And found, dispatch'd. —The noble duke my master, My worthy barchet pamet, 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. Where I dismissed him from his intent, And found him 'pight to do it, with 4curst speech I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, "Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, If I would stand against thee, would the reposals 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 dandar of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death Were very pregnant and potential spurs To make thee caple.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter?—I never got him. [Trunckt within.

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape; 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 maons To make thee caple.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

CORNWALL. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, [news. (Which I can call but now) I have heard strange
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, 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, your Edgar? Glo. O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid. Reg. Was he companion with the riotous knights That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, 'tis; he was of that consort. Reg. No marvel, then, though he were illaffected:

*"Ghastled," i. e., agasthet; frighted. —"Arch," i. e., chief. —"Fight," i. e., fixed in his purpose. —"Curst," i. e., angry; bitter. —"The reposals," i. e., the opinion repos'd in these. —"Faithful," i. e., to be believed; to be credited. —"Character," i. e., hand-writing; signature. —"Strong," i. e., determined; resolute. —"Capable," i. e., capable of succeeding to my land.

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have th' expense and waste of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Seen well innumerable of them; and with such cautions That if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father A child-like office.
Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd this hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
CORN. Is he pursued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.
CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose, How in my strength you please.—As for you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours: Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
CORN. You know not why we came to visit you.

REG. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed' night. Occasions, noble Gloster, of some pert., Wherein we must have use of your advice. Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I best thought fit To answer from our own: the several messengers From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bason, and bestow Your needful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam. Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good *dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I 't he mine.
Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in 10 Finsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an enter of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a filthy liver'd, 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 denyest the least syllable of thyaddition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knowest thee.

* "Bewray his practice," i. e., reveal his treacherous doings. — "Poise is weight, moment." — "From our home," i. e., away from our home. — "Dawning for morning." — "Pinfold," i. e., pound. — "Of thy addition," i. e., of thy titles.
KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thee 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 so bright, I can see o' the moonshine of you: [Drawing his Sword.] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. 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 curulamo your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you ne'te slaver, strike.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Edmund, and Servants.


KENT. With you, goodman boy, if you please: I'll fetch you; come on, young master. [Come, Glo. Weapons! Here? Here? What's the matter here? [man?]

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
At suit of his grey beard,—[spot'd
KENT. Thou, wheresoe' zed thou, unnecessary letters?—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbol'ted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a 4jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Ye are a sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwa'n [sion Which are too 'intrin'es't unloose; smooth every pas- That in the natures of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; [Revege, affirm, and turn their 3halcyon breaks With every gale and vary of their masters, And knowing nought, like dogs, but following,— A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile 1 at my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fall you out? say that.

KENT. No contrivances hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knife. [his offence?

Corn. Why dost thou call him knife? What's
KENT. His countenance lies 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 2 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 barb Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he; An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth: For they will take it, so 'tis not, he's plain. These kind of knives I know, which in this plainness Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends, Than twenty silly ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely.

Corn. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity, Under th' allowance of your grand aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire On ill-fearing Piusbus front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you recommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled 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?

Glo. Never gave him any.

It please'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, insulted, rail'd, And put upon him such a deal of man, That wothl'd him, got praises of the king For him attempting who was self-embold'd; And, in the fleasement of this dread exploit, Drew on me here again.

KNT. None of these rogues, and cowards, But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverence bragget, We'll teach you—

KNT. 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 honor, there shall he sit till noon. [Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

KNT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knife, I will. [Stocks brought out.

KNT. This is a fellow of the self-same color Our sister speaks of.—Come, buy 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 purpos'd low correction Is such, as basest and condemned'at wretchest, 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 abused, assaulted, For following her affairs.—Put in his leg—

KNT. is set in the Stocks

1 'Is their fool," i. e., is a fool to them.
SCENE IV.—Before Gloster’s Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and a Gentleman.

Lear. ’Tis strange that they should so depart from And not send back my messenger. [Home.

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. Hn.

Fool. Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime? Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears a cruel garter. Horses are tied by the head; dogs, 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® neither stocks, [mistook, Lear. What’s he, that hath so much thy place To set thee here? Kent. It is both he and she; Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.


Lear. No, no; they would not. 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. [der, Resolve me with all modest haste which way Thou might’st deserve, or they impose, this usage, Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness’ letters to them, And was receiv’d from the place that show’d My duty kneeling, came there a second post, Stew’d in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth From Goneril, his mistress, a salutation; Deliver’d letters, spite of interference, Which presently they read: on whose contents, They summon’d up their meiny, straight took horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend The leisure of their daughter, and gave me cold looks: And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceiv’d, had poison’d mine, (Being the very fellow which of late Display’d so saucily against your highness) Having more man than wit about me, drew: He mis’d the house with loud and coward cries. Your son and daughter fund this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers. [that way.

Fool. Winter’s not gone yet, if the wild goose fly Fathers, that wear rags, Do make their children blind; But fathers, that bear bags, Shall see their children kind.

Lear. Fortune, that serveth whose Ne’er turns the key to the poor.— But, for all this, ’tis follows, Thou shalt have as many dolors For thy daughters’ dear, As thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this “mother swells up toward my heart!”

Hysterica 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 Kent. None? [speak of? How chance the king comes with so small a train? Fool. An thou hast been set the stocks for that question, thou hast well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool? Fool. We’ll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there’s no laboring 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 1 foot turns knife that runs away, The 2 knife no fool, perdy. 

KENT. Where heardst thou this, fool? Fool. Not I the stocks, fool.

\[Re-enter Lear, with GLOSTER.\]

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary? They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere \* fetches, The images of revolt and flying off. Fetch me a better answer. 

GLO. My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the duke: How unremovable and fixed he is In his own course. 


Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so. Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, Glo. Ay, my good lord. \[man?\] Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the duke? 

[voice:] Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser- 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: Infamy doth still neglect all office, Whereo our health is bound: we are not ourselves, When nature, being oppressed, 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, That this \* remotion of the duke and her Is 2 practice only. Give me my servant forth. Go, tell the duke and 'a wife, I'd speak with them, Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me, Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry——" Sleep to death." 

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. \[Exit Lear.\] O me! my heart, my rising heart! but down. 

Fool. Cry to it, uncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she \* knapp'd 'em o' the coxcomb with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantson, down!" was her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

\[Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.\]

CORN. Good morrow to you both. 

REG. Hail to your grace! \[KENT is set at liberty.\] Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so; if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce thee from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress, — O! are you free? \[To Kent.\]

\*"Fetches," i. e., evasions. — "Remotion," i. e., retirement. — "Xresticis," i. e., artifices.

Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.— [Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe, With how depreav'd a quality—O Regan! — 

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scent her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that? 

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance, She have rend'd the riots of your followers, "Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame. 

Lear. My curses on her! 

Reg. O, sir! you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return: Say, you have wrong'd her, sir. 

Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the mouth: "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, \[Kneeling.\] That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food." 

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks. Return you to my sister. 

Lear. Never, Regan. \[Rising.\] She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. 

All thy good vengeance of her! upon her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness! 

CORN. Fie, fie, fie! 

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty, \[flames\] You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To 'fall and blast her pride! 

O the blest gods! So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on. 

Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse: Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thing Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train, To bid my hasty words, to stint my 'sires, And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt Against my coming in: thou know'st best \[prince of childhood, 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. \[Pointing to the stocks.\] 

REG. Good sir, to the purpose. 

Lear. Who put my man in the stocks? \[To Corn.\] What trumpet's that? 

\[Enter Oswald.\]

REG. I know'rt; my sister's: this approves her letter, That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come? 

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy bondage 'pride Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows. — Out, varlet, from my sight! 

CORN. What means your grace? 

\* Unnecessary is used here in the sense of necessities. — "To fall," i. e., to make fall; to humble. — A sike is a portion or allotment of food.
KING LEAR.

SCENE IV.  

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope [heaven's! Thou didst not know on.—Who comes here? O Enter Goneril.  

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway * Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, Make it your cause: send down the part! Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?  

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, And dotage terms so. O sides! you are too tough: Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?  

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders Deserv'd 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 lose against the empery o' the air; To be a comrade with the wolf and I how! Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her? Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless 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 a humper To this detested groom. [Looking at Oswald.  

Gon. At your choice, sir. Lear. I pray thee, 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: I call it a boil, A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, In my corrupted blood. But I will not chide thee; Let shame come when it will, I do not call it: I do not bid the thunder-bearer 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, I, and my hundred knights.  

Reg. Not altogether so: I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, 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 eminy! 'Tis hard! almost impossible.  

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendence From those that she calls servants, or from mine?  

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to shock you,  

* * *  

We could control them. If you will come to me, (For now I spy a danger) I entreat you To bring but five and twenty: to no more Will I give place, or notice.  

Lear. I gave you all. Reg. And in good time you gave it. Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries, But kept a reservation to be follow'd With such a number. What! must I come to you With five and twenty? Regan, said you so? Reg. And speak'st again, my lord; no more with me. Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favor'd, When others are more wicked; not being the worst Stands in some rank o' 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 need one? Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars Are in the poorest things superfluous flaws, 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 bags, 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 Shall break into a hundred thousand parts, Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool! I shall go mad. [Storm heard at a distance.  

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm. Reg. This house is little: the old man and 's people Cannot be well bestow'd. [rest;  

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from He must needs taste his folly.  

Reg. For his *particular, I'll receive him gladly, But not one follower.  

Gon. So am I purpos'd. Where is my lord of Gloucester?  

[Exeunt Lear, Goneril, Kent, and Fool.  

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Gon. So am I purpos'd. Where is my lord of Gloucester?  

[Exeunt Lear, Goneril, Kent, and Fool.  

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 So very ruffled: for many miles about There's scarce a bush.  

Reg. O, sir! to wiuful men,  

* * *  

That is, 'To be not the worst deserves some praise.'—  

"Cheap," i. e., as little worth.—"Flaws," i.e., fragments; shivers.—"For his particular," i. e., for himself alone.
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 insinuate him to, being apt
To have his ears abused, wisdom bids fear. [night:
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
My Regan counsels well.—Come out o' 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;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curdled waves above the main, [hair,
That things might change or cease: tears his white
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to set apart
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unconnected his maws,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning; 'twixt Albano and Cornwell;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thread'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and spectators
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in sniffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but flurishments—
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 your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding 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.

Kent. Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out talk, 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. [say?
Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
Yet; [pain
That, when we have found the king, in which your
That way I'll find, 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!
You cataracts and hurricanous spouts, [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
Your sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vain-couriers to oak-deaving thunderbolts, [der,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike that the round totality of the world:
Crack nature's moulds, all germs spilt at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Split, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, your 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, inform, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-encourger'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 'a head in has a
good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall lose;—
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his honour should make,
Shall of a corn cry wo,
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

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of raining wind and rain, I never

"Fellow," i. e., companion. — "Thought-executing," i.e., executing with the rapidity of thought. — "Vain-couriers," i.e., Court holy-water. — A proverbial phrase for fair words. — "Subscription," i.e., obedience. — "Gallow," i.e., frighten; scare.
SCENE IV.  

KING LEAR.  

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry Th' affliction, nor the fear.  

Lear.  

Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwip'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou perjurer, and thou simulant of virtue  
That art inconstant: cast off to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guiltis,  
Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,  
More sin'd against, than shining.  

Kent.  

Alack! bare-headed.  
Here's—[Exit.  

789  
Let  
These  
That  
Poor  
That  
Gracious  
More  
Repose  
This  
natural  
These  
be  
person.  
am  
Lear.  
Kent.  

SCENE IV.—A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.  

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.  

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:  
The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.  [Storm still.  

Lear.  

Let me alone.  

Kent.  

Good my lord, enter here.  

Lear.  

Wilt break my heart?  

Kent.  

I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.  

[Foal.  

You think'st 'tis much, that this contentious  
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater mainly is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the  
mind's free,  
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what heeds these stings of Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home,—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on;—I will endure,—  
In such a night as this! O Regan! Goneril!—  
Your old kind father, 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.  

Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would 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.  

[Foal goes in.  

Poor naked wretches, whereasoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O! I have taken  
Too little care of this. Take physic, pompos;  
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!  

[Foal runs out from the Hovel.  

Fool.  

Come not in here, uncle; 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.  

* "Footed," i. e., on foot.—"Loop'd and window'd" signifies  
full of holes and apertures.
KING LEAR.  ACT III.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there! Come forth. [the straw?]

Enter Edgar, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Aw'ay! the foul fiend follows me! "Through the sharp Hawthorn 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 ants led through fire and through flame, through 'swamp and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his paw; set ratsbane by his porthole; 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, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, sun-blasting, and *inking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. —There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.

*Strikes. Storm continues.

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?—Call![Could 'st thou have nothing? Didst thou give them! Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

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. [nature

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —Is it the fond fiend, that did discard him? Should have thus little mercy of their flesh!—Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those *pelicant daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:— Hallo, hallo, 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 spouse; 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 his hair, with golden gloss in my cap, served the base of my mistress' 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-paramouried the Turk: fable of heart, light of *ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth; wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the cracking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of phletches, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. —"Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold wind;"— says sumum, ma, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

[Storm still continues.]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. —Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast the bone that makes it flesh. —

"Taking," l. e., blazing with malignant influences.

"The young pelicans is failed to suck the mother's blood." 

"It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favor of a mistress." —"Light of ear," l. e., ready to receive malitious reports.

no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—

—Ha! here's three *on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. —Off, off, you lendings. —Come; unbutton here. 

Fool. Try thee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. —Now, a little fire in a wide field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. —Look! here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Filibertibiggeth: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the *pin, spits the eye, and makes the hollow-lip; midlews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the cold; He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold; Bid her alight, And her troth plight, Pluck, wear, and aright thee! Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. What's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, cuts cow-dung for salters; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mangle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and storked, 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 years. 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 Mahn.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my 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; That I, in their subjection, be to lay hold, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I 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? [house

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned. What is your study? [Theban.

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private. —[They talk apart.

Kent. Impart one more to go, my lord, His wits begin to 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 web and the pin," diseases of the eyes, resembling the entames.—"* Ardoni," l. e., amput. —"The water," l. e., the water-meat.
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 impotence. The gods reward your kindness!

[Exit Gloster.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Try, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr’ythee, 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’s a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAN. 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 heath, a boy’s love, or a whore’s oath.]

LEAR. It shall be done; I will arrange them Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[To Edgar.

Thou, sayest sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?—

Come o’er the 4th bound, 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. Hopdancerie cries in Tom’s belly for two white herring. Crook 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 in the evi—

Thou rob’d man of justice, take thy place!—

[To Edgar.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool. Bench by his side.—You are o’ the commission, Sit you too. [To Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn; And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

LEAR. Arnaigh her first; ’tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

[To Kent.

Edg. Bless thy five wits!—

KENT. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain? [much,

Edg. [Aside.] My team begin to take his part so They’ll mar my counterfoiling.

LEAR. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me. 

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avant, you curs! Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite; Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim, Hound, or spaniel, brach, or flym; Or boiball little, or trundle-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 anatoimize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, If justicer for justice. A <source> is a brook or rivulet. Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. Tike and trundle-tail are species of mean dogs.
KING

Hard, where husky. [meet

Come, Get

Cunning. lay

course. nor
e., withered we

[Exit. [

bound

Enter keep

What

In

Thou

well,

bound

Mark

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And

nate," proaching.—

Give

Some

master? [curtains.

be

Edgar.

"The

Reg.

Corn.

Reg.

Corn.

Gon.

Glo.

Glo.

Fool.

Glo.

Glo.

Glo.

Fool.

He.

him
take

him

Regan,

Goneril,

servant.

Kent, Our

to-night,

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Lord

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With

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proof,

They

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Goneril,

bend,

now,

servants

behind.

have

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them

noon.

lord,

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of

Farewell,

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with

lament.

for

night

endur'd,

night

fangs.

features.

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KING

LEAR.

ACT III.

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 if the morning: so, so, so, so.

Foot. And I'll go bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master? [gone.

Kent. Here, sir: but trouble him not; his wis are

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, [meet

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st 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. [Execut KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

Edg. When we our letters 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 sufferance doth o'er-ship,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now, [Bow! When that which makes me bend, makes the king

Flush'd, as if fagg'd-Tom, away! Mark the high *noises; and thyself b'bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.

What will happen to-night, safe 'scape the king! Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedy to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.

—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Execut some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my disposal.—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 *festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent between us. Farewell, dear sister,—farewell, my lord of Gloster, [Exit.

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,

"The high noises," i.e., the great events that are approaching.—"Brewray," i.e., betray; discover.—"Festinate," i.e., quick; hasty.—"My lord of Gloster," i.e., Edmund, invested with his father's title.

Hot *questors 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 men.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Reg. Excus' GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD. —Go, seek the traitor Gloster.

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. [Excus' 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 subscribe, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his c'erkoy arms. [consider

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends,

You are my guess: 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, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Gaunt. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will i' the morn—quickken, and accuse thee.

I am your host: With robbers' hands my hospitable favors

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the late *foisted 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. Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Want 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

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? [course.

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh! rish bearish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the *stelled fires;

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that storm time,

Then the Black Gables have said, "Good porter, turn the All cruel else *subscribers: but I shall see [key,]

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

* A questor is one who goes in quest or search of another. — "Shall do a courtesy," i.e., shall bend,—"Corky," i.e., dry; withered; husky.—"Will quicken," i.e., will quicken into life; "Favors," i.e., features.—"Footed," i.e., set on foot.—To rack is the old term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.—"Stelled," i.e., starred.—"Subscribe'd," i.e., yielded; submitted to the necessity of the occasion.
ACT IV.

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,

*"To quit," l. e., to requite.—*"The overture here means the opening, the disclosure."—"Meet the old course of death, and the fatal death, the natural death."—"The Bodman," i. e., the Bodlamite; the madman,—"in esperance," l. e., in hope.

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace: The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, Ows nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes hither?—

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 'tis 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.

Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst?" I am worse than o'er 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. Madam, 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 wright: my son Came there into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since. As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside.] How should this be?— Bad is the trade that must play foot to sorrow, Angering itself and others. [To him.] Bless thee, Glo. Is that the naked fellow? [master! 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'ld entreat to lead me.

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 *parch* that I have, Come 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.] Bless 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 seared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidict; Hobbitdance, prince of dullness; Mahu, of stealing; Mo'di, of murder; and Hilber-tibibet, of mopping and mowing, who since pos-

*[l. e., disguise.]*
KING LEAR.

ACT IV.

senses chamber-maids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still! Let the *superfluous, and lust-ditected 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 brink 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 EDGAR; 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 chagr'd. I told him of the army that was landed;
I do smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse!" of Gloster's breach.
And of the loyal service of his son, [cry,
When I inform'd him, then he calle'd me sot,
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.

It is the cowish terror 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 musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hand. 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: [giving a chain
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edg. 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 fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit Oswald.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the *whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition: That nature, which commons its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will *silver and disbranch From her material sap, perfervce must wither,

---"The superfluous," i. e., the pampered.—In is put here for an—"Buy prove effects," i. e., may be consummated.
---"Do whist the whistle," i. e., worth calling for.—"Sil- ver," i. e., tear off.

And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filitas savour but themselves. What have you done I
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-logg'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 benefitted?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a check for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd;
Ere they have done their mischift. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer bends threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack! why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend.

So herein, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool! [shame,

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
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
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrall'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, 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:
[Opening 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.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
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
And out of the house, on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

---"My blood," i. e., my passion; my inclination.
SCENE V.  KING LEAR.

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.  [Exit.

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?

Gent.  Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his coming forth is thought of; which Imposed 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?

Gent.  The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent.  Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent.  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, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent.  Made she no verbal question?

Gent.  'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father" Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters! What?" the storm? if the night?
Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamber'd moisten'd: then, away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent.  It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our 4 conditions; Else one self mate and 4 mates could not legit
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent.  No.

Kent.  Was this before the king return'd?

Gent.  No, since.

Kent.  Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better time, remembers What we are about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.  Why, good sir?

Kent.  A sovereign shame so elevates him; his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his beneficence, turn'd her To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting His mind so venomously, that burning shame Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.  Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent.  Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you Gent.  "Tis so they are about. [heard not? Kent.  Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear, And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go Along with me.  [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and 2 French Soldiers.

Cor.  Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now As mad as any madman seen: singing aloud:
Crow'd with rank 5 fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hoar-docks, 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 an Officer.]—What can man's wisdom,
In the restored his bereaved sense?
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 unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remit,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungodly 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,
Therefore great France My mourning, and 4 important tears, hath pitied.
No 5 blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear, and see him!  [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster'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.  [home?

Reg.  Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at Osw.  No, madam.

Reg.  What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw.  I know not, madam.

Reg.  'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster'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 6 nighted life; moreover, to despy The strength o' 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;

<ref>"Question," i. e., discourse; conversation.—"That is, "Let pity not be supposed to exist." " And clamar moisten'd," i. e., accompanied her outeries with tears.—"Conditions," i. e., dispositions.—"One self mate and mate," i. e., the selfsame husband and wife.</ref>
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 unsail 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 _currences, 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. _Exeunt._

**SCENE VI.**—The Country near Dover.  
_Enter Gloster, and Edgar dressed like a Peasant._

**Glo.** When shall I come to the top of that same hill? _Edg._ Do you climb up it now? look, how we labor. **Glo.** Methinks, the ground is even.  
_How do you hear the sea?_  
*Horribly steep._

**Glo.** So may it be, indeed. Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speakest In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.  
_Edg._ Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I Better of my garments.  
**Glo.** Methinks, y'are better spoken. _Edg._ Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.  
_How feoul, And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! The crows, and crows, that wing the middle air, Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down Hangs one that gathers _samphire_; dreadful trade! Methinks, he seems no bigger than thy head. The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appar, like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark, Diminish'd to her _cock_; cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge, That on this unnumber'd idle pelves chases, Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more; Leave thy 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.  
_Her friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods, Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off! Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.  
_Edg._ Now fare you well, good sir._

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**Glo.** With all my heart.  
_Edg._ Why do I trifle thus with his despair; Is done to cure it.  
**Glo.** O, you mighty gods! This would 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 your great opposition, My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—Now, fellow, fare thee well.  
_He leaps, and falls along._

_Edg._ And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life, when life itself Yields to the _thief:_ 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 taught but gossamer, feathers, So many fathom down precipitating, Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe; Hast heavy substance: bleed'st not; speak'st not; art Ten maus at _each make not the altitude, _[sound._ Which thou last perpetually fell: Thy life is 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 _shril-gorg'd_ lark so far Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.  
**Glo.** Ahuck! I have no eyes.—Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit, To end itself by death? _Twas yet some comfort, When nature could beguile the tyrant's rage, And frustrate his proud will.  
_Edg._ Give me your arm: _[Helping him up._ Up:—so;—how is't? _Feet 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 two full moons; he had a thousand noses, Horns _whelk'd, and wond'_ like the emerald sea: It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father, Think that the _clearest_ gods, who make them honors Of man, can no impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.  
_Edg._ I do remember, in the same _bourn_ forth I'ld hear Affliction, till it do cry out itself  "Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of, I took it for a man; often 'twould say, "The fiend, the fiend!" he led me to that place.  
_Edg._ Bear _free_ and patient thoughts._—But who comes here?  
_Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with _Strawns and Flowers._

**Lear.** The safer sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.  
**Lear.** No, thou side-piercing sight!  
**Lear.** Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's _yard._—Look,  

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look! a mouse. Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown *bills. O, well-flown, bird!—it the clout, t' the b*clout: helm!—Give the *word.

**Edg.** Sweet marjoram.

**Lear.** Pass. I know that voice.

**Lear.** Ha! Generil!—with a white beard!—They flatter'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, they told the thunder would not peace at my boding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not gue-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?

**Lear.** Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No: The wren goes to, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.
Let consumption thrive; for Gloster's bastard son Was kinder to his father's daughters, my daughters Got 'twixt the lawful sheets. To't, *luxury, bell-mell, for I lack soldiers.

**Lear.** Behold yond simpering dame, Whose face between her forks preaught snow; That *minxes virtue, and does shackle the head To hear of pleasure's name; The kingly shoe, nor the soiled horse, goes to't With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are counteours, Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit, Beneath is all the fiends: there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—be, be, he! pah! pah! Give me wine, 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 ruin'd 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 remember me?

**Lear.** I'll love—Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

**Glo.** Were all the letters suns, 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, no! 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: ye 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 rul'd upon yond' simple thief. Harl, 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 might' best behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.
Thou stumble, hold thy bloody hand! [back; Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own
Thou holty lust't to use his in that kind [crozener.
For which thou whipp'st her. The wearer hangs the
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furn'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lince of justice hurtles breaks:
And when it rises, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None doth 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 scurril politician, seem

[now! To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

**Edg.** O, matter and *imperincery mix'd;
Reason in madness!

**Lear.** If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee 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! alas the day!

**Lear.** When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—*g To 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 these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

**Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.**

**Gent.** Of! here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

**Lear.** No rescue? What! a prisoner! I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am ent 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.

**Gent.** Good sir,—

**Lear.** I will die bravely,
Like a snug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.
Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

**Gent.** You are a royni one, and we obey you.

**Lear.** Then there's life in it. Nay, no you get it,
you shall get it by running. So, so, sa, sa.

[Exit: Attendants follow.

**Gent.** A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past 3 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 favor,
How near's the other army?

**Gent.** Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery
Stands on the hourly thought.

*The brown bills*: I. e., the battle-axes. — *The clout*, I. e., the white mark for archers to aim at. — *The word*, I. e., the watchword. — *The trick*, I. e., the manner. — *The jinckes* is the polecat. — To equity is to look against.

*b* i'll *able'em*: i. e., i'll support, uphold them.—*im* *perincery* means here something not belonging to the subject.—*a man of salt* is a man of tears.—That is, *The main body is expected to be described every hour.*
KING LEAR.

ACT IV.

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A prochain’d price! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first fram’d flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Brieﬁly thyself remember!—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Edg. Ch’ill not let go, sir, without varther ’casion.

Osw. Let go, slaye, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your ’gainst, and let poor
Volk pass. And ch’ud ha’ been swagger’d out of my
life, ’twould not ha’ been so long as ’tis by a
vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep
out, ch’ud ve’ry, or Ise try whether your escondre or
my ballow be the harder. Ch’ill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill! Edg. Ch’ill pick your teeth, sir. Come; no mat-
error your founs.

[They fight; and Edgar strikes him down.

Osw. Slave, thou hast shain me.—Villain, take my
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; [purse.

And give the letters, which thou ﬁnd st about me,
To Edmond earl of Gloucester; seek him out, And
the British party.—O, unlimate 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, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies’ minds we rip their hearts,
Their papers more lawful.

[Reads.] “Let our reciprocal vows be re mem-
bered. You have many opportunities to cut him off,
If your will want not, time and place will be fruit-
fully offered. There is nothing done, if he returns
the conqueror; then am I the physician, and his bed
my jail, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me,
and supply the place for your labor.”

Your (wife, so I would say)
“affectionate servant,
Gentil.”

O, unextinguish’d blaze of woman’s will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband’s life;

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sand, 
There 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-practic’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 ingenuous feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distinct;
So should my thoughts be sever’d from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. [Drum afar of. Edg. Give your hand. Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father; I’ll bestow you with a friend.

EXTREM.

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. Lear
On a Bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others, 
attending: Enter Cordelia 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 clipp’d, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: These weeds are ’memories of those worser hours.

I pr’yther, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; yet to be known shortens my wain intent;
My bow I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be’t so, my good lord.—How does the king?

[To the Physician.

Doc. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th’ unmum’d and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doc. So please your majesty,
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?

Doc. Ay, madam; in the braviness 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.

Doc. 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 challenge’d pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos’d against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder star? In

The most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lighting? 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 fair, poor father,
To lovel thee with swine, and Rogers forlen.

*’The post unsanctiﬁed,’ i. e., the unconsecrated burial-
place.—1 The Duke of Albany.—4 ‘Sited,’ i. e., dressed.

Memorial,—’Child-changed,’ i. e., changed by his chil-
dren.—’Four perdu!’ The allusion is to the forlorn hope
in a army, called in French, enfans perdus.—’This thin
helm,’ i. e., this thin covering of hair.
KING LEAR.

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 'Tis wonder, that thy life and wis at once Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him. 

**ACT V.**

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover. 

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

**Edm.** Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold; Or whether since he is advised by augury To change the course: He's full of alteration, And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure. 

[To an Officer, who exits.]

**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: 

Toll me, but truly, but then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister? 

**Edm.** In honor'd love. 

**Reg.** But have you never found my brother's way To the 'forefended place? 

**Edm.** That thought abuses you. 

**Reg.** I am doubtful that you have been conjunct, And honor'd with her, as far as we call hers. 

**Edm.** No, by mine honor, madam. 

**Reg.** I never shall endure her. Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her. 

**Edm.** Fear me not. 

Sic, and the duke her husband,— 

**Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.**

**Gon.** I had rather lose the battle, than that sister Should loosen him and me. 

[Aside.

**Alb.** Our very loving sister, well be met. 

Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter, With others, whom the rigor of our state Forget'th 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. 

**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 e'er your grace had speech with man so 

Hear me one word. 

[poor.]

**Alb.** I'll overtake you.—Speak. 

[Exeunt Edmund, Régan, Gonerel, 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.]

**Edg.** Stay, till I have read the letter. 

---

*"Abus'd," I e. imposed upon. "To make him even o'er," I e. to reconcile to his apprehension. "The arbitrement," I e. the decision.*
KING LEAR. ACT V

Edg. I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, And I'll appear again. [Exit.]

Abb. Why, fare thee well: I will overthlook thy paper. [Exit.

RECTOR EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view: draw up your powers. Here is the guess of their true strength and forces By diligent discovery: [Skewing a Paper:] but Is now urg'd on you. [your haste

Abb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love: Each to the other, of the other, as the string Are of the archer. Which of them shall I take? Both' e'en! or neither! Neither can be enjoy'd, It both remain alive: to take the widow

Expectantes, makes mad, her sister Goneril! And hardly shall I carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use His confidence 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.

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

Alarm within. Enter, with Drum and Colors, Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and excaud.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

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.

Pray bring you comfort.

Glo. Crave go with you, sir! [Exit EDGAR.

Alarm; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand; away! King Lear hath lost he, and his daughter taken. Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No father, sir: a man may rot even here. Edg. Warrant in all thoughts again! Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither: 

Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in convent, with Drum and Colors, EDMUND; Lear and Cordelia, as Prisoners; Captains, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard, Until their greater pleasures first be known, That are to enclose them.

Car. We are not the last. Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst. For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else outstrip false fortune's frown. Shall we not see those daughters, and these sisters! Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison: We two have sinn'd, and well, in the cage: When thou dost ask me t'becking, 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't the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, In a new prison, marks and sects 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 caught thee! [Embracing her.

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven, And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes; The thongs shall devour them, flesh and blood. Ere they shall make us speak: we'Il see them starve first.


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 a question: either say, thou'lt do't, Or thrive by other means.

Capt. Edm. I'll do't, my lord.

Edg. About it: and write happy, when thou hast Mark.—I say, instantly; and carry it so. [Done. As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oun's; If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Captain.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.

Abb. 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 tide more, To push the common bosom on his side; And turn our impressed fancies 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 swear, and bleed: the friend bath lost his

friend;

And the best quarrel, in the host, are cure'd By those that feel their sharpness.—

The question of Cordelia, and her father, Requires a fitter place.

Abb. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war, Not a brother.

Rev. That's as we list to grace him?

Mothinks, our pleasure might have been demanded, Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers, Bore the 1 commission of my place and person; The which immediate may well stand up, And call itself your brother.

Glo. No more:

*The scrofula is a loathsome disease. Fall is skin. — 'Poor question.' i.e., admit of debate. — Strain is here used for race, descent. — 'Improved lances.' i.e., hallowed with presence. — Commission, i.e., authority. — Immediate, i.e., authority to act on his own judgment. —
In his own grace he doth exalt himself, more than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights, by me invested, he composes the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.


Gon. Regal, holla! holla!

Threw oval you told so look'd but a-quaint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else should I answer

From a full-fowling stomach. — General, take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:

Dispose of, that is to 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. [Pattern to Gov.] — For your claim, fair sir,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she subcontracted 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! [sound:]

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster. — Let the trumpet

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge. [Throwing down a Glove.] I'll prove

it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick! O, sick!

Gon. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

Edm. There's my exchange: [Throwing down a Glove] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not I will maintain

My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho! —

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald! Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.

Enter a Herald.

Come bither, herald. — Let the trumpet sound,

And read out this.

C apt. Sound, trumpet. [A Trumpetsounds.

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists

of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound! —

Her. Again.

[1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

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-grown, and canker'd-bitten:

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 honors,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Man, thy strength, thy skill, youth, and eminence,

Despite thy vector sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspiring against this high fictitious prince

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spoiled traitor. Say thou, "No."

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereby 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 says some o' th' way of breathing breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well be day.

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!

[Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.

Alb. O, save him! save him!

Gon. This is more practice, Gloster.

By the laws of arms, thou hast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But o'er-rided and beguiled.

Alb. Sit not, your mouth, dame; or with this paper shall I stop it? — Hold, sit!

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.

[She snatches at the Letter.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine: Who can arraign me so't!

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:

'Tis 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;

' — Say, or essay, is a sample, a taste. — That is, What I might safely delay, if I styled punctiliously. — Practise, i. e., straggan.
KING LEAR.

ACT V.

If more, the more thou liest 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 us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

Edm. 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.

Edm. 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 'tis 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 rags, I 'tis a semblance
That very dogs 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, sn'd him from despair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,

Unto 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 flaw'd heart,

(Ah! too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Bursted smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
You look as if you had something more to say.

Edm. If there be more be more woful, 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.

Whist I was big in clamar, came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shun'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;

Told the most piteous 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 tranc'd.

Edn. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Fallow'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!

Edg. 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 poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contriv'd 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 various manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master eye good night:

Is he not here?

Edm. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's the
Son that this object, Kent?

[The Bodies of Gonewill and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was below'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,

And after slew herself.

Edm. Even so.—Cover their faces,

The present grief:—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! [send

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?

Thy token of reprise.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,

Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgarm.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison,

And to lay the blame upon her own despair,

That she fordid 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 cracking.—She's gone for

ever.

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the 5 shine,

Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Full, 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. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I

Might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever.—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What's th'o' thou say'st?—Her voice was ever so soft, Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

* "But another," i. e., but I must add another.
KING LEAR.

SCENE III.

To him our absolute power.—To you your rights,
With 'boot, and such addition, as your honors
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O! see, see! [life:
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt 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!—[He dies.
Edg. He faints.—My lord, my lord!—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break! 
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vox 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 endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
All. 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 gor'd state sustain.
KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me; 'Tis must not say, no.
All. 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.

* "With boot," i. e., with increase, advantage.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo in choler, and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me, I take it much un—

Iago. Shood! but you will not hear me:

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me thou didst hold him in thy hate,

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones

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,

Nounsuits my mediators; "For cotirse," says he,

"I have already chose my officer." And what he was?

Forssoth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damed in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish" theorie,

Wherein the "taged 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 debtor and creditor, this "counter-caster:

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's ancients.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

[ service.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of

Preferment goes by "favor and affection,

"Theorie," i.e., theory.—"The taged consuls," i.e.,

men of the gown, or Iago; mere civilians.—"Must be be-

lee'd," i.e., must be put on the heeward side, and therefore

calm'd.—"Counter-caster," a contemptuous term for an

arithmetician.—An ancient was an ensign, a standard-

bearer.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Scene 1.

Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir t' the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I am not just $\frac{1}{2}$ terms am *affect'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir! content you;
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 duteous and knee-crooking $\n$ knife,
That doth, doing on his own observations, Shews out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are, Who, *earn'd* in forms and usages of duty, Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, And, throwing but show 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. For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In knowling him, I follow him:
Heaven is my judge, not for I 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,* 'tis not long after But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve For danger to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips 4 owe, If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up his father: Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight, Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kinmen; And though he in a fertile climate dwell, Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy, You must still show such changes of vexation on, As it may lose some color.

Rod. Here is his father's house: I'll call aloud. Iago. Do: with like *chamorous* accent, and dire As when, by night and negligence, the fire [yll, Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What he! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho! Iago. Why! signior Brabantio, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! Thieves! thieves! thieves!

Enter Brabantio, above, at a Window.

Iago. What is the reason of this terrible summons? What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Iago. Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds! sir, you are robb'd; 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 tapping your white ewe. Arise, arise! Awake the snorting creatures with the bell, Or else the devil will make a grand ladsire of you.

Arise, I say.

Iago. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my name?

Iago. Not I: *Affind't,* 2 i. e., bound by relationship.

Rod. My name is Rodorigo.

Iago. What worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors. In honest perusal, 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,—

Iago. 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.

Iago. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is My house is not a *grange.* [Venice; Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 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* near to you; you'll have couriers for cousins, and genets for *germans.*

Iago. What so profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am, one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Iago. Thou art a villain.

Iago. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Rodorigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I speak If 'tbe your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter, At this *odd* and even full watch o' the night, Transported with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, To the gross claps of a lascivious Moor, If this be known to you, and your *allowance,* We then have done you bold and sucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your 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 to the Moor;* what, thyself, and fortunes,
On an *extravagant* and wheedling 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.

Iago. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Iago. 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.

Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I say I shall)
Against the Moor: for, to do I know the state,— However this may gill 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 9 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, [him,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
Lead in the 9 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 despised 9 time
Is now. Pray you, head on. — 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 'twas she? — O! thou deceit'st 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.

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them set. — Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidenhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing? — Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Br. Call up my brother. — O, that you had had 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, head on. 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 deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.]

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 4 yerk'd him here, under the
9. 'Tis better as it is. [rills.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honor,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did fail hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the 9 magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As 9 double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him colour.

Oth. — Let him to his spite: My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall cut-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
I shall promptuate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my i 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 9 unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine. — [yonder?
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You are best go in.

Oth. Not 1; 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 Casio, 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 he 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 galley's
Have sent a dozen 9 sequent messengers,
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, run'st and met, [for
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above three several 9 quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a board
9 canack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio. — General, be 9 adviz'd:
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers, with Torches and Weapons.

Oth. Hollo! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Br. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons. [my daughter?
Br. O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd
Dare'st thou, 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 9 curled darlings of our nation,

9 "Men of royal siege," l. e., men who have set upon
royal thrones. — "Demersis for merita." — "Unhoused," l. c.,
rowned; free from domestical cares. — " sequent," i. e.,
succesive. — " Quests," l. c., messengers. — " A canack was a
ricely-laden vessel. — " Be advis'd," l. c., be cautious.
" Opposite," l. c., averes. — "It was the fashion for galantns
to wear curled or frizzled hair."}
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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.

Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd: My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys. Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sen. But though they jump not on a just account, (As in these cases, with the same reports, There is a 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.

Sailor. [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho! Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now, the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes: So was I bid report here to the state, By signor Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change? 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 ourselves again but understand,
My very noble and approve'd good masters, That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, It is most 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 act phrase of peace; For since those arms of mine had seven years' plith, Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'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 gracious patty will a vessel unwarish'd tale deliver? [Dience, 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 mean Blue is at herself; and she—by 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, Wherein I found you, [Edme.] Consider again, That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, Or with some drug conjur'd to this effect, He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof: Without 'twit more evidence and overt test, These are such habits, and poor likelihoods Of mean and seeming, you prefer against him. I see. 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 Sagituary, And let her speak of me before my father: If you do find me foul in her report, The trust, the office, I do hold of you, Not only take away, but let your sentence Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. Otho. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. [Enter 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. Otho. 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: Wherewith I spake of most disastrous chances, Of moving accidents, by flood, and field; Of hairbreadth escapes; th' imminent deadly breach; Of being taken by the insolent foe, And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence, And *portance in my travel's history:*

Wherein of *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. To this, I tell, 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 plant hour; and found good means To do more hereafter a prey to earnest heart, That I would all my pilgrimage dilate. Whereof by parcels she had something heard, But not b 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 word of sighs: She said, *'twas strange; *'twas passing charming. *'Twas pitiful,' *twas wondrous pitiful: strange; 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 should but want a man.—There is this hint I speak; 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 to. 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 woor, Destruction upon 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 parents and education both do learn How to respect you; you are the lord of duty; I am hitherto 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. And be he with you—I have done.— Plead 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 clogs on them—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak of *yourself;* and *say a* sentence, Which, as a state, or step, may help these lovers

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Scene III.

The Moor of Venice.

Into your favor.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.
By seeing the worst, which hate on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone.
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Chief.

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
I hear the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he must be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [Chief to the robber, that steals something from the
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus beguile us:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
I hear the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he must be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [Chief to the robber, that steals something from the
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the filthy and steel conch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do not agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
The present wars against the Ottoman.
Most humbly, therefore, bending 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.
Be at her father's.
Bra. You can never have it so.
Oth. Nor I. 

Duke.

Duke.
That did I 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 honors, and his wars 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 interment shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords! beseech you, let her will
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,
(To me defunct) and proper satisfaction; transport your serious and great business near,
And be not free and hounstoo to her mind:
And heaven defend your counsels, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
When she is more than I. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid's foil with wanton dross,
My speculative and active business,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skilllet of my helm,
And all indigent and base adversities;
Make head against my reputation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for him to stay, or going.

Duke. At nine! the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall hear our counsels 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. Aiden, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.
Bra. Look, Moor, how thou those eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee
[Exit Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
If prythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour.

Oth. The Moor is with me.

Oth. My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage.

Duke. At nine! the morning here we'll meet again.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
If prythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage.

Oth. The Moor is with me.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
If prythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage.

Oth. The Moor is with me.
tles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one kind of herbs, or distract it with another; either to have it strew with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance 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 cruel stings, our bumbling lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

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 profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable inestimable; I could never better stand thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona shall long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and this was a true answer to the instruction; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as colocynthia. She must change for youth: when she is sati'd with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have his money; 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 superful 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, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. Go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-teil thee again and again, to the Moor: my curse is thine heart; this hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adon. 

Rod. Where shall we meet me the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse. Good morrow, Etc. Roderigo.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my dexter
He has done my office: I know not if 'twere true:
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for laurety. 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.

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,
Decry a sail. [Exeunt; 2 Gent. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloft at
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath raffled'sd upon the sea,
What rips of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortar's? 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-shall'd shaker, with high and monstrous
Seems to cast water on the burning 'bear, [mane,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enarched flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not insheeter'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 designment halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and suffurance
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 pray the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

* "Will do as if for surely." i. e., will act as if I were certain to the contrary.—"Dissemble for disposition.—Segregation is separation, separation.—The burning bear," etc.—"Enarched," i. e., angry.—"Designament," i. e., purpose; intention.
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,
And enjoin reg'ard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

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 surfeit'd to death,
Stand in bold e'ere.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' 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 pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

[Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general viv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiv'd a maid,
That paragonic description, and warlike fame;
One that excels the quirks of blossom'ing pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,

[In.]

Does bear all excellency.—How now! who has put
Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient of the general.
Cas. He has had most favorable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guill'test keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal naturings, letting go safely
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
AScene's enchantment.—Great Jove! Othello guard,
And swell thy sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pacts in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and
Attendants.

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,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,


Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! I fear — How long you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and shores
Parted our fellowship.

[Within.] A sail, a sail!

But, hark! a sail.

[Gun heard.]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.

[Exit Gentleman.]

Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mistress.

[To Emilia.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would you give her so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she o'er bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have just to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue as safe in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.
[doors.]

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your ills, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
Des. O, be upon thee, thy tongue an airy
[beads.]

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not m'critical.
[harbor.]

Des. Come on; essay.—There's one gone to the
Cas. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come; how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
Comes from a great and bottomless well:
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labors,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

[witty?

Des. Well pleas'd! How, if she be black and
Iago. If she be black, and therefore have a wit,
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;
For even her folly helps her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish therunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst
But what praise could'st thou bestow on a
deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authori-
ty of her merit, did justly put on the • touch of very
maligne itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet never went gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—' now I may,'
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that as late was never so frail.
To change the cool's head for the salmon's tail;
That she could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion—
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though be thy hus-
band.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most pro-
fane and liberal censurer?
Cas. He speaks boome, madam; you may reli-
shim more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[\v Talks apart with Desd.]
Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her; do; I will • gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good; well kisst! an excellent court-
tesy! 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were oyster-pipes for your sake.
—[A Trumpet heard.] The Moor! I know his
trompet.
Cas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior!—
Des. My dear Othello!—
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!—
If after tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death;
And let the laboring back climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere 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 discords be,
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. [Aside.] O! you are well turnd now; But I'll set down the pegs that makes this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
Now, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle—
Hungry, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of k fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark 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 harbor.
—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 k guard.
—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is direct-
ly 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 as neglectful and indiscreet 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 satiety a fresh appetite, love-
liness in favor, 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 unforseted position) who
stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune,
as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther
company, thee, 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 knave; a fain-
der out of occasions; that has an eye to stamp and
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never
present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave
is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in
him of his who and green minds look after; a pes-
tilent complete knave, and the woman hath found
him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of
most blessed p 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 pudd-
ing! Didst thou not see her paddle with the
palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.
Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and ob-
scure 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 the mutualities so
marshall the way, hard at hand comes the master
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion.
Fish!—But, sir, by you ruled me: I have
brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight;

*Well desired,* i. e., much solicited by invitation.—
*"O make a head," i. e., without method, hang it,
i. e., listen to me. —The court of guard is the place
where the guard musters.—"Lay thy finger," i. e., on thy mouth,
to stop it, while listening to a speaker.—"You are
pregnant," i. e., plain; evident.—"Salt," i. e., inane.—"Green," i. e., unripe; immature.—"Condition," i. e., qualities;
disposition of mind.
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 speak-
ing too loud, or rashly taking his discipline; or from
what other cause you please, which the time shall
more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler,and,haply, with his tramcheon may strike at you:
provoketh 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
displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a short
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 opportu-

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the
citadel: I must fetch his necessaries afloat. Fare-
well.

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—lowdight 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 accountable for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the justifull Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Both like a poisonous mineral grow's my inward,
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet 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 'tis
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank & gerb,—
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:
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People follow-
ing.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and vali-

tant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, imported the mere perdiction of the Turkish fleet,

every man put himself into triumph; some to dance,
some to make bonfires, 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

a. To go to market. b. i. e., throw away all one's money. c. To be alert, quick, and watchful. d. i. e., by drinking.
e. To be punctilious, accurate. f. i. e., To be unhappy. g. i. e., To be astonished. h. i. e., To be taken by surprise.
i. i. e., To be careful, considerate. j. i. e., To make refreshments. k. i. e., To be without drink. l. i. e., To be modest.
m. i. e., To be liberal. n. i. e., To be without meat or drink. o. i. e., To be without wine. p. i. e., To be without.
q. i. e., To be with meat and drink. r. i. e., To be with wine. s. i. e., To be without meat or drink. t. i. e., To be without.

SCENE III. THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and

Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard-to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to.'

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. —Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To Desdemona.

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. —
Good night.

[Exeunt Oth., Des., Cassio, &c.]

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, I'll 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 pane of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And, when she speak's, is it not an alarm to

love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well conquer'd to their sheets! Come,

lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here
without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would
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 enter-
tainment.

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink
for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that
was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what inno-

vation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the in-
firmity, and dare not task my weakness with any
more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gal-

lants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it doth dislike me. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence [Roderigo, As

my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out

To Desdemona hath to-night curst herself.

[Enter Iago, with blowings cups,

c. i. e., Silly mixed with water. d. "It dislike me," i. e., I do it with dislike, or unwillingly.
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
Am I to put our Cassio in some action [drunkards,
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 Gentle-

men.

Cas. 'Tis 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. What 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.

Cas. 'Tis fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed)
they are most potent in putting; your Dune, your
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink,
ho!—are nothing to your Englishman.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-
ing?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats 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'll 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—clown.

He was a night of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine old cloak 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: the
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.—Let's
have no more of this; let's to our affairs,—Forgive
us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's to 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. [Exit.

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.
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some evil 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 horoscope 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.


I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an 'ingrat 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 bank! what noise?

[Cry within,—Help! Help!—Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knife,—teach me my duty?

I'll beat the knife into a wreckage bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dest 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. Drink!

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?—Diable, ho!

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the
dead. [He faints.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant!—sir, Montano,—
gentlemen!—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for

shame! [This?

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence art thou
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid 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.—

★ That is, 'If success favor my schemes.'—* "A rouse," I. e., a little more than enough.—** "Canakin" is a little can, or
cup.—** "Almain," I. e., German.—* "Do you justice," I. e.,
drink as much as you can do.—* "Peer," I. e., follow.—

* "Lown," I. e., clown.
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the idle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Hark! Iago, that look so dear, doth grive,
Speak, when began this? on thy life, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom [now
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitt'd them)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition boldly. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this pervious broke;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it. [got?
Oth. How came it, Michael, you were thus — for
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 worst to me, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace 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. [eme,
While I spare speech, which some now offends
Of all that I do know; nor know I ought
By me that's 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 in a town be, and a man in 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?
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affli'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 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 determin'd sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Leat by his clamor (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Ourned my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and full 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—

Enter Desdemona, attended.
Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

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 them who this vile distraction,
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,

Des. What, the matter?

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Iago. Repute, reputation reputation! O! I have lost my reputation.
I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—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 insignificant thing; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an impertinent lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I suppose he is to be dealt with, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indirect an officer. Drink! and speak "parrot!" and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse futian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—

Devi. 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, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!
Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?
Cas. I 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 monomer. As the time, the place, and the condition of this coun-
try stands, I could heartily wish this had not befal-
len; 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 pre-
ently a beast! O strange.—Every inordinate cup
is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.
Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar
creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against
it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think you love
you.
Cas. I have well approved it, sir,—I drink!
Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at
some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.
Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say
in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given
up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotion
of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely
to her; impart her; she'll help to put you in your place
again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a
vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is re-
quested. This broken joint between you and her
husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes
against any lay worth naming, this crack of your
love shall grow stronger than it was before.
Cas. You advise me well.
Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest
kindness.
Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morn-
ing, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to under-
take for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they
check me here.
Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant;
I must to the watch.
Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.
Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the
villain,
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Provable to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again! For 'tis most easy
Then mine:—the virtuous Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And, then, for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfefted to his love,
That she may make, unmaké, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for whilsts this honest fool
Pies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repels him for his body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor:
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all. How now, Rodrigo!
[Enter Roderigo.]
RRod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
bound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My
money is almost spent: I have been to-night ex-
ceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue
will be— I shall have so much experience for my
pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more
wit, return again to Venice.
Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rod.] 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.

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.

[Music.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they squeak if the nose thus?
Mus. I. How, sir, how?
Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instru-
ments?
Mus. I. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.
Mus. I. 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 gen-
eral 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 Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Prythee, keep up thy quillrets. There's a
poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her
there is one Cassio entreats her a little favor of
speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I
shall seem so to notify unto her. [Exit.

1 Jump, I. e., just at the time. — 2 Quilleta, I. e., nice
distinctions.
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, I know, 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. Why, 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, that he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus, and great vallinity, and that in wholesome wisdom he might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he loves you, and needs no other suitor but his likings, to take the safest occasion by the front, to bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—if you think fit, or that it may be done,—Give me advantage of some brief discourse with Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in: I will bestow you where you shall have time to speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot, and by him do my duties to the state: that done, I will be walking on the works; repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we seet? Gent. We wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do all my abilities in thy behalf. [husband, Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves me as if the case were his. [Cassio, Des. O! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, but I will have my lord and you again as friendly as you were. Cas. Bounteous madam, whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, he's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O! sir! I thank you. You do love my lord; you have known him long, and be you well assured, he shall in strangeness stand no farther off than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, that policy may either last so long, or feeb upon such nice and waterish diet, or breed itself so out of circumstance, that I, being absent, and my place supplied, my general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before Emilia here, I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, if I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it to the last article: my lord shall never rest; I'll watch him to time, and talk him out of patience; his bed shall seem a school, his board a shirt; I'll interwine every thing 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.

Emil. 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; unft for mine own purpose.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.


Oth. I do believe 'twas 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 errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, I have no judgment in an honest face. I pr'ythee, 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 Des. But shall't be shortly? [time. Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you. Des. Shall it be to-night at supper? Oth. No, not to-night. Des. To-morrow dinner then? Oth. I shall not dine at home: I meet the captains at the citadel. [morn; Des. Why then, to-morrow night? or Tuesday on Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn: I pr'ythee, 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 to incur 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 hammering on. What! Michael Cassio, that came a wooing with you, and so many a time, when I have spoken of your displeasingly, Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do to bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,— Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will deny thee nothing. [will, Des. Why, this is not a boon; "Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, 4 Hawks are famed by keeping them from sleep.—"A shrift," i. e., a confession.—"Reconciliation," i. e., a confession.—"Caseing here signifies knowledge.—"Our best," i. e., our best men.—"Hammering," i. e., hesitating.
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm, Or sue to you to do a pecuniary profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of a 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 the straight —
you; Des. Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach
What'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.

Oth. Excellent  plague! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
Know of your love? [lady,
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. What? 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! ny, indeed:—discern'st thou aught
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? ny, ny, honest.
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 lik'dst 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 instruct and purge thy brow together,
As if thou then 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 tine 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 deletions, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I must 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 might 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 thinkings,

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, they are vile and false,
As where's that palace, whercin't foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Kneel, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditation unlawful.

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago;
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st 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 wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that fashions 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 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha! Iago.
Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fife, loves not his wrestler;
But, O! what damned 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 she, who's, I think, as poor as that,
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?
I think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? Not: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such  and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis 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,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.
Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason

—Lects are courses of inquiry. — Conceive, i. e., conceive.
—Imagine, i. e., imagine. — Fineless, i. e., endless; boundless.
— Exsufficate, i. e., whisper. — Matching thy inference, i. e., such as you have mentioned.
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Beware of 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 it undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Dost 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, 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to
blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. That I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech shall 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. [so!]
Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point:—ns,—to be bold with
you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.
Foll! 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 fail to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more than 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,
Doubts, Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honor
[Returning.
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.
Although 'tis 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.

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehemence 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 honor.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with an 
learned spirit.
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her 
jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
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 vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' use. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the mean;
Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is hate to us,
When we do 
quicken. Desdemona 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. [Well?]
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill 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.
[Exeunt 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 ta'en out,
And give't Iago: what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I; I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter 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.
Emil. Has it?
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?

Self-bounty, i.e., inherent generosity; issues, i.e., consequences; success, i.e., result; A will, i.e., an inclination; a desire; His means, i.e., his means of reinstating himself.
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, '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't, that you have
been so earnest
To have me fetch 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 unknown on't; I have use for it.
Go! I leave me.
[Exit Emilia.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: triues, 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:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act on the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not puppy, nor mandrake—
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, [Gorgo,
Shall ever medicize thee to that sweet sleep,
Whom thou dost 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
scent: better to be much abus'd,
Than but 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, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'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 tranquili mind; farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue:—farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fire,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude threats
'Tis immortal Jove's dread clamors 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 oculur proof,
[Taking him by the Throat.
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't: or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon life!

"To th' advantage," I. e., opportunity.—"Be not
acknowledged on:" I. e., seem as if you knew nothing of the
matter.
"Mandrake" or the mandrake is strongly soopers.
"Ow'dst," I. e., possessed.—"Pioneers," I. e., the vlet of the camp.

"All remorse," I. e., all tenderness of nature; all pity.
SCENE IV.  

THE MOOR OF VENICE.  

S21

That so demonstrate thinly.

Oth.  

I'll bear 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: 'twas 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 beard 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 poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 'tis 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 'tis of 'apice' tongues!  

Iago.  

Fray, 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 cold Davenport, and the Helvetic point;  
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 yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
[Kneeling.  

I here enjoin my words.

Oth.  

Do not rise yet.—  

[Kneeling.  

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip 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 doth oe'er.

Oth.  

I greet thee loving,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't.  
Within these three days let me hear say,  
That Cassio's not alive.  

Iago.  

My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request;  
But let her live.

Oth.  

Darn 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 Clown.

Des.  

Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant  
Cassio lies?  

Clo.  

I dare not say, he lies any where.  

Des.  

Why, man?  

Clo.  

He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier  
lies, is stabbing.  

Des.  

Go to. Where lodges he?  

"Hearted throne," i.e., the heart on which thou wast en- 

throned.—"F𝐫𝐚𝐧𝐩𝐢𝐠" is freight, or load.—"C𝐚𝐩𝐚𝐛𝐥𝐞," i.e.,  
capacious; comprehensive.  

"Clip," i.e., embrace.  

"Execution," i.e., employment; exerciser.—"Remorse,"  
I.e., work not of cruelty to others, but of tenderness, com- 
passion for him.

"And by them answer," i.e., and by them, when answer- 
ed, form my answer to you.—"The cruzado was a Portu-
guese coin, bearing the impression of a cross.—"A charn-
er," i.e., an enchanter.
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
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.

Des. Is’t possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there’s 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.

Des. Indeed! is’t true?

Oth. Most veritable: therefore look to’t well.

Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen
Oth. Ha! wherefore? [it!]

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is’t lost? is’t gone? speak, is it out of the
Des. Heaven bless us! [way!]

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.

Oth. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:
I pray, let Cassio be receiv’d again:—
[goes.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis.–

Des. Come, come;

You’ll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. I pray, talk of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. A man that, all his time,

Had found his good fortunes on your love;

Sh’d dangers with you—

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit Othello.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I no’er saw this before.

Sure, there’s some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis 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 belch us.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Look you! Cassio! and my husband.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what’s the news with you?

Cass. 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 honor: I would not be delay’d.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpose’d merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc’d content,
And shift myself upon some other course,
To fortune’s alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favor, as in humor, 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 that false 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
Pulled his only 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 unhapp’d practice,
Must be divulged here 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 healthful 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 concealment, 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.
[mind!]

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello’s
Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I’ll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

Bian. How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Cas. I faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

Cas. What keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Bian. Eight score hours! and lovers’ absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;

Cas. I have this while with leaden thoughts been press’d;
But I shall, in a more convenient time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona’s Handkerchief.

Take me this work forth.

Bian. O, Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend;
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.

a "In mummy," i. e., in the balsamic liquor in which mummies are preserved.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Oth. Will you think so?

Iago. Think so, Iago?

Oth. To kiss in private?

Iago. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Oth. Or to be naked with her friend abed, an hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Iago. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

That they mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial sin;

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectess of her honor too:

May she give that?

Iago. Her honor is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft, have it not: but,

For the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou saidst,—O! 'tis comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house;

Boding 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?

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou saidst,—O! 'tis comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house;

Boding 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?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Of voluntary doting 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 assured,

No more than he'll unwear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did.—I know not what he did.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Cassio.

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 full

—Handkerchief, — confessions, — handkerchief! —To confess, and be hanged for his labor.—

First, to be hanged, and then to confess!—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such

'slumbering passion, without some instruction. It

is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish! —Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief?—O devil! —

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,

All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

Iago. 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 liquor must have his quiet course,

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,

Breaks out to savage madness. Looks, 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.—

Iago. 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

And many a civil monster.

[city.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every 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... Not 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'e yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unmitting such a man)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. But 'encaxe yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to 'cope your wife:

I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience;

Or I shall say, you are all-in-all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

a "Unproper," i. e., common: "In a patient list," i. e., within the bounds of patience.—"Encave,"i. e., conceal.

b "Cope," i. e., meet; entertain.
Iago. That's not amiss; but yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? 

[Othello retires.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, a housewife, that by selling her desires, buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature, that doth on Cassio, as 'tis the trumpet's plague, to beguile many, and be beguiled by one. He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain from the excess of laughter:—here he comes.—

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; and his unbookish jealousy must construe Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior, Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant? 

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition, Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Fly Desdemona well, and you are sure on't. Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking lower.

How quickly should you speed? 

Cas. Alas, poor caififi! 

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! 

[Aside. 

Iago. I never knew woman love man so. 

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, 'tis faith, she loves. 

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. 

[Aside.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio? 

Oth. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

[Aside.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her: Do you intend it? 

Cas. Ha, ha, ha! 

Oth. Do you triumph o'er me? do you triumph? 

[Aside.

Cas. I marry her!—what, a 'customer'? I pray thee, hear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha! 

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. 

[Aside.

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry 

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true. 

[her.

Iago. I am a very villain else. 

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. 

[Aside.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is importuned I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise. 

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story. 

[Aside.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the seashore with certain Venetians, and thither came this bawdle; and, by this hand, she falls thus about my neck:—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. 

[Aside.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! 

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not 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 mixt's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your husband, wherever you find it, I'll take it out no work out. 

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now! 

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! 

[Aside.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. 

[Exit.

Iago. After her, after her. 

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street elsewhere. 

Iago. Will you sup there? 

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so. 

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very speak to you. 

Cas. Pr'ythee, 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 lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks. 

Iago. Nay, that's not your way. 

Oth. 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 plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this. 

Oth. O! a thousand thousand times. And then, of so 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 a patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 

Iago. I will chop her into messes.—Ouckold! 

Iago. O! 'tis foul in her. 

Oth. With mine officer! 

Iago. That's fouler. 

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovoce my mind again.—This night, Iago. 

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated. 

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it piasces; very good. 

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. 

You shall hear more by midnight. 

[Trumpet within.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same! 

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, 

*Of so gentle a condition," i. e., of so sweet a disposition. —"Patent," i. e., privilege.
Could neither grace, nor pierce.

Lod. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Lod. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—

Lod. I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What! strike his wife? Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I

That stroke would prove the worst. [know.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak [him;

What I have seen and known. You shall observe

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What! did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out of the way?

Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

Emil. Never, my lord. [nothing

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wreath have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither—go—

[Exit Emilia.

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:

And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Emilia with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy is this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistresse:

[To Emilia.

Leave procurers alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry him, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—may, despatch.

[Exit Emilia.

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words, [Kneel.

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife. [Rite.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double
Swear thou art honest. [dismal;
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.
[False?
Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am
Oth. O Desdemona!—away, away, away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do ye weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect the life
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 sores, and shame, on my bare head;
Steepl’d me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity 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 garnier’d up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear the life
The trumpet from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for fool toads
To knot and gender in!—t urn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp’d cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest,
To write what with upon? What committed?
Committed?—O thou public commoner! I
Should make very forces of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modestly,
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,
It bash’d within the hollow nine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?—
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By heaven you do me wrong.
Oth. Are you not a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other, foul, unhawth, touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
Re-enter Emilia.
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you;
We have done our course; there’s money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[Exit.

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good, madam, what’s the matter with my
Des. With whom? [lord?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia; I
cannot weep; nor answer have I none.
What should go by water. Therefore, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [Exit.
Des. ’Tis meet I should be us’d so, very meet.
How have I been behav’d, that he might stick
The smallest opinion on my least misdeed?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.
Iago. What’s your pleasure, madam? How is it
with you? [dashes,
Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What’s the matter, lady?
Emil. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhird her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As he cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Iago. He call’d her whore: a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his e. call’d.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Be not sosecret, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call’d whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Besheershim for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Iago. I will be hang’d, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some e. begging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis’d this slander; I’ll be hang’d else.
Iago. Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. Let her pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
[company?
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her
The Moor’s abus’d by some most villainous knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow,—
O, heaven! that such companions thou hast unfolded,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the cast 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:
* * *
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; whereon none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable 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 honorable 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.

Oth. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Des. O! pardon me; ’twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your honor. Your honor is most welcome. [Indoors.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

Des. O! Desdemona,—

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he, he will return b'incontinent.

He hath commanded me to go to bed.

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his biddings: 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 it. That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,— Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favor in them. Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All is one.—Good 2 faith, how foolish are our 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:

a "In discourse of thought," L. e., in the discourse range of thought.—b "The addition," L. e., the title.—c "Doff'd me," L. e., put off me off.—d "Fob'd," L. e., cheated; tricked.—e "Intendment," L. e., intention.
She was in love; and he she loved prov'd mad,
And did forsake her; she had a song of—willow,
An old thing—twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died 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 Lodovic is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsom 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.
[Song]
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmurd her moans;
Willow, willow, willow:
Her soft tears fell from her, and softened the stones;

Lay by these.—
Sing willow, willow, willow.

'Pr'ythee, hee thee; he'll 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
Sing willow, willow, willow: [then]
If I court 'no women, you'll cover with wo 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, Emilina,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the Emil. Why, would not you? [world? Des.]
No, by this heavenly light.
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do't as well i' the dark.
Des. Would'st 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 truth, I think thou wouldst not.
Emil. In truth, I think I should, and undoe's,
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of law, nor for grosses, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
Des. Beshow me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantedge, as would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults, If wives do fall. Say, that they shak their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite, Why, we have gall; and, though we have some grace, Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates, both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think, it is; and doth affection breed it? I think, it doth. Is't charity, that thus errs? It is so too: and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? Then, let them use us well; else, let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us to. [send,
Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

[Exeunt.]

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 guy 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 m' boss'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 me: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

[Retiring.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.——Villain, thou diest.
[Running forward, and making a pass at Cassio.
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my cont is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[Drags, and wounds Roderigo.

"To the vantedge," i.e., to boast; over and above,—
"Our former having," i.e., our former allowance of expense. — "Sense," i.e., sensation. — "Bare," i.e., unsubstantial. — "A quid pro quo," used figuratively for a low fellow. — "To the sense," i.e., to the quick. — "Boss'd," i.e., fished.
Scene 1.

The Moor of Venice.

Rod. O! I am slain.
[Enter Iago, starts forward, cuts Cassio behind in the Leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am main'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder! murder! murder! [Falls.]

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!

Rod. '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 lies:—strumpet, I come.

2 Fort of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[Exit Othello.]

Enter Lodovico and Grattiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch! no passage! murder! murder!

Iago. 'Tis some mishance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Iago. O, wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans.—It is a heavy night.

These may be counterfeit:—let's think it unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come then, shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, unarmed, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Iago. [Reads a letter.]

Lod. What weapons?

Iago. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder thus?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Grat. 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 spoilt; undone by villains:
Give me some help. [This is a signal for a stealthy entry.]

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
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 Lodovico and Grattiano.]

Iago. O, help me! here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [Iago seizes Rodorigo.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

Iago. Kill men in the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Man. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Sighnor Lodovico!

Iago. Help, sir. [Lodovico strikes him.]

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Cassio? Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Man, heaven forbid!—Light, gentlemen! I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! My sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! [pect

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you sus—
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No. [Seek ye.]

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to

Iago. Lend me a garter.—so.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!—

Bian. Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen 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.]

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman,
Rodorigo no.—yes, sure. O heaven! Rodorigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?


Iago. Signior Grattiano! I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Rodorigo.

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said;—the chair.

[Enter 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 labor.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
[You?

Was my dear friend. What malice was between
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out
O' the air.—[Cassio and Rod. are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress,
Do you perceive the ⁴ gasiness 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? may, 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 Rodorigo, and fellows that are scarp'd;
He's almost slain, and Rodorigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! Cassio.

Iago. This is the fruit of whom,—P'r'ye, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

What! do you shackle at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shackle 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 gentlewomen, 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 hap'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night. [Aside.

That either makes me, or ⁴ fordoes me quite.
[Exeunt.]

⁴ Gashtiness for ghastliness. ⁴ Fortdoes, i.e., ruins; destroys.
Othello, I but

Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor fear 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 a fire in thy former light restore,

Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light re-bume. When I have pluck'd

I cannot give it vital growth again,

If the rose, it needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[Othello kisses her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.

Be thus when thou art dead, 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. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight—

Des. Als, my lord! what may you mean by that?—

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared 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

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.—

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Ahs! why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your 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? [thee,

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!—

So, 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. Yes, presently:

Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,

That I do groan with't. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!—

Oth. [I say, amen.]—

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did

Offer 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's 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—us'd thee.

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. His fear interprets them.—What! is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. What! ho is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, trumpeter! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, trumpeter!

Des. Kill me too-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. 9

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord!  [He smothereth her.

Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho!—

Oth. My lord, my lord!—

Oth. [quite dead!]

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet I,

That am cruel, am yet merciless;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so! 6

[Stabs her.

Emil. [Within.] What ho! my lord, my lord!—

Oth. [Whose there?]—

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord! I would speak

With 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.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife!—I have no wife;

O is inpersuadable, O heavy hour!—

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' afflictive globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you, I may speak

With you.

Oth. What? my lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.—

Soft,—by and by,—let me the curtains draw—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Unlock the Door.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder's foul 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 men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. No; 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 cry 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?

Oth. 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. Of! the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to hell, 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 her; ask thy husband else.

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, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysoleye,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas 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,  
y thy husband.  

[4 love.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with  
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!  

[2 Threatening her.

Emil. Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to 'churt. O gull! O dot!  

As 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, ho! 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 told'st him that his wife was false.  
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was 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.  

[To speak.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound  
My mistress here lives murder'd in her bed.

All. O, heaven! offend!  

Emil. And, if your reports have set the murder on  
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villain! villainy! villainy!  
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!  
I thought so then,—'Twill kill myself for grief;—  
O villainy, villainy!—in the room at home.

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you  

Emil. Good gentleman, let me have leave to speak;  
Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O!  

[Following 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  

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 reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis 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. 'Twill out, 'twill 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.

* Error here means 'wandering'; deviation from her course.

“ Folly,” i.e., wantonness; unchastity.  
“ Iteration,” i.e., repetition.  
“ Hath made mocks with love,” i.e., hath played upon the weakness of a violent passion.  
“ More can I bear than you dare execute,” King Henry VI, Part II.
Emil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab Emil.]

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman? [speech of Emilio.] O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief thou found by fortune, and did give my husband:

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle.)

To beg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore! [They hold him.] Emilio. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it, and I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

1 [Stabs her, and exit instantly.]

Emilio. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen. O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife? 2

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.

Emilio. Ay, ay, O, lay me by my mistress' side! Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. This 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 'tis a dammed slave.

[Exit Montano and Gratiano.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither, But every puny whipster gets my sword, But why should honor outlive honesty? Let it go all.

Emilio. What did thy song bode, lady? Harl, 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.

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 impediments Than twenty times your stop,—But, O vain boast! Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my 1 butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; 2 Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires.—Where should Othello go?— Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-stor'd 3 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 me. 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 guls of liquid fire!

4 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O! 5

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.

6 Enter Montano with Iago, bound, and Officers. Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable:

If thou that be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Enter Othello wounds Iago.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'll have thee live; For, in my b'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 honorable murderer, if you will: For nought I did in hate, but all in honor. Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy. Did you and he consent in Cassio's death? Oth. Ay. 


From this time forth I never will speak word. Lod. What! not to pray?

Oth. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou 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;

[Producing 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 send this damned villain; But that, belike, Iago in the interim Came in and satisfi'd him.

Oth. O, the pernicious 4 cauité!— 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 he brought to his desire. O foul! foul! foul! Oth. 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 kill'd 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,

4 "The Ice-brook's temper:" an allusion to the peculiar virtue in tempering sword-blades which the water of the brook or rivulet called Seth, in Celtiberia, was reputed to possess. — "By butt," I. e., my end.— "Lost fear," I. e., vain.— 4 "Man," I. e., person; aton. — "Wench," was formerly used in a good sense for a girl or young woman.— "Complt for account.
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
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 malice:
Then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well;
Of one, whose hand, like the base Indian,
Threw a pearl away [eyes, richer than all his tribe;
Of one, whose subdued
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees.
Their medicinal gum.
Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
When a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd 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 mar't.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies on the Bed.

Cat. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!

Lod. More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To Iago.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Griatiano, 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 hellish 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. [Exeunt.

* The dogs of Spartan race were of the most fierce and savage kind.
* "Succeed," i.e., devolve; pass by inheritance.
* "The censure," i.e., the sentence; the judgment.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT III.—SCENE 9.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.


Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Octavia, sister to Cæsar, 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 tawny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,

* "Reneges," i. e., renounces.

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 fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much. Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

b Triple is used here for third.—* "A bourn," i. e., a bound or limit.
SCENE II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. What?—Grates me:—the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear, & them, Antony, Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
'Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform't, or else we 1 doom thee."

Ant. How, my love! Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's  process? Caesar s, I would say?

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen, Thou bluesth, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's hommage: else so thy cheek pays shame.
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds,—The messengers! Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the v'ang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dusty earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair.

Embracing,
And such a twin can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to sweet,
We stand up peerless.

Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

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. Fly, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion  fiery 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 slightly?
Phi. 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 ian, 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,  sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost absolute Alexas, whose the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O! I knew this husband, which you, say, must
charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer! Soothful! Sooth!

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?—

Alex. Show him your hand.

Char. Is in nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Enter ENOBARBUS. Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. If make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Alex. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. Of means, in flesh:

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his presence; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Alex. You shall be more believing, than below'd.

Char. I'll find rather heat my liver with drinking.

Iras. 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 Octavius Caesar, and companion
me with my mistress.

Alex. You can outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. Spectacular! I love long life better than figs.

Alex. 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?

Alex. 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, name; tell Iras here.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eso. 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 presages famine.

Alex. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—'Pr'ythee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Alex. Your fortunes are alike.

Alex. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Char. I have said.

Alex. 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 women 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 lose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow

k Shall have no names," i. e., shall prove bastard.—

l Isis was an Egyptian goddess.
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By 1 repetition souring, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The handful 2 would pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.
Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
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.
Ant. I must be gone.
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 noise of this, dies instantly:
I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer 3 moment. I do think,
There is mettle in death, which commits
Some loving act upon her, she hath such a celebrity in dying.
Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
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 almonds
can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be,
She makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
Ant. Would I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful
Piece of works, which not to have been blessed
Wish'd would have discredit'd your travel.
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir? —
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia! Ant. And.
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 might of works,
With compassion, your old smock brings forth a new petticot;
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.
Eno. And the business you have broached here
cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's,
Which wholly depends on your abode.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedition to the queen,
And get her leave to part: for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touchers,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too,
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath 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

* Drawn for drove.—"Stiff." i. e., bard.—"Extended," i. e., over-run.—"Earing," i. e., tilling; ploughing.

* Upon far poorer moment," i. e., for less reason; upon a weaker motive.—"Expedience," i. e., expedition.
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides of the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the *conjuror’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.

**Eun.** I shall do it. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.**

**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.**

**Cleo.** Where is he?

**Char.** I did not see him since.

**Cleo.** See where he is, who’s with him, what he
I did not send you. If you find him sad, [does:
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am suddenly sick: quick, and return.

**Char.** Madam, methinks, if you did love him dear,
You do not hold the method to enforce
[ly,
The like from him.

**Cleo.** What should I do, I do not?

**Char.** In each thing give him way, cross him in
[him.

**Cleo.** Thou testest; I like a fool, the way to lose
Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

**Enter Antony.**

But here comes Antony.

**Cleo.** I am sick, and sullen.

**Ant.** I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose;—
**Cleo.** Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long: the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

**Ant.** Now, my dearest queen,—
**Cleo.** Pray you, stand farther from me.

**Ant.** What’s the matter?

**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, ’tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; here you are.

**Ant.** The gods best know,—
**Cleo.** O! never was there queen
So mightily betray’d; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

**Ant.** Cleopatra,— [true,

**Cleo.** Why should I think, you can be mine, and
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia! Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!—

**Ant.** Most sweet queen,

**Cleo.** Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows; bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a *race of heaven*; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn’d the greatest liar.

**Ant.** How now, lady!—

**Cleo.** I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst
There were a heart in Egypt.

**Ant.** Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while, but my full heart

Remains in *use* with you. Our Italy
Shines o’er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approach to the *port* of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Strength, Breeds scorpions faction. The hunted, grown to
Are newly grown to love: the condemn’d Pompey,
Rich in his father’s honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thir’d
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of heat, would purge
By any desperate chance. My more particular,
And that which most with you should *save* my
Is Fulvia’s death. [going,

**Cleo.** Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

**Ant.** She’s dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she *awak’d*; at the last, best,
See, when, and where she died.

**Cleo.** O, most false love!—

**Ant.** Where was the sacred viands thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful *water*? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia’s death, how mine receive’d shall be.

**Ant.** Quoth he, no more be you to know
The purposes I hear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire
That quickens Nilus’ slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect’st.

**Cleo.** Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

**Ant.** My precious queen, forbear;
And give true 2 credence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

**Cleo.** So Fulvia told me.

I pr’ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to *Egypt*: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

**Ant.** You’ll heat my blood: no more.

**Cleo.** You can do better yet, but this is meekly.

**Ant.** Now, by my sword,—

**Cleo.** Be not forget.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr’ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his *chaise*.

**Ant.** I’ll leave you, lady.

**Cleo.** Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that’s not it:
Sir, you and I have lov’d,—but there’s not it:
That you know well: something it is I would,—
Of my *oblivion* is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

**Ant.** But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

**Cleo.** *Tis sweating labor
To hear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to *you*: your honor calls you hence;
Therefore, be deaf to my unpitted folly,

*"The conjuror’s," i. e., the horse’s: an allusion to the
walrus error, that a *koras-hair*, dropped into corrupted
water, would become animated.—b "I did not send you," i.
*Appear as if I did not send you," i.e., "in our brow’s
bent," i.e., in the arch of our eyebrows.—"A rose," i.e., a
knock or flavor.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success
Be strow'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [Exeunt.


Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. 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 womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
There that all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. 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 tippling with a slave;
To reek the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knives that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
(As his composer must be rare indeed, [him,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his sojourns, when we do hear
That heavy weight in his [lightness.
If he fill'd his vacancy with voluptuousness,
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, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Fawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
Hour, how 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is behold of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the 3 fleets
The 4 discounts repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. Mess. 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 never lov'd, till never worth love,
Comes [loved by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,

Meneleus and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they [ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack 'blood to think on'; and a 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 bented from Modon, where thou slew'st
Hittus and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than stings could suffer: thou didst drink
The 8 state of horses, and the gilded [puddle,
Which beasts would cough at: 'tis palate then did
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; [deign
You, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheers,
The burks of trees thou brows'dst: at the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honor, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as [lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
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. Mess. Till which encounter,
It is a business too. Farewell. [mean time
Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.

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 4 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. Thou, eunuch, Mardian—

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Mar. Not now to hear thee sing: I take no plea-

sures, save an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee, [sure
That, being 4 unsemnificant, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo.
O, Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he? Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? O, happy horse to bear the weight of Antony! Do bravely, horse, for 'wot'st thou whom thou mov'st? The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm And 'bargonet of men.—He's speaking now, Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile!" For so he calls me. Now I feed myself With most delicious poison—think on me, That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black, And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar, When thou wast here above the ground, I was A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would be anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.
Alex. 
Soeverign of Egypt, hail! 
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony? Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath With this tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? 
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen, He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,— This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart. 
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he, Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot, To mend the petty present, I will piece Her opalent throne with kingdoms: all the east," Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded, And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed, Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke Was hoastfully dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What! was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition.—Note him, Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his: he was not merry, Which seem'd to tell him, his remembrance lay In Egypt with his joy; but between both: O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So does it no man else.—Met'at thou my posts? 
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers. Why do you send so 4 thick? 
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony, Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian, Even hearken Caesar so?
Char. O, that brave Caesar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Caesar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you.
Cleo. My sullay 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 several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

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.
Menas. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Menes. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome togethers,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy warm lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
Lay up the libertine in a flood of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with clayless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prelude his honor,
Even 'till a Leth' de' dullness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.
Varrius. 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 hast-wearied Antony.

Menas. I cannot hope, Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother walk'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser eminities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,

---"Crescent," i. e., increasing; growing.—"Till for to.—
That is, 'A sufficient space of time has elapsed for a longer
journey.'—"Don't," i. e., put on.—"I cannot hope," i. e.,
I cannot expect.
"Twere pregnant they should square between them-
selves;  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have’t! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  

Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]  

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House  

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.  

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain’s  
Gods, 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 wearier of Antonius’ beard,  
I would not shav’d to-day.  

F. 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 Ventidius.  

Eno. And yonder, Caesar.  

Enter Caesar, Menas, and Agrippa.  

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:  
Hark ye, Ventidius.  

Menas; ask Agrippa.  

Lep. Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A lenner 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 sourest 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.  

Ces. Welcome to Rome.  

Ant. Thank you.  

Ces. Sit.  

Ant. Sit, sir.  

Ces. Nay, then—  

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;  
Or, being concern you not.  

Ces. I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended: and with you  
Chiefly if the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It concern'd me.  

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,  
What's was't to you?  

Ces. 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?  

Ces. You may be pleas’d to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me, and their contention  
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 he not rather  
Discard his 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,  

Ant. No matter whole you have to make it with,  
It must not be with this.  

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 I fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would not had her spirit in such another:  
The third of the world is yours, which with a  
Snaffle you may pace easy, but not such a wife.  

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men  
might go to war with the women!  

Ant. So much uncourable, 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.  

Ces. I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did give my missive out of audience.  

Ant. Sir,  

He fell upon me, ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feast’d, and did want  
Of what I was ’t 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.  

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 honor’s sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack’d it. But on, Caesar;  
The course of my oath. [them.  

Ces. To lend me arms and aid when I requir’d  
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,  

" 'Tis practis’d," i. e., did use unwarrantable arts or stratagems.—"T’ Question," i. e., subject of conversation.—  
"Urge me in his act," i. e., use my name as a pretence for the war.—"Reports for reporters."—"With graceful eyes," i. e., with looks of approval,—"Fronted," i. e., opposed.—  
"A snaffle," i. e., a bribe.—"Garboils," i. e., commotions.—"A missive," i. e., despatched.—"Message," i. e., conversation.—"The honor," i. e., the theme of honor, namely, the obligation of an oath.
I'll play the pensive to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor vour power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvin,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. "Tis nobly spoken.
Ant. If it might please you, I will undertake no farther
The 5 griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to 6 stone you.

Lep. Worthy spoken, Mecenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
wring in, when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore, speak
Eno. Go to them; 'tis you considerate stone.

Ant. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The style of my speeches for it cannot be.
We shall remain in friendship, our 4 conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I know
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
Of the world I would pursue it.

Ag. Give me leave, Caesar —

Cas. Speak, Agrippa.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved: 2 for rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetuity, 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 these 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 loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
Not duty ruminated. Will Caesar speak?

Ant. 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 4 hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs.

Cas. There is my hand,
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother

Ant. "Without it," i.e., without honesty.—"Griefs," i.e., grievances.—"To stone," i.e., to reconcile.—"Conditions," i.e., dispositions.

Ant. 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
Lost my remembrance suffer'll 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 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.[Flourish. Enter Caesar, Antony, and Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas!
—my honorable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobabrus!

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 boarse 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 panted
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 oars were
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 so great
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-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To blow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, f'did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

* "Square," i.e., true.—"And what they undid, did," i.e., and added to the warmth which they were intended to diminish.—"Tended her i' the eyes," i.e., waited upon her looks.
And made their hands adorings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steer'd; the silken tackle
I smell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarlo frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd I'th market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to grace on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

**Agr.**

Rare Egyptian!  
**Ero.** 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'd.
**Ero.** I saw her once
Hor'rytimes 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.

**Ero.** 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 riggish.

**Mec.** If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

**Ero.** Let us go.

Good Enobronbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

**Ero.** Humbly, sir, I thank you.  
[**Exit**]

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**SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in Cæsar's House**

**Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants.**

**Ant.** The world, and my great office, will some-
Divide me from your bosom.  
[**Times 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 blinshes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come [dy.—
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear la-
Good night, sir.

**Ces.** Good night.  
[**Exit Cæsar and Octavia.**

**Enter A soothsayer.**

**Ant.** Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt.

**Sooth.** Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither!

**Ant.** If you can, your reason?

**Sooth.** I see it in my motion, hope it not in my
touch to do, but I'll lead you to Egypt again.

**Ant.** Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Cæsar's, or mine?

**Sooth.** Cæsar's.

---

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes afraid, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,
Make space enough between you.

**Ant.**

Speak this no more.

**Sooth.** To none but thee: no more, but when to
If thou dost play with him at any game,
[thee.
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 Soothsayer.**

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 fails
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
Bent mine, in hoynd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

**Enter Ventidius.**

I 'st the east my pleasure lies.—O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive it.  
[**Exit.**

---

**SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.**

**Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.**

**Lep.** Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, has
Your generals after.

**Ant.**

Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'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.** We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

**Lep.** Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

**Mec. Agr.**

Sir, good success!

**Lep.** Farewell.  
[**Exit.**

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**SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**

**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.**

**Cleo.** Give me some music; music, 'moody food
Of us that trade in love,

**Iras.**

Passed. The music, ho!  

**Enter Mardian.**

**Cleo.** Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Char-
man.

**Iras.**

My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
**Cleo.** As well a woman with an encauld play'd,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir! Mar.
As well as I can, madam.

**Cleo.** And when good will is show'd, though 'tis
Come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll come now—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Two-fynd'd 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've caught.

---

4 "Yarlo frame," i. e., readily perform.—5 "Riggish."
"Twas merry, when
You wagger'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which ho
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 drank him to his bed;
Then, put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore my sword Philippian.

Enter 1 Eliss, a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. 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 blest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Here lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. 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 will I melt, and pour
Down thy illuttering throat.

Mess. 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 favor
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou shoul'dst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 'tis 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.

Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Caesar.
Cleo. Thou't an honest man.
Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does elway
The good precedent; fie upon it! but yet!
"But yet" is as a goaler 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.

Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such report.

Chari. For what good turn?
Cleo. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strike him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence.

[Strike him again.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head.

[She hates him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stedd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, 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 hastad
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.

Chari. Good madam, keep yourself within your
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
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.

Chari. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter 2 Eliss, 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 worsen 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 scald snakes. Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?
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 seem
Much unequal. He is married to Octavia.
Cleo! O! that his fault should make a knife of thee,
[hence:
That art not! What! thou'rt sure of?—Get thee
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.

Chari. Good your highness' patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disgrac'd Caesar.
Chari. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for'st now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint.—O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the 6 feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The color 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,

"Book," I. e., recompense.—"Within yourself," I. e.,
within bounds. — "The feature," I. e., the form.
The other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas.

[To Marcius.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pit me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

1 Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Men. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written pursues before us sent,
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods.—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revenges want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus & ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honor'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, counters of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The ang'd ocean fonts; with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despicable Rome
Counts on my noble father.

Men. Take your time. [sails;
Ant. Thou canst not 'fear us, Pompey, with thy
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Men. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
When it is worth embrac'd.

Pom. To try a larger fortune.

Men. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unack'd edges, and bear back
Tarres' undinted.

Cas. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Men. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
When it counts harf fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall the 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.

Men. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let
draw lots who shall begin. [us

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.

Men. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodoros 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 I like to die; for, 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 behavior.

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much; but I have praise'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plinnes,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you head, lords?


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.

*x What counts;" i. e., what scores, marks.—b "Composition," i. e., agreement.—c "Have known," i. e., have been acquainted.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatso'ever their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey deth 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 Caius 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 persuasion.

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 sighs 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.

Ant. 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 threats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

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 i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-colored.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pitch one another by the disposition, he cries out, 'no more!' reconciles them to his countenance, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this is it to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not have.

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 cheeks.

A Senet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Officers.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [To Cæsar.] They take the flow o' the Nile

* A conversation, i. e. behavior.—*A banquet here is a reflection, a desert.—Plants, besides its common meaning, is used here for feet.—*By the disposition, i. e., in a certain place.—*The partisan was a weapon between a pike and a halberd.

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if deart, Or foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seed-man Upon the slime and ooze scatter's 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 your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. 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 ne'er 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 goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside.] Say in mine ear: what's that?

Men. [Aside.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech you. And hear me speak a word. [thee, 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 nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so; and the eyes of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To Menas, aside.] Go, hung, 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 arise from thy stool, [hear me, Pom. [Aside.] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[ Walks aside. Pom. Men. I have ever held my cap 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. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. 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 discipis, Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these ^competitors Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; [tore, And, when we are put off, fall to their threats: All 4 then is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou should'rt have done, * Foison, i. e. plenty; abundance.—* Inclips, i. e. encloses embraces.—* Competitors, i. e. confederates.
And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villainy; In thee, 'tis been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor, Mine honor, it. Repent, that e'er 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 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Eno. Fill, till the cup be hid.
Men. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.
Men. Why? Eno. He bears The third part of the world, man: see'st not? Men. The third part, thou, is drunk: would it That it might go on wheels! [were all, Eno. Drink thou; increase the b reels.
Men. Come. Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast. Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Cesar. Ces. Yes. I could well forbear it. It's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Ces. 1 Profess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast From all four days, than drink so much in one. Eno. Ho, my brave emperor! [To Antony. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Baccham, And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's hast, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands, Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate Lothie.
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 4 holding every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.
[Music plays. ENOBARBUS PLACES THEM HAND IN HAND.

SONG, 2 BY THE BOY.
Come, thou monarch of the vine, Plump!y Bacche, with pink 5 eye: In thy o'ats our cares be drown'd; With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd; Cup us, till the world go round; The bur- Cup us, till the world go round! §

den. Ces. 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 Good Antony, your hand.

[night.—

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.
Pom. O, Antony! [friends. You have my father's house.—But what is we are

Come down into the boat. Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
Eno. These drums!—These trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell To these great followes: sound, and be hang'd! sound out!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of Pacorus borne before him. Ven. Now, daring Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, 1 Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow: spar through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony, Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head. Ven. 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 officers, 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 favor. Who does it the wars more than his captain can, Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of less Than gain which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou last, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, Gains scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony? Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effect'd; How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out of 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.

[Exeunt.


Enter Agrippa, and Enobarbus, meeting.

Agr. What! are the brothers parted? [gone; Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is

1 Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.
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.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar!
Agr. Lord! but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of the nonpareil!
Eno. Speak ye of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say,—Caesar;—go 
no farther. [praises.
Agr. Indeed, but he ply'd them both with equal honours.
Eno. But he loves Caesar best;—yet he loves 
Antony.
[Cannot hol! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets 
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, lo! 
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar, 
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his bards, and he their beetle.
So,— [Trumpets sound. 
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir. 
Cas. You take me from a great part of myself; 
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife 
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fairest hand 
Shall pass on thy approbation.—Most noble Antony, 
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set 
Betwixt us as the cement of our love, 
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 
The fortress of it; for better might we 
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts 
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended 
In your distrust. 
Cas. I have said.

Ant. 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. 
Cas. 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!—

Ant. 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—
Cas. What, Octavia?
Ant. I'll tell you in your ear.
Oct. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can 
Her heart inform her tongue; the swain's down feather, 
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide, 
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Caesar weep? [Aside to Agrippa. 
Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse; 
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus, 
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead, 
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept, 
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. [rheum; 
Then, that year, indeed, he was troubled with a 
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd: 
Believe 't, till I weep too.

*The Arabian bird was the phoenix. — " His shores," i.e., his springs—thus found for bond. — " The piece of virtue," i.e., Octavia. — " Curious," i.e., scrupulous; particular. — " Confound," i.e., destroy.

Cas. Na, sweet Octavia, 
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not 
Out-go my thinking on you. 
Ant. 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. 

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace. 

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas. 

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afear'd to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir. 

Enter 1 Eliz. the Messenger.

Alex. Good majeesty, 
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you, 
But when you are well pleas'd,

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone, [near. 
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou 

Mess. Most gracious majeesty,— 
Didst thou behold 
Octavia? 
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?

Mess. 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?

Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued, 
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low—
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 e'er thou look'dst on majesty. 

Mess. She creeps; 
Her motion and her station are as one: 
She shows a body rather than a life; 
A statue, than a breather. 

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance. 

Char. Three in Egypt 
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, 
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. 

Mess. Madam, 
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow!—Charman, hark. 

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty. [round? 
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or 
Mess. Round, even to faultlessness. [are so. 
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that 
Her hair, what color? 
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead 
As low as you would wish it. 

Cleo. There's gold for thee: 

Cleo. 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:

* Station here means the act of standing.
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.]

Chas. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repeat me much,
That so I hourly him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's so such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam. [know.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long! [Charman:
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
But it is naught matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [Execut.

SCENE IV.—Athen. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wagg'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke softly of me: when perform he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he 'but look'd,
Or did it from his 'teeth.

Oct. O, my good lord!
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, nor'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.

The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband"—
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Frays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. So, Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall 'stay your brother. Make your soonest haste:
So, your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the world should cleave, and slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Execut.

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eros. How now, friend Eros?

Eno. There is strange news come, sir.

Eros. What, man?

Eno. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon

Pompey.

Eros. This is old; what is the 'success?

Eros, Caesar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him, rivalry,
would not let him partake in the glory of the action;
and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had
formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own 'appeal,
seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death en-
large his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind each other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and

spars
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eros. Our great navy's rigg'd, Eros.

For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.


SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mezentius.

Cas. Condemning Rome, he has done all this,

and more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of it.
I the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cheoptra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at their feet sat
Cassatio, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydian, And
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye? [ercise.

Cas. I the common show-place, where they ex-
His sons he there procl'm'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She
In the 'blishments of the goddess Asia
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome he thus

Inform'd.

Agr. Who, 'quesy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Ces. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse? Caesar.

Ces. Caesar; and that, having in Sicily
Sexus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not 'rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestrict'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.

Ces. 'Tis done already, and a messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd, [quer'd,
And did deserve his change: for what have I con-
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,

"What is the success?" i.e., what follows? "Of him,"
i.e., of Lepidus.—"Rivalry," i.e., equal rank.—"Appeal" here signifies accusation.—"Quesy," i.e., sick;
disgusted.—"Reted," i.e., assigned.
And other of his conquer’d kingdoms, I Demand the like.

Mec. He’ll never yield to that. 

Cas. Nor must not then, be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Oct. Hall, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar! 

Cas. That ever I should call thee cast-away! 

Oct. You have not call’d me so, nor have you cause. 

Cas. Why have you stol’n upon us thus? You come not 

Like Caesar’s sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of his approach, Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way, Should have borne men, and expectation fainted, Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rain’d by your populous troops. But you are come A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented The fruition of our love, with which we unknown Is often held unkind’d: we should have met you By sea and land, supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord, 

To come thus was I not constrain’d, but did it 
Of my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony, Hearing that you prepare’d for war, acquainted My grieved ear withal; whereon, I beg’d 
His pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted, 

Being an obstruct ‘tween his lust and him. 

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cas. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?


Cas. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her: he hath given his empire Up to a whore: they now are leveling The kings o’ the earth for war. He hath assembled Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Anchselus, Of Cappadocia; Philadelphia’s king, Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adalass: King Mithridates of Attica; king of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king of Commagene; Seleucus, and Lycaonia, With a more larger list of sCEPTUkers. 

Oct. Ah me, most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends, That do afflict each other! 

Cas. Welcome hither. Your letters did withhold our breaking forth, Till we perceiv’d, both how you were ‘twrong’d, And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart: He ye not troubled with the time, which drives O’er your content these strong necessitates; But let determin’d things to destiny Hold unweigh’d their way. Welcome to Rome; Nothing more dear to me. You are aboard Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods, To do you justice, make th’his ministers Of all the swords 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 noise it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cas. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you, Be ever known to patience. My dear sister’s! [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Antony’s Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Euphorbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast ‘praised my being in these wars, And say’st, it is not fit. 

Eno. Well, is it, is it? [we 

Cleo. If not denounce’d against us, why should not 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, from’s time, What should not then be spar’d. He is already Traduc’d for levity; and ’tis said in Rome, That Phœthius an eunuch, and your maids, Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot, That speak against us! A charge we bear! 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 Cædidius.

Ant. I’st not strange, Cædidius, That from Tarentum, and Brundisium, He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, And take him in Teryne?—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 mount at slackness.—Cædidius, we Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to.

Eno. So hath my lord da’rd 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, lie shocks off, And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann’d; Your mariners are ‘mulitlers, repeaters, people Ingross’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 fill 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 

*"Regiment," i. e., government, — **"A trull," i. e., a harlot.—""Forpoke," i. e., spoken against.—"Merely," i. e., absolutely.—**"Take in," i. e., take; subjunct.—"For that," i. e., because.—"Mulitlers," i. e.,ingross’d by swift im- press," i. e., pressed in haste,—"Yare," i. e., quick; nim- ble; ready.
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security:—
I'll fight at sea.
Ant. I have sixty 2 sails, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest, full-man'd, from the head of
Act
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 Tuyrne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should 3 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 'Thesis!—How now, worthy soldier!
Sold. O, noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you mistrust
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-
And the Phenicians, go a ducking; we [tians,
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 Justecius,
Pubicola, and Caliux, 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
Begi'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. [forth
Can. With news the time's with labor; and throws
Each minute some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Can. Taurus! Taur. My lord. Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescrip of this scroll:

3 [Giving it. [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 Cæsar, the other Way. After their going in
is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
The Antimuid, the Egyptian admiral, no longer.
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses, All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion? Scar. The greater 2 can'tle of the world is lost
With very ignorance: we have kis'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight? Scar. On our side like the 3 token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yond' ribald 2 bag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! 'tis the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage, like a pair of twins, appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;

4 The brize upon like a cow in June,
Holists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sinken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being 6 loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Clups on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack! ['Enter Canidius.

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 fight,
Most grossly, by his own, [night
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
Indians.'
Can. Towards Peloponnese are they fled.
Scar. '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.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Alexandrine. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is unsh'md to bear me.—Friends, come hither,
I am so 4 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 Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cow-
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolvd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone;

2 The Antimuid was the name of Cleopatra's ship.
3 'Can'tle.' i. e., portion;— 'Token'd.' i. e., spotted.
4 'Carries.' i. e., gone. — 'Distractions,' i. e., detach-
ments; separate bodies.— 'This jump,' i. e., this hazard.
1 'Sails,' i. e., ships:—'That his power should be,' i. e.,
that his forces should be there.— 'Thesis,' i. e., Cleopatra.—
SCENE XI. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

My treasure's in the harbor, take it.—O!
I follow'd that I blush 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 bathe's: 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.

[Silent.]

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 sir, fie, fie, fie! 
Char. Madam,—
Iras. 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 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt out lieutenant, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah! stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen, Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is 4 unqualified with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's decline'd, and death will seize her; *but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation
By most unworthy swelling.
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
' Strood ' in dishonor.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful assias: I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou know'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 know'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 pulter in the shifts 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
Obe 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.
[Exeunt.

SCENE X.—Cesar's Camp in Egypt.

Enter Cesar, Dolabella, Thyreus, and others.

Ces. Let him appear that comes from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cesar, 'tis his & schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when either
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Ces. Approach, and speak.
Eup. 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.

Ces. Be it so. Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he solace thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessees his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The 'circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. 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.

Ces. Bring him through the bands.
[Exeunt Euphronius.

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, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will peril
The no'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cesar, I go.

Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
En. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
En. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges

* "His schoolmaster," I. e., Euphronius, schoolmaster to Antony's children.— * His for its.— * "The cirche," I. e., the diadem; the crown.— * Friend here means paramour.— * "Becomes his flaw," I. e., conforms himself to this breach in his fortune.
Frighted each other, why should he follow?  

The itch of his affecion should not then  

Have *nick*d his captainship; at such a point,  

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  

The mooted question. 'Twas a shame, no less  

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  

And leave his navy gazing.  

Cleo.  

Pr'ythee, peace.  

Enter Antony, with Euphronius.  

Ant. Is that his answer?  

Emp. Ay, my lord.  

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  

Will yield us up.  

Emp. He says so.  

Ant. Let her know it.—  

To the boy Caesar send this griev'd head,  

And he will fill 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' 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 Euphronius.  

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will  

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd i' 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!—Caesar, thou hast subdued  

His judgment too.  

Enter an Attendant.  

Att.  

A messenger from Caesar.  

Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my wo-  

men!—  

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 mere 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.  

Thyr. Caesar's will?  

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 us, you know,  

Whose he is, we are, and that's Caesar's.  

Thyr. So.—  

Then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats,  

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  

Farther than he is Caesar.  

Cleo.  

Go on: right royal.  

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony  

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.  

Cleo. O!  

Thyr. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he  

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  

Not as deserv'd.  

Cleo.  

He is a god, and knows  

What is most right. Mine honor 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,  

I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt  

To lay my crown at a's feet, and there to kneel:  

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  

The doom of Egypt.  

Thyr. *Tis your noblest course.  

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  

If thou at death, or what but what it can,  

No chance may shake it. Give me *grace* to lay  

My duty on your hand.  

Cleo.  

Your Caesar's father oft,  

When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms *in*,  

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  

As it *ru'd* kisses.  

[Thyr. kisses her Hand.  

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.  

Ant.  

Favors, by Jove that thunders!—  

What art thou, follow?  

Thyr. One, that but performs  

The bidding of the *fullest* man, and worthless  

To have command ob'yd.'  

Eno. You will be whipp'd.  

Ant. Approach, there.—Ah, you kite!—Now gods  

and devils!  

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cry'd, "he!"  

Like boys unto a *mass*, kings would start forth,  

And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am  

Enter Attendants.  

Antony yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.  

Eno. "Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  

Than with an old one dying.  

Ant. Moon and stars!  

Whip him.—Were twenty of the greatest tributaries  

That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them  

So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her name,  

Since she *was* Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,  

Till, like a boy, you see him crie his face,  

And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.  

Thyr. Mark Antony.—  

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,  

Bring him again.—The Jack of Caesar shall  

Bear us an erand to him.—  

[Exeunt Attends., with Thyreus.  

You were half binsted ere I knew you! ha!  

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  

Forbidding the getting of a lawful race  

And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  

*A"* "In deputation," i. e., by deputy.—*Alloboging for all-*  

*oblayed." —*Give me grace," i. e., grant me the favor.  

*of taking kingdoms in," i. e., of conquering kingdoms.  

"The fullest," i. e., the most complete and perfect.  

*A muse," i. e., a scribble.—"This Jack," a term of contempt. —"Since she was," i. e., since she ceased to be.  

"And answer me *declin'd*; i. e., and answer me in  

the decline of my age and power. —"Stag'd i' the show," i. e.,  

exhibited to the public ear.—"A *parcel* of," i. e., of a piece with.—"To square," i. e., to quarrel.  

*Antony."*
By one that looks on feeders?
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't) the wise gods see our eyes,
In our own fib drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To the confusion.
Cleo. O! is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morse, cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cæcious Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My phylleflow, your hand; 1 that knigly seal,
And plighter of high hearts—O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outworn
The horned herd, for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck, which does the langman thank
For being 2 yare about him.

2 Re-enter Attendants, with Thyrus.

Is he whipp'd?
1 Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 Att. He did ask favor.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou must not make his daughter: and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
forth,
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake 2 but to look out. Get thee back to Cæsar,
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 'tis 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 mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my entranch'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to 3 quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes! begone! [Exit Thyrus.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Abash! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his 3 points? 1
Cleo. Not know me yet.
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear! if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven rain tender love,
And when I see in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it 4 determines, so
Disolve my life! The next Cæsurian smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptian s.

1 "On feeders," l. e. on menials.—2 "Seal," l. e. close up.—3 "Luxuriously," l. e. wantonly.—4 "Yare," l. e. ready; ready.—5 To quit me, l. e. to require me; to repay me this insult.—6 "Terrene," i. e. earthly.—7 "One that ties his points," l. e. a mortal attendant.—8 "Determines," i. e. disapproves.—The next Cassarian, l. e. Cleopatra's son by Julius Caesar.

By the b discrediting of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our seer'd navy, too,
Have knit again, 2 to fleet threatening most unsafe.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
If from the field I shall return once more
Lady? 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-sin'd, 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 4 candy 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 pipe through their scars.—Come on, my
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 syche.
[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll outstate the lightning. To be
further
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the 4 estridge: and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a Letter; Agrrippa, Mecenas, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and clads, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger 1 combat,
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal
Cæsar to Antony; let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's lanted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make 2 boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. 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 stor to do;
And they have earn'd the waste.—Poor Antony!
[Exeunt.

1 "The discrediting," l. e. the antithetic.—2 "Nice," l. e. soft; tender; wan.—3 "Gaudy," l. e. gaudy; festively.—4 "The estridge," l. e. the estridge falcon.—5 "Make boot," l. e. take advantage.
SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Eosbarbus, Chramian, Iris, Aelas, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not? [tune,

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better for-

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 honor in the blood

Shall make it live again. Won't 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 rightly honest: —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

Out of the mind. [shoots

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 my cups, and make as much of me,

As when mine empire was your fellow so;

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:

Hapy, you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stand till death.

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods 'yield you for!' 

Eno. What means this, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-cyd' for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho! 

Now, the witch takes me, if I meant it thus.

Grace grow where those drops fall! My heart

You take me in too dolorous a sense, [friends,

For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,

And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Palace.
Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 Sold. Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?


2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumor. Good night to

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

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 Harbours under the Stage.

4 Sold. Peace! what noise?

1 Sold. List. list! 

2 Sold. Hawk!

1 Sold. Music! the sir.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signifies, 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!

3 Omen. How now!

How now! do you hear this? [Speaking together

1 Sold. Ay; I'st 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. 

3 Omen. Content: 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Antony, and Cleopatra; Chramian, and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armor, Eros!

Enter Eros, with Armor.

Come, good fellow, put 'mine iron on:—

If 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! thon art

The armorer of my heart! —False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help.

Ant. Tho' 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 unbolts this, till we do please

To doff it for our repose, shall have a storm.—

Thon fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a spite

More tight at this, than thou. Despatch.—O, love!

That thon couldst see my wars to-day, and know'st

The royal occupation! thon shouldst see

Enter an armed Soldier.

A workman in.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thon look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to' with delight. 

10 Sold. A thousand, sir, Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets flourish.

11 "Take all," i.e., let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death. — "A mangled shadow," i.e., scarce the shadow of what I was. — "Yield you," i.e., reward you.
Enter Captains, and Soldiers.

Who's the morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—So so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss. Ridiculous, [Kisses her. And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more meekish compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you 'tis.—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! Ant. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
To make me fight at hand!

Sold. Hadst thou done so, the kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels. Ant. Who's gone this morning?

He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him. Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieux, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—despatch.—Enobarbus! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Caesar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Caes. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agri. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Agrippa.

Caes. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Caes. Go; charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [3 Exeunt all but Enobarbus.

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jeryn on Affairs of Antony; there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cesar hath hang'd him:—Caius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus:—the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unlooding of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus. I tell you true: best you safe'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most.—O Antony! Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
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 Agrippa, 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 Scærus wounded. 

Scær. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads. [Skafts off. 

Ant. Thou blest'st space. Scær. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. 

Ant. They do retire. Scær. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six or seven scotches more. 

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
For a fair victory. [serves

Scær. Let us score their backs, and snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to man a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scær. I'll halt after. [Exeunt

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria. 

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scærus, and Forces. 

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gists.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That hath to-day escap'd. I thank you all,

* * * "Saf'd," i. e., made safe.—"Blows," i. e., swells.—* Our oppression, i. e., the force by which we are oppressed, or overpowered.—* Scotches," i. e., cuts.—* Our gists," i. e., our deeds, achievements.
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 shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clap your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honor’d gashes whole.—Give me thy hand:—

Enter Cleopatra attended.

To this great fairy I’ll commend thy acts; world! Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o’ the
Chain mine arm’d neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through the rays of slumber 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 snake uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though we have
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

Pointing to Scarus.

Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy’d in such a shape.

Cleo. I’ll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king’s.

Ant. He has deserv’d it, were it carbuncled
Like ‘growing Phæbus’ ear.—Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our lack’d targets like the men that s owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
to camp this host, we all would jump together,
And drink carouses to the next day’s fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen dir & blast you the city’s ear;
Make mingle with our rattling taborines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-gether,
Approving our approach.

Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Caesar’s Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev’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 we revolu’d shall upon record
Bear halest memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face report.—

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace! Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
The poisonous dump of night & dispoze upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,

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 inauspicious,
Forgotten me in thine own particular,
But let the world make me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! —

2 Sold. Let’s speak to him. I 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 aforesleep.

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 touch’d him. Hark! the drums

Do earnd the sleepy slumber. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note. 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 Scarus, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:
We please them not by land.

Scar. 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
Upon the hills adjoin’d 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 endeavor. — Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, and his Forces, marching.

Ces. 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 galleys. 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 stand,
I shall discover all: I’ll bring thee word
Straight, how ’tis like to go. — Exeunt.
Scar. Swallows have build’d
In Cleopatra’s sail 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.

[Aurum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.
Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yield’d to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together (thou
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn’d whore! ’tis
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 charn,
SCENE XII.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone.

Enter Eros.

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 discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That evetop'd them all. Betray'd I am,
O this false 'spell of Egypt! this great 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 b fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avant!—
Cleo. Why is my lord encour'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Caesar'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 doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy vantage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleo.]

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st under my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Achilles, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me ledge Lichas on the horn of the moon;
And with these 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, Eros, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Tamon for his shield; the bror of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument! There lock 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 shin myself;
Sny, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'th'ere, pitiously. 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. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world, [signs;
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these

"My crownet," i. e., the crown of my endeavor.
"Fast and loose," a juggling game, practiced by the gipsies,
now called playing at the bolt.—"Poor'st diminutives," i. e., for the smallest piece of money.—"Lichas, the boy
that brought the poisoned shirt to Hercules."—"Embosh'd," i. e., foaming at the mouth.

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good k-nave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony.
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my k-nave,
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 Caesar'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.

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 emuch! peace!—

Mar. She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Ant. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd it. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
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 render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?—Dead.

Mar. Unarm me, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly; go. [Exit Mardian.

Off, pack off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

Enter Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: soul then, and all is done.—
Eros! I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do cough on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly post make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the lantus be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my baseness, I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman more noble and mind'd
Than she, which by her death our Cesar tells,

"The rack dislimns," i. e., the fleeting clouds destroy
the picture. —"K-nave was familiarly used for servant.—
"From," i. e., proceeding from. —"True continent," i. e.,
the thing that contains thee.—"All lengthly," i. e., all length
or extension of life.
"I am conqueror of myself;" Thou art sworn, Eros, That when the exigent should come, (which now Is come indeed) when I should see behind me The inevitable prosecution of Disgrace and horror, that on my command Thou then would'st kill me; do't; the time is come. Thou strik't not me, 'tis Caesar thou dost cheat. But color is thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me! Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts, Though enemy, lost aim, and could not? Ant. Eros, Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see Thy master thus with pimpled'd arms, bending down His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd I Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd. Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir! pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once, Or thy precedent services are all But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come. Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance, Wherein the worship of the whole world lies. Ant. Lo thee! (Turning his face from him.)

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then, let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master, My captain, and my emperor, let me say, Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell. Ant. 'Tis said; man; and farewell. Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now? Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then.—[Falls on his Sword.]

Thus do I escape the sorrow Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O victual Eros! what I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me A nobleness in record: but I will be A bridegroom in my death, and run into't As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros, Thy master dies thy scholar: to thus:

[Falling on his Sword.]

I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead! not dead!— The guard!—how?—O, dispatch me! Enter Dercetas and Guard.

Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make Of what I have begun. [an end

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.

2 Guard. Not I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt 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 Diodenes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diodem; there.

Dio. Lives he?


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. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying 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 purg'd, she sent you word she was dead, But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.

[pr'ythee. Ant. Too late, good Diodem. Call my guard, I Diod. What, at the emperor's guard! The guard, Come; your lord calls. [what, ho!

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall commend you. 1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live All your true followers out. [to wear All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my followers, do not please sharp To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome Which comes to punish us, and we punish it, Scieving to bear it lightly. Take me up: I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence. Charm. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not. All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter, below, Diodenes.

As that which makes it.—How now! is he dead? Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out o' the other side your monument, His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.


Ant. Peace! Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself. Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I have importune death a while, until

"Compas'd," 1 c., arranged; agreed.

—Penetrative for penetrating,—"His baseness that ensu'd," l. c., the baseness of him that followed,—"The worship," l. c., the dignity; the honor.
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,
Least I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun’d Caesar ever shall
Be brooch’d with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And stiff condition, shall acquire no honor
De-marrying upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here’s a port, indeed!—How heavy weighs
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my lord]
That makes me die; had I great Juno’s power,
The strong-wing’d Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove’s side. Yet come a little:—
Wishers were ever fools.—O! come, come, come;
[They draw Antony up.
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv’d;
Quicken with kisings: had my lips that power,
This would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok’d by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Caesar seek your honor with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentile, hear me.
None about Caesar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I’ll trust;
None about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament not sorrow at, but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv’d the greatest prince o’ the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Voluntarily vanquish’d. Now, my spirit is going; I can no more.

[Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woot’s die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence
Is no better than a sty?—O! aye, my women,
The crown o’ the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O! wither’d is the garland of the world,
The soldier’s pole is fallen: young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. 3

Char. O, quietness, lady! 4
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!—
Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam! Royal Egypt! 5

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iris! 6
Cleo. No more, but e’en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chores.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

3 Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.—"be brooch’d," i. e. oramented, adorned.—"Still condition," i. e. redute disposition.—"De-marring," i. e. looking gravely.—"Quicken," i. e. revive.—"Chare," i. e. chores.

4 To tell them, that this world did eqni their,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All’s but naught;
Patience is soothing, and impatience does
Become a dog that’s mad; then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us.—How do you, women? What, what! good cherce! Why, how now, Charmian! My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it’s out.—Good sirs, take heart:—
'To the Guard below.

We’ll bury him; and then, what’s brave, what’s noble,
Let’s do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exit; those above bearing off Antony’s Body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar’s Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, ’t that he mocks
The patience that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

Enter Dercetas, with the Sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
Appear thus to us? [dars

Der. I am call’d Dercetas.
Mark Antony I serv’d, who best was worthy
Best to be serv’d: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his harrows. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I’ll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is’t thou sayst?

Der. I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.
Cæs. 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 by
A molety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirded knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the cunning which the heart did lend it,
Split that self noble heart. This is his sword;
I robbed his wound of it: behold it, stain’d
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. 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 persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors

5 Weighed equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch’d.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror’s set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!

1 Have I follow’d thee to this?—but we do lances

4 Frusturate for frustrate.—"But it is," i. e. if it be not.
ACT V.

Pro. Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than 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.

Cle. 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 i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

Pro, 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 Proculius 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! [Dissours her.
Do not yourself such wrong, who in this
Relied, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rides our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing 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
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shewing variety
Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies
Blow me into abhorring! 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. Proculius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

*His for his.——" Knave," i.e., servant.

Antony and Cleopatra. ACT V.
Pro. So, Dolabella, it shall content me best: be gentle to her.—To Caesar I will speak what you shall please, [To Cleopatra.

If you'll employ me to him. Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit Proculus, and Soldiers.

Dot. Most noble empress, you have heard of me? Cleo. I cannot tell. Dot. 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?

Dot. 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!

Dot. If it might please you,— Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein suck A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted The little O, the earth.

Dot. Most sovereign creature,— Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm Crested the world; his voice was propertied As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quall and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas, That grew the more by reaping: his delights Were dolphin-like; he said'sh all his back Above the element they liv'd in: in his livery were Walk'd crowns, and crowns; realms and islands As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleo. She, she, she,— Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a As this I dream'd of? [man Dot. Gentle madam, no. Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods: But, if there be, or ever were one such, It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite. Dot. Hear me, good madam. Your loss is as yourself, great; and you hear it As answering to the weight: would I might never O'ertake purs'd success, but I do feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that s smiles My very heart at root. Cleo. I thank you, sir. Know you, what Caesar means to do with me? Dot. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew. Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,— Dot. Though he be honorable,— Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph? Dot. Madam, he will; I know't. Within. Make way there!—Caesar! Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculius, Mecenas, Seleucus, and Attendants.

Ces. Which is the queen of Egypt? Dot. It is the emperor, madam. [Cleopatra kneels.

Ces. Arise, you shall not kneel. I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods Will have it thus: my master and my lord I must obey.

Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well To make it clear; but do confess I have Been laden with like frailties, which before Have often shamed our sex.

Ces. Cleopatra, know, We will extenuate rather than enforce: If you apply yourself to one intents, (Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find A benefit in this change; but if you seek To lay on me a cruelty, by taking Antony's course, you shall beware of yourself Of my good purposes, and put your children To that destruction which I'll guard them from, If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [and we

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours; Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Ces. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels, I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued; 2[showing a paper.

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus? Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord, Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus. Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril Speak that which is not.

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 hir'd!—What! guest 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 rare base! 

Ces. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar! what a womaning shame is this; That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honor of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy! Nay, good Caesar, That I some holy trills have reserv'd, Intravenous toys, things of such dignity As we give modern friends with; and say, Some nobler token I have kept apart For Livia, and Octavia, to induce Their mediation, must I be unfolded [me With one that I have bred? I ye gods! it smiles Beneath the fall I have. Prythee, go hence; 

[To Seleucus.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits Through t'ashes of mischance.—Worth thou a man, Thou wouldst'at have mercy on me.

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus.

"Project," i. e., delineate: shape; form.—" Rarely base," i. e., base beyond example.—"e," "Parool," i. e., add up. "His eye to," i. e., his pupils. "Increscent," i. e., tri- ding.—" Modern," i. e., common; ordinary.—" Livia and Octavia," Caesar's wife and sister.—" Wish for by. "}
Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are *mis-
thought
For things that others do; and when we fail,
We answer others' *merits in our name,
And therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledge'd,
Put we I the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cesar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sell. Therefore be chear'd;
Make not your thoughts your *prisons: no, dear
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Queen; 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!


Cleo. Be noble to myself: but bark thee, Charmian.

Whispers Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady: the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hee thee again: I have spoken already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian. Dolabella?]

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cesar 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.

Cleo. 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,
Iras, what think'st thou? Thou, as an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, andammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vinegar.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain. Iras. Saucy licentors
Will catch at us, like strumpets: and scald rhymer
Ballad us out o' tune: the *quick comedians
Externally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra *boast my greatness
To the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. 'Twill never see it: for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most *assur'd intents.—Now, Charmian?

* "Mis-thought." I. e., thought wrong of. — * Merits for de-
merits. — That is, 'Be not a prisoner in imagination, when
in reality you are free.' — *Quick," i. e., lively; quick-witted. — * Female characters were formerly played by boys.

Re-enter Charmian.

Show me, my women, like a queen: — go fetch
My best attire: — I am again for Cydnos,
To meet Mark Antony. — Sirrah, Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this 'charge, I'll give thee
leave To play till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [Exit Iras. A noise within.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow, That will not be denied his highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. — How poor an instrument
You make 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.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]

Ist thou the pretty *worm of Nilus 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. Remember'st thou any that have died out?

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 felt.

— Truly, she makes a very good report of the worm;
but he that will believe all that they say, shall never
be saved by half that they do. But this is most
fulsome, 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.]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.


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.

Clown. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

Clown. 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 whorsons
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.

Clown. 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.—
* Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—M-thinks, I hear
Antony call: I see him rouse himself

"This charge," i. e., this charge — "Fleeting," i. e., in-
costant; changeable.—"Worm" was used formerly to signify a
serpent.—"Will do his kind," i. e., will set according to his
nature.—* "Yare, yare," i. e., be nimble; be ready.
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 Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.

[Exit Antony; [Kisses them. IRAS falls, and dies.

Have I the aspick in my lips? Doth fail?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir’d. Doth thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell’st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [say,
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He’ll make 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 knob *intrinsicate
Of life at once unite: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O! could’st 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 less 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! asleep; despatch: I partly feel thee.
1 Guard. Approach, ho! All’s not well: Caesar’s
beguil’d.[him.
2 Guard. There’s Dolabella sent from Caesar: call
1 Guard. What work is here?—Charman, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! 

[Dies.

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 dreaded 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.

Ces. Bravest at the last:
She tell’d us 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?
I Guard. A simple countryman that brought her
This was his basket.

[figs. 
Ces. Poison’d, then.
I Guard. O Caesar! This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her head mistress: tremulously she stood,
And on the sudden dropp’d.

Ces. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow’d poison, ’twould 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.

[leaves

I Guard. This is an aspick’s trail; and these fig-
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pur’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.

[Dexunt.

* "She tell’d us at," i.e., she conjectured.— 4 "Of grace," i.e., of graceful appearance.— 2 "A vent," i.e., an emission; a bow.— 2 "Blown," i.e., swelled; pulled.—1 "Pur’d conclusions," i.e., tried experiments.—1 "Clip," i.e., enfold.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, Husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
{Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, Italians.
IACCHINO, Friend to Philario.
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a Physician.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Sailors.
QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
HELEN, Woman to Imogen.
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 a kingdom, whom He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow

That late he married) hath 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. Nane 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, (I 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
SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter 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 the offending king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet the fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,

* "You speak him far," I. e., you praise him excessively.

... "That fated them," I. e., that formed their manners.

You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying the pangs of bair'd afflictions, though the king hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.]

Ino. 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 reserve'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 by but letter. Thither write, my lady, and with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, though ink be made of gold.

[Exit Post.]

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: if the kind come, I shall inward 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 affections.

[Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave as long a term as yet we have to live, the loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! Ino. Nay, say a little: Were you but riling 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 swear 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 triles 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.]

Ino. O, the gods! when shall we see again?

[Enter Cymbeline and Lords.]

Post. Ahick, the king! Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight! if after this command thou k'st the court with thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away! Thou'rt poison to my blood.

* That is, 'I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say so without breach of duty.'—That is, He by new kindness, in order to renew our unity, pays, as it were, for the injuries I have done him.—' Seal up,' i. e., reverse in, which the dead are wrapped.—While sense can keep it on,' i. e., while I have sensation to retain it.—Sec, I. e., see each other.—Fraught,' i. e., fill.
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 should'st 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 paus, all fears.

Cym. — Past grace? obedience? 
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace. [Queen.

Cym. — That might'st have had the sole son of my 
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle, 
And did avoid a € puttock.
[my throne

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar would have made 
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 
A ne'erthelead's daughter, and my Leonatus [were 
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. — Thou foolish thing! — They were again together: you have done 
Not after our command. Away with her, 
And peu her up.

Queen. — Beseech your patience. — Peace! 
Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign, 
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some com- 
Out of your best advice. [Fort

Cym. — Nay, let her languish 
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, 
Die of this folly. [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. — Fie! — 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. 
Imo. — 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 I pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. — This hath been 
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honor, 
He will remain so.

Post. — 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 abroad: for this time, leave me. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter Cloen, 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 noth abroad so wholesome as that you vest. 
Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it— 
Have I hurt him? 

2 Lord. [Aside.] No faith; not so much as his 
patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, 
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.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. [Aside.] No: but he fled forward still, 
toward 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 
occans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. [Aside.] So would I, till you had meas- 
ured how long a fool you were upon the ground. 

Clo. 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 
herself 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.

Clo. 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.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the 
haven, 
And question'st 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? 
Pis. — It was, his queen, his queen! 
Imo. Then wav'd he his handkerchief? 
Pis. — And kiss'd it, madam. 
Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I! 
And that was all? 
Pis. — No, madam; for so long 
As he could make me with this eye or ear 
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

*Anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witicism, underneath it:—"As offer'd mercy is," i. e., as the loss of intended mercy to a condemned criminal.
SCENE V.

CYMBELINE.

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waving, as the sirs and stars of his mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on, How swiftly his slip.

Iamo. Thou should'st have made him As little as a crow, or less, ere left To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Iamo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but To look upon him, till the diminution Of space had point'd 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 Pisanio, When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam, With his next vantage. 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 honor; or have charg'd him, At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, This encounter with me, without a tear 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. [spatch'd.—

Iamo. Those things I bid you do, get them done; I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.


Enter Philario, Iachino, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. 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 was tabulated by his side, and I to persevere by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he...

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 1 apprehensions of those, that weep this lamentable divorce 2 and her 3 dowers, are 4 wonderfully to extend him; be it to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without 5 more 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 gentlewomen of your 4 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 2 story him in his own bearing.

French. Sir, we have 6 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 o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did 4 a stone my countryman and you: it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon the importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if not offend to say it is mended) my quar rel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likehood, have 7 confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contrariety, suffer the report. It is enough I have 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 nearest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That is no longer 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 7 ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nobility; 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 out-lustres 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 lady. Post. I put 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 unparagoned 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 pur-
chase, 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 neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizeable 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 convince the honor 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, lad 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'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I hasten 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, I mean as a wantonness too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came 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 neighbor's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stand'st so steady: 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 honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are so afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainted. 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's 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 goodnesse the huggine of 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 mistresse, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off,

"To convince," i. e., to overcome.—"Abused," i. e., deceived. The application: "I am the master of my speeches," i. e., I said no more than I meant.

and leave her in such honor 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 but with us.——Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make 2 good your vantage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unassayed, (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 catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthomen and Iachimo. French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. 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.—[Exeunt Ladies. Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs? Cor. Pleeeth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [Presenting a small Box. But I beseech your grace, without offence, (My promise there bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded me this most poisonous compouds. 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? distill preserves? yes, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confessions! 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 compouds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human) To try the vigor of them, and apply Alloyments to their fact; 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.—Enter Pisanio.

[Aside.] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!— 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 Pisanio. Cor. 1 do not like her. She doth think, she has 2 "Conclusions," i. e., experiments. —"Alloyments," i. e., pullatives.—4 Act for action.
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her notions with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has Will stipify 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 further service, doctor. Until I send for thee. [Exit. Queen. Weeps she still, s'white thou? Dost thou think, in time She will not such a quench, and let instruction enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, I'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 gone: return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that comes comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect, To be depend on a thing that means? Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends, [The Queen drops the Box: Pisanio takes it up and presents it. So much as but to prop him. — Thou take'st up Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor. It is a thing I made, which hurt the king Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know What is more cordial?—say, I pray thee, 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 thou hast of chancest on; but think How thou mist dost thy mistress still; to boast, 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, Think all that thee on to this desert, am bound To lead thy merit richly. Call my women: Think on my words. [Exit Pis.] — A sly and constant knave, Not to be sink'd; the agent for his master, And the remembrancer of her, to hold The band fast to her lord. — I have given him that, Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of lillies for her suite; and which she after, Except she send her humor, shall be assur'd. Re-enter Pisanio, 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, Pisanio; 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 holy, 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 so'er 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. Iack. Change you, madam? The worthy Leontes is in safety, And greet's thy highness dearly. [Gives the Letter. Imo. Thanks, good sir. You are kindly welcome. Iack. 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 Arbitre 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 trust." 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. Iack. Thanks, fairest lady.— What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes To see this vaulted arch, and the rich scope Of 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? Iack. What makes your admiration? Iack. It cannot be? the eye; for ames and monkeys, 'Twixt two such ahes, would chatter this way, and Contemn with shows the other: nor? the judgment; For idiots, in this case of favor, would Be wisely definite: nor? the appetite; Stuttery, to such went excellence applied, Should make desire vomit? to emptiness, Not so allur'd to feed. Imo. What is the matter, trow? Iack. The cloyed will, (That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, That taul both fill'd and running) ravaging first The limb, longs after for the garbage. Imo. What, dear sir, Thus raps you? Are you well? Iack. Thanks, madam, well.— Beseech you, sir, desire [To Pisanio. My man's abode where I did leave him; he Is strange and pensive. Pis. I was going, sir, To give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio. Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, be- Iack. Well, madam. [Seech you 1 Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is, Iack. Exceeding pleasant; none, a stranger there, 'c The d-bale that's glorious," i.e., the station so much desired that is called glorious. — o 'Which seasons," i.e., which tempers, in & placant. — "With mows," i.e., with smiling mouth, — i.e., scarce and peevish; i.e., is foreign, and foolish, or silly.
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Iach. 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 his free lungs, cries,
"O!"
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?"

Iach. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be by,
[laughter:
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens
Some men are much to blame. [know,

Iach. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account beyond all talents,—
Whilest I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Iach. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Iach. 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
I' the dungeon by a saff H

Iach. 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 officer of the gods to venge it
Not mine to speak on.

Iach. 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 remedy, or timely known,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spurn and stop.

Iach. Had I this check
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeder's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd be thou)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
With labor); then in-booping in an eye,
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinting toil, it were fit,
Then all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Iach. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my most reverent conscience, to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Iach. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastest to an 4 empress
Would make the great at king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, lir'd with that *self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That 5 pay with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison men! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recall from your great stock.

Iach. Reveng'd! 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?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is ruling varying winds?
In you, 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.

Iach. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Iach. Away! I do 'content mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,
Wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honor; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A slyer stranger, in his court, to murt
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His bosky mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The more that, still the mighty ladies of
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd 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 silence
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 lie enchant's societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Iach. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mightly 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 'fam you thus; but the gods made you,

*4* An empery," i. e., sovereign command.—"*Self ex-
bition," i. e., allowance; pension.—"To fan," i. e., to winnow.
Unlike all others, chafless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power I the court
for yours.

Iack. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat 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.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iack. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor:\nWhich 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 a stranger,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly,
And pawn mine honor for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iack. 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.

Imo. O! no, no.

Iack. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my retu From Gaulia
I'ersh'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow.

Iack. O! I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night;
I have i'vouch't my time, which is material
To see the tender of our present.

Iack. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords, as from the
Bowling-alley.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I
kissed the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away! I
had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreous
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 pate with your bowl.

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-slap hath his belly
full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a
coak 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 underta-
take every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit 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' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's an-
other, 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't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. [Aside.] Yet, are you a fool granted; there-
fore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have
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 man! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Abs, poor princess!
Thou divine 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 heaven hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand
T enjoy 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.

Imo. Who's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes
are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
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! [Sleeps.

*That is, You are a coxcomb.* — Companion, a word of
contempt, as we now use fellow.
Enter Iachimo from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man’s o’er-labor’d
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus [sense
Did softly press the ’rushes, ere he wak’n’d
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou came’st thy bed? fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rabies unparagon’d!—

I Kissing her.

How dearly do’t.—Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o’ the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peepe her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canonized
Under the windows; white and azure, he’d
With blue of heaven’s own swift.—But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—

3 Takes out his tables.

Such, and such, pictures:—there the window;—
such
Th’ adornment of her bed:—the arms, figures,
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o’ the
story.
Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, t’ enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie 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,—
’Tis 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-spotted, like the crimson drops
I’ the bottom of a cowslip: here’s a voucher,
Stronger than ever low could make: this secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock, and ta’en
The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that’s riveted,
Screw’d to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf’s torn’d down,
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the truck again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that大纲
May thus the raven’s eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

One, two, three,—time, time, time!

[Clock strikes.

Exit into the Trunk.

SCENE III.—An Ante-Chamber adjoining
Imogen’s Apartment.

Enter Cloths and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
less, the most coldest that ever turned up here.

2 Lord. 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?

2 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised
to give her music o’ mornings; they say, it will pen-
trate.

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 won-
derful 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 churlish 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 calved vice, not
the voice of ‘t am unpard’ en much to boast, can never
mend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that the rea-
son 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
Well not she forth?

[daughter?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
come-shauns no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forget 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 vantages, 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 discretion tendis,
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 honor of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness foreshort 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!

[8 Calls.

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? ’tis gold
Which buys accommodation; oft it doth; and makes
Diarm’s rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o’ the stealer; and ’tis gold

"Consider your music the better," i.e., pay you more
for it.—"With aptness of the season," i.e., with solicita-
tions well timed.—That is, "We must extend towards
himself our notice of his goodness, heretofore shown to us."
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief!
Now, sweetheart, hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it do not, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.
Lad. Who's there, that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lad. Aye, I is a faith, 
"Sprited," the it
"Clipped," e.,

No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lad. 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?
Lad. Ay, To keep her chamber.
Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.
Lad. 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 thunks,
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 discountesy
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 be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures 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. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father.
For the contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of ninfs, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps of the court) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean) I to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency)
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd a knot,
Yet you are car'd from that enragement
By the consequence of the crown, and must not fail
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A building for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imo. Profane fellow! 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 styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The souf-dig 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, Pisario!—

Enter Pisario.
Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman bie thee presently.—
Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am 'sprited 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; 'shrew 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 twas on mine arm; I kis'd it.
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kis aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill 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,
Bet the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

Clo. [Exit. I'll be reveng'd.—
His meanest garment.—Well.

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in Phila-
nio's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor
Will remain here.

Phil. 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.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
 offender all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Cæsar Lurian
Will do's commission throughly; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arraignars,
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 landed
In our not-fearing town, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

4 That is, 'If you were to be dignified only in comparison to your virtues, the under-hangman's place is too good for you.'—* "Clipped," i.e., enclosed. — ' Sprited,' i.e., haunted. — Or stands here for cra.—* "Statist," i.e., states-
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courtesies) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil.  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.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefer of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Phil. And, therein, the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casemment to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phil. Was Caius Lucius 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 'twas lost,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, 't' 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 further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
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 honor, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who 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.

Phil. 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,
Pond 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 rarey 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. Or do your honor 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 amours
(I had forgot them) were two winged Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor.—
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 gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And mid, 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

Giving the Ring.

It is a balsam unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,
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.—
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one, her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—

Remind me to some corporal sign about her,
More civil than this, for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'tis true:—any, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honorable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger.—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this:—she hath bought the name of whose thus dearly.

The brands of the amours are the horizontal pieces
upon which the wood is supported, properly called brand-
ions.—Servants in great houses were form'd known to
fidelity.—"The cognizance," i.e., the token; the visible
proof.
SCENE I. CYMBELINE. 875

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you! Phil.
Sir, be patient. This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of.
Post. Never talk on't; she hath been coyled by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast.
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kind 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 arithmetick: 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.
Post. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; if the court; before
Her father.—I will do something.
Phil. Quite beside 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 bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where.
When I was stumped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Diogenes of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And pry'd me oft forbearance; did it with a
Pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't.[118]
[Her
Might well have warn'd old Saturn: that I thought
As cluse as unsum'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow lachino, in an hour,—wasn't not!—
Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-scorn'd bear, a flammaing 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; revenge, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that tell 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,
Detest them, curse them.—Yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true late, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one Door; at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassiblan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untemper'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars,
Ere such an Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege.
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
Conquest
Cesar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with
slame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant babbles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassiblan, who was once at point
(O, 4 giglot fortune!) to master Cesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons struit with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars: other
of them may have crooked noses; but, to ove such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Sun, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can grize as
hard as Cassiblan: I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cesar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray
you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch

The sides o' the world) against all color, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

1 Cly. We do.
2 Cly. Say, then, to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulinus, which
Orchaid's our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulinus made

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His bow's within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.

I receive it from thee, then.—War and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I against thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defeated,
I think thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honor;
Which he, to seek of me again, perfervic
Beloves me keep at attention. I am so
Perfect, that the Pannonians and Daunitians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Cly. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pos-
time with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
saltwater girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours.
If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall face the 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pisario.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse?—Leontus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Imian
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Dialogue! No;
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take 5 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?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do great service, never
Let me be count'd serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to?—Don't. 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 dice. Senseless bubble,
Art thou a 10 foody for this act, and look'st

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: Leontus.
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 tender.—Let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicible; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love:—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy lay.——Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfathers you cast in prison, yet
You clasp 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. I make notice, that I am in Cam-
brin, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will
out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
increas'ning in love,

"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."
O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisario?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How for his thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not
Glide thither 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 fainted kind:—O! not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak 'eathick,
(Loved, in a conqueror's heart) that the arrows of, hearing,
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford; and, by the way,
Tell me how Wules was made so happy, as
'T inherit 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 she have been, or ever 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,
Midam, '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 clocks 'by half.——But this is fool-
ery.—

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 housewif.

Pis. Madam, 'you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor there,
Nor what 3 means, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:

"Ignorant in what I am commanded," i. e., unpractised
in the arts of murder.——"Speak thick," i. e., crowd one
word on another, as fast as possible.——"By the clocks" are
meant 4 hour glasses.——A franklin is a woman.——"You're
best," for you had best.——"Nor here, nor there," i. e., neither
this way nor that way.——"Nor what means," i. e., nor the
consequences that will follow.
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 godly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate Instructs you how to 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 turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder rivers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven! Hail, heaven! Arv. Hail, heaven! Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill:

Your leg is young: I'll tread these flats. Consider, When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off: [you, And you may then revolve what tales I have told 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 let us to our comfort: we shall find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life Is nobler, than attending for a check; Richer, than doing nothing for a bob; Prouder, than rustling in unpaid silk: Such gain the cup of him, that makes him fine, You are our book unerud't. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak we: poor un- fed'd, [not 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 crest of ignorance, travelling abroad, A prison for a debtor, that not dares To stride a limit.

Arv. How 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 as the wolf for what we eat: Our valor 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 usual? And felt them knowingly: the art o' 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 honor; which dies i' the And hath as oft a staunderous epitaph, [search, And record of fair cont: may many times, Doth till 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 noble boughings, nay, my leaves, And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft) But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline, was confederate with the devotion To follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years This rock, and these demesnes, 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 val- leys. [Exeunt Gui. and Arv.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little, they are sons to the king; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think, they are to mine: and, though train'd up Thus meanly I' the cave wherein they bow, 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 sat, 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's neck! 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, Once Arviragus; now call'd: he as like a sign; Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rou'd.—

3[Hor's wind.]

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows, Though unjustly banish me; whereas At three, and two years old, I stole these babes, Being to have thee of succession, as Thou reft' me of my lands. Euriphile, [mother, Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their And every day do honor to her grave: Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd, They take for natural father. [Hor's]—The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Pis. Thou toldst me, when we came from horse, the place Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! 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 havior of less fear, ere wilderness

*"Report," i. e., reputation.
Vanquish my slander senses. What's the matter? Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with—

1 [Pis. offers a Letter.]

A look undertaker? If it be summer news, smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st [hand.]

But keep that countenance still.—My husband's

That deer-deer's Italy hath our confidant 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; [2 Giving it.

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing

The most abased of fortune.  

[Reads.]—They mistress, Pisario, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisario, 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 dishonor, and equally to me disloyal.

[paper]

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the Hoth cut her throat already. —No: 'tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Outworns all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posteing winds, and hath belie All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maidens, matrons, may, 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? [true, 'tis deep twixt clock and clock; if sleep charge naught

To break it with a fearful dream. And

And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed, Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady! 

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of inconstancy; Thou then look'st like a villain; now, methinks, Thou dost make a good enough subject of Italy.  

Whosoever her with painting, Ith 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 revolt, O husband! shall be thought Put on for villainy; not born where's grows, But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false 

Aeneas, Were in his time thought false; and Simon's weeping Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus, Wilt by the leave on all proper * men: Gaily, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd, From thy great fault.—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, thou art No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter There is a prohibition so divine, But—[heart: That savans my weak hand. Come, here's my Something's aforet':—Soft, soft! we'll no defence; Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here? The 4 scriptures of the loyal Leonatus, All turn'd to here'sy? Away, away, Corrupters of my faith! thou shall no more Be stalkers 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 case 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 4 followers, shalt hereafter find It is no art of common passage, but A string of rareness: and I grieve myself, To think, when thou shalt be diseag'd by her That now thou 'stir'st on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch: 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'n, and to bed, then.

Pis. I'll crack mine eye-balls first. 

Imo. And wherfore, then, Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd So many miles with a pretence? this place! Mine own, and thine own? our horses' labor? The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court, For my being absent; whereunto I never Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far, To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand, Th' elector dead before thee? 

Pis. But to win time, To lose so bad employment; in the 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 ear, Therein false struck, can take no greater wound, Nor tent to bottom that. But speak. 

Pis. Then, madam, I thought you would not lack 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 abus'd: Some villain, ny, and singular in his art, Hath done you both this cursed injury. 

Imo. Some Roman courtesan. 

Pis. No, on my life. I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis command'd I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court, And that will well confirm it. 

Imo. Why, good fellow, What shall I do the while? where hide? how live? Or in my life what comfort, when I am Dead to my husband? 

---""
If you'll back to the court,—
I'm. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that hard, noble, simple, empty nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you abide.
I'm. Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius 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, 'tis appear, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Privy, yet full of view: yes, happily, near
The residence of Posthumans; 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.

O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Commend'd into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish carriage:
Ready in giles, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the wench: nay, you must forget
That rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Ah, then no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing & Titan; and forget
Your laborious and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

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, 'tis 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 honorable,
And, doublding that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have 4 me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplement.

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. In the way:
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.

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Leant, 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,
Or stomach-quam'd at land, a drum of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Amen. I thank thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, 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 honor 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!

[I Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honors us,
That we have given him cause.

'Tis all the better
You 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 churlish 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 industriously, 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 suspense.

[Exit an Attendant.

Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the care 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?

Please you, sir;
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud at noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pr'yed me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereeto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty loose unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proferr: this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great count
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I
Fear prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. 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 Clo.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Forced by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Happly, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Clo. 

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled.

Go in, and cheer the king: he gapes; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may
This night      forstall 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, a woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outcells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Dismissing me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, shanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her: may, 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 straightforward 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 drum 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 further 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.'—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 me not 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 wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villain soe'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, be but a diligent follower of mine. Will 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 bither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven. I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 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 belch 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 valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insult ended on his dead body, and when my host hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the count I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

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 performance shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true.

[Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to thy less: for true to thee We're to prove false, which I will never be To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'est. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labor be his meed!—

SCENE VI.—Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter I莫GEN, attired like a Boy.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have 'tir'd myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,
SCENE VII.  Cymbeline.

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken.  O Jove! I think,
Enamoured by the wretched; such, I mean, [me,
Where they should be relev'd. Two beggars told
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is 'sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is 'sorer, than to lie for king;—two beggars.—My dearest lord!
Thou art one of the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

[Seeing the Cave.]
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Bro clean it o'erthrew nature, makes it vallant.
Plenty, and peace, breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then, I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens!—[Exit into the Cave.]
Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman.
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, [and
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when 'sally sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself.
Guil. I am thoroughly weary.
Arc. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Guil. There is cold meat 'tis the cave: we'll browse
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [On that,
Bel. Stay: come not in.
[Looking in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.  
Guil. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon:—Behold divinness
No elder than a boy!  
Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good
tworth, [Found
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
Gold straw'd I the floor. Here's money for my
I would have left it on the board, so soon [meat:
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Guil. Money, youth?  
Arc. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt;
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.  
Bel. Whither bound?  
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Guil. Be this thy father? Sir, I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth, Think us no churchs, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd.  
'Tis 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 he your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arc. 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, such is yours.—Most welcome.  
Be sprightly, for you fall amongst 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!
Arc. Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!  
Bel. Hurk, 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 flourishing multitudes)
Could not out-peir these twins. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd,
We'll merrily demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arc. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome,
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arc. I pray, draw near.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor 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 well to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!  

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereabouts your levy
Must be supplied: 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 Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mopped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, not woman's fitness comes by fits. Therefore I must play the workman. 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 despair. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be 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 rash usage, but my mere power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose. Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow daren't 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.

Arn. 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.

Gu. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But I am a woman: a woman's heart is,
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,
Staying so poorly.

Gu. 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?

Arn. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I ought his youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason without reason: the hier at door,
And a demand who is not 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 brau; contempt and grace.

Bel. [Aside.] The ninth hour of the mom. I am not their father: yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour of the mom.

Arn. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arn. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods,
What lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:
Experience, O! then disprove'st report.
Th' impious sea breed monsters: for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gu. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arn. 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.

Arn. 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 shall be ever. [Exit Imogen.
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arn. How angel-like he sings.

Gu. But his next cookery; he cut our roots in
Characters;
And some, our brothers, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arn. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it, 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 pull at.

Gu. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arn. Grow, patience! And let the sinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away! Who's there?

[They stand back.

Enter Cloten

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Methinks he do us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush,
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws: hence!—

Gu. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clo. That fly me thus? some villiata mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gu. A thing
More shalvis did I no'or, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
Scene II.

Cymbeline.

**Gui.** To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
A grown man as big as thou? [Exit.]
I thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I hear 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,
Well, what 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 thee them. 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, oradder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

**Gui.** 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 afraid? 

**Gui.** Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At told I laugh, not fear them.

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that now even fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

**Bel.** No company abroad. [sure.

**Arv.** None in the world. You did mistake him,
I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing bluer' those lines of b favor
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute,
'Twas 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 no apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

**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; The law
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in; [grow,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
And set them on Lud's town.

**Bel.** We are all undone.

**Gui.** Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what more to take, our honour more to lose?
The law Protects not us; then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,

**Bel.** No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
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 sufficiently, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

**Arv.** 

**Bel.** I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

**Gui.** 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 fetch.

**Bel.** I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.

**Gui.** Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't, though
Becomes thee well enough.

**Arv.** 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me.—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
 Thou last rob'd me of this deed: I would revenge,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
And put us to some answer.

**Bel.** Well, 'tis done.

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 lusty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

**Arv.** Poor sick Fidele!

**Bel.** I willingly to him: to gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.

**Gui.** O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two blessed boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not waggling his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encafl'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honor unbought,
Civility not seen from other, valor
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.

**Gui.** Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage

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*Footnotes:

"For," i.e., because; "Did make my way long forth," i.e., made my way forth from the cave long, or tedious.—
"All I reck," i.e., 'all care.'—"That possible strength might meet," i.e., that fell within the possibility of opposition.—"To gain," i.e., to regain; to restore.
Cymbeline.

ACT IV.

For his return. [Solemn Music. Bel. My ingenious instrument! Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark! Gui. Is he at home? Bel. He went hence even now. Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dearest 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? Re-enter Arviragus, bearing in his Arms Imogen, as dead. Bel. Look! here he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his arms Of what we blame him for. Gui. The bird is dead, That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty, To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch, Than have seen this. Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily! My brother wears thee not the one half so well, As when thou grew'st thyself. Bel. O, melancholy! Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find The ozee, to show what coast thy sluggish care Might castihest harbor in?—Thou bless'd thing! Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I, Thou tend'st a most rare boy, of melancholy.— How found you him? Arv. Stark, as you see: Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek Reposing on a cushion. Gui. Where? Arv. O' the floor; His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put My clouted brownes from-off my feet, whose rude Answer'd my steps too loud. [Exeunt Arv. Gui. Why, he but sleeps; 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. Arv. 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 bare-ball, like thy veins; no, nor The leafy eglantine, whom not to slander, Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock 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 fur'd moss besides, when flowers are none, To winter-guard'd thy corse. Gui. Pr'ythee, have done; And do not play in witch-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! Arv. Say, where shall's lay him? Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother. Arv. Be't so: And let us, Polydore, now that 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. Arv. We'll speak it; then. Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicize 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, Together, have one dust, yet reverence, [Rotting (That angel of the world) doth make distinction. Of place 'twixt 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's alive. Arv. If you'll go fetch him, We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin. [Exeunt Belarius. Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the My father hath a reason for't. [Exeunt. Gui. 'Tis true. Arv. Come on then, and remove him. Arv. So.— Begin. song. Gui. Fear no more the heat of the sun, Nor the furious winter's rage; Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and to 'e' thy wages: Golden lads and lasses must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. Arv. Fear no more the frozen grove, Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe, and eat; To thee the rood is as the oak: The sceptre, earing, physic, must All follow this, and come to dust. Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, Nor the alder-dreaded thunder-stone; Gui. Fear not slander, 1 consure rash; Arv. Thou hast fast'm'd joy and mean: Both. All lovers young, all lovers must 1 Consign to thee, and come to dust. Gui. No exorciser harm thee! Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee! Gui. Ghost untwist forebear thee! Arv. Nothing ill come near thee! Both. Quiet consumption 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'st for graves.—Upon their faces, You were as flowers, now wither'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. [Exeunt Belarius, Guidermus, and Arviragus.
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: 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 rung speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How? a page—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With 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
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, 
'Tis, one,
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 worse better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wonder
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

'Look, good youth! 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,
Witt take thy chance 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 consular voice, should not sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pitchaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
And on it said a century of prayers, [His grave,
Such as I can, twice to me, 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 daizied plot we can
And make him with our pikes and partitions
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'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 Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with
A fever with the absence of her son; [Her.

Cymbeline's palace.
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 Despise 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 return. Beseech your high- Hold me your loyal servant. [Exeunt.]

**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 truly. For Cloten, There wants no diligence in seeking him, And I will, no doubt, be found.

**Cym.** The time is troublesome: We'll slip you for a season; but with jealousy. [To Pisano.

*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. [Exeunt.]

**1 Lord.** Good my liege, Your preparation can afford no less [ready. Thine what you hear of: come more, for more you're The want is, but to put those powers in motion, That long to move.

**Cym.** I thank you. Let's withdraw, And mete 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 from my mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings; neither know I What is betid to Cloten, but remain People'd in all the heavens still must work. Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true: These present wars shall find I love my country, Even to the 4note 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.

**SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.**

**Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.**

**Gui.** The noise is round about us.**Bel.** Let us from it.**Arr.** What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?**Gui.** 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.** Sons, We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us. To the king's party there's no going: newness Of Cymbeline's death (we being not known, not must'd

Among the hands) may drive us to a friend Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture.

**Gui.** This is, sir, a doubt, In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us.**Arr.** It is not likely, That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.**Bel.** O! I am known Of many in the army: many years, Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him From my remembrance; and, besides, the king Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves, Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life: nay, hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd, But to be still but summer's paintings, and The thinking slaves of winter. Than be so, Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army: I and my brother are not known; yourself, So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd.

**Arr.** By this sun that shines, I'll stay with you. What thing is't, that I never Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood, But that of coward hares, hot geese, and venison? Never bestrid a horse, save one that had A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel, Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining So long a poor unknown. By heavens, I'll go. If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave, I'll take the better care; but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me by The hands of Romans.

**Arr.** So say I. Amen.**Bel.** No reason I, since of your lives you act So slight a valuation, should reserve My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys. If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie: Lead, lead! The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exeunt.]

**ACT V.**

**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 color'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves, For a wrying but a little!—O, Pisania! Every good servant does not all commands;**

1 "To a tender," i.e., to an acknowledgment.— 2 "Their quarter'd fires," i.e., the fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army.— 3 "Upon our note," i.e., in noticing us.— 4 "The certainty," i.e., the certain conception.— 5 "For wryings," i.e., for deviating from the right way.
Scene III.

No head, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you should have't a vengeance on my faults, I never had liv’d to put it on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, with more worth your vengeance. But, alack!

You smite some for mine little faults; that’s love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ‘em with tis, each later worse,
And make men dread it, to the door’s thrust.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless’d to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gent, and to fight
Against my lady’s kingdom: 8 this enough.
That, Britain, I have kill’d thy mistress; peace!
I’ll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav’n,
Hear patiently my purpose. I’ll discourse 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 my life Is. taken: it breaks, a death: and thus unknown,
Pitied or hated, to the face of peril
Myself I’ll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor 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.

Scene II.—The Same.

Trumpets and Drums. Enter at one Side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army: at the other Side, the British Army; Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor Soldier. They march ever and go out in Alarms. Then enter again in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquish’d and disarmed Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Alarms 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 enfeebles me; or could this 8 carl,
A very drudge of nature’s, have sub’d me
In my profession! Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are tis a but of scorn.
If that thy gentility, Britain, go before
This long, as he excels our lords, the odds.
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[Exit.

Alarms. The Battle continues: the Britons fly;
Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue,
Belarius, Gualerius, and Arviragus.

Bcl. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.
The line is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our foes.

Out. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Alarms. Enter Posthumus, and second the Britons; they rescue Cymbeline, and excunt: then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder’s such
As war were hood-wrick’d.

Iach. Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn’d strangely: or betimes
Let’s re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a 9 Briton Lord.

Lord. Cam’st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the bands of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughterings, having work
More plentiful than tools to do, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch’d, some falling
Merely through fear; 4 that the strait pass was
damn’d
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen’d shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, d’th’ gall, and wall’d with
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
A brush of wood, a wall of water.
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for country: adiworth the lane,
He, with two striplings, (fads more like to run
The country 9 base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or, rather, fairer
Than those for preservation cast’d, or 9 Shame)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
“Our Britain’s stature die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand P—These
Three thousand confident, in act as many, 8 three,
And three performers in the file, when that
The rest do nothing) with this word, 9 stand, stand! 9
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness (which could have turn’d
A distuff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
[coward Part shone, part spirit renew’d; that some, turn’d
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn’d in the first beginners!) 9 gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o’ the hunters. Then began
A stop i’ the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stomp’d eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards
(Like fragments in a violent voyage) became
The life o’ the need; having found the back-door open
Of the ungarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,
O’er-born i’ the former wave: ten clav’d by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal 9 bugs o’ the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys?

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv’d! the Britons, was the Romans’ lane.”

Lord. Nay, do not angry, sir.

Post. [Lock! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I’ll be his friend;
For if he'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 honors
To have had a' their carcasses? took heel to do't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe char'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis 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

For being now a favorer to the Briton,

[him; No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest buff, 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,

Where 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 prais'd! Lucius is taken.

'Tis 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 'tis reported;

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is

Post. A Roman, [there? Who had not now been drouching here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to [service,

What crows have peck'd them here. He brings his

As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, attended; Belarius, Gud-derius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer; 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, grasp as you find pasture.

2 Jail. Ay, or a stomach. [Eccent Jailors.

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty. Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groom so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death, who is the key

'T umbar these locks. My conscience, thou art set

give me

More than my shanks, and wrists; you good gods,

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 repeat? I

cannot do it better in *gives,

Desir'd, more than constrains. To satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis 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

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Twenn man and man they weigh not every stamp,

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You riper 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, Sicilus Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, on 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 Leonatii, 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 teen 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-voxing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent me her aid,

But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ript,

Came crying amongst 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 Sicilus' 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 Leonat's seat, and east

From her he 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 geek and scorn

Of the other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this from stiffer seats we came,

Our parents, and 2 we twain,

That striking in our country's cause

Fell fifty men, and were slain;

Our hearty, and Tananatis' right,

With honor to maintain.

1 Bro. Like harpiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

* "The glock," i. e., the foot.
Why last thou thus adjourn'd?
The grace for his merits due,
Being all to dolsor turn'd?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Math. 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,
Again 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 region low,
Shake off your hearing: lish — How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebellng costas?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
When you best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, a delighted: 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 bolt not 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 its foot; its ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd 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 blest,
Let us with care perform his great lieutenant.

[ Ghosts vanish. ]

Post. [ Waking. ] Sleep, thou hast been a grand
sire, 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 thee, the favorable; whom thou hast done:
Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I avenge;
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are sleep'd in favors; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.

[ Finding the Tablet. ]

What fancies haunt this ground? A book! O, rare
be not, as is our fangled work's remnant [one]
Noader than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our couriers,
As good as promise.

[ Remark. ] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be em
braced by a piece of tender sir; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to
the old stock, and freely grow, then shall Posthuma
Eend his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty.""'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot unto. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailors.
Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Overcool'd, that I am, ready long ago.
Jail. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.
Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.
Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the com-
fort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear
no more tavern bills, which are often the saddles of
parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in
hast for want of meat, depart reeling with too much
drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and
sorry that you are 'paid too much; purge
and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for be-
ing too light, the purge too light, being drawn
of heaviness of body, this controversion your shall
now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord! it
sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true
debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and
to come, the discharge. — Your neck, sir, is pen,
book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows.
Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.
Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache;
but when he sleeps your sleep, and
a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he
would change places with his officer; for, look you,
sir, you know not which way you shall go.
Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
Jail. Your death has eyes in his head, then; I have
not seen him so pictured: you must either be direct-
ed by some one; thou hast to know, or take
upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not
know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril;
and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I
think, you'll never return to tell one.
Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wank,
and will not use them.
Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes to see the way of
blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your pris-
oner to the king.
Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be
made free.
Jail. I'll be hang'd, then.
Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailor; no
bolts for the dead.

[ Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger. ]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
beget young giblets, I never saw one so 'prone.
Yet, on my conscience, there are worse knives desire
side live, for all he be a Roman; and there be
some of them too, that die against their wills; so

* "Tongue, and brain not," i. e., talk, and understand not.
* "Fond here, and guiltless;" over come by the liquor.
* "Jump," i. e., hazard.
* "So prone," i. e., so prompt, ready.
should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolations of jailors, and galowises! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in’t.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE’S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIU, ARVAGUS, PISANO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the gods have Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, [made That the poor soldier, that so richly bought, Whose rags shun’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 tiding of him?  

Pis. He hath been search’d among the dead and But no trace of him. [living,  

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 whence you are: report it.  

Bel. Sir, In Cambrin we are born, and gentlemen. Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.  

Cym. Bow your knees.— Arise, my knights o’ 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 o’ 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 ended 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 lov’d you; only Affected greatness got by you, not you: More than all your royalty, was wife to your place, Abbond’y your person.  

Cym. She alone knew this; And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. [love  

Cor. Your daughter, whom you bore in b’hand to With such integrity, she did confess Which, a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight preceded it, she had Ta’en off by poison.  

Cym. O most delicate friend! Who is’t can read a woman? — Is there more? [had Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she

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*“Targe,” i.e., target; shield.—A “to bear in hand” is to delude by false appearances.

**“So fair,” i.e., so ready, dexterous.—4 “His favor,” i.e., his countenance.**
What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What best to ask. Know'st thou look'st on it?
Speak.
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no mine to me, than I to thy highness, who, being born thy vassal,
Am something nearer.
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?
Arr. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosie lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?
Guil. The same dead thing alive. [forbear.
Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not:
Crease may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Guil. 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 IACHINO.] step
you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that the 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 leave unspoken that
Which, were to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that,
Torment me to conceal. By villainy [which
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus's jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir nester liv'd [lord?
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? renew thy
strength:
I had rather I should'st 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, (accurs'd
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (O! would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'ly to head) the good Posthumus,
(That should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the nast'rest 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-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for *condition,
A shop of all the quails that make thee
Loves woman for; besides, that look of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:——
Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall, [mus,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not disparaging whom we praise'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began [made,
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were *crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Provd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, my, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spoke of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: wherewith, I, wretch,
Made scripule of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he were
Upon his hand'd finger, to be set in suit
In place of his bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adulatory. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honor 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 world in his ear. Away to Britain
Post in this design: well may you, sir;
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
Twixt amourous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not long ing, mine Italian brain
'Gun in your dailer Britain operate
Most visibly: for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with singular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(0 cunning, how I got it!) say, 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 cretious 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
That all the abhorred 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:—yên, and she herself
Spit, and threw stones, cast mire upon me; set
The dogs o' the street to buy me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainous less than I was—[villain-like! woman! My queen, my life, my will! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen!  

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Cymbeline.  

Act V.

Imo.  Ponce, my lord! hear, hear!—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part.  [Striking her: she falls.
Pis.  O, gentlemen! help!
Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!  
You never killed Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honored lady!
Cym.  Does the world go round?
Post.  How come these *stagger* on me?
Pis.  Wake, my mistress!
Cym.  If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis.  How fares my mistress?
Imo.  O! get thee from my sight;
That 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.  Now matter still?
Imo.  It poison'd me.
Pis.  O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confession
With 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 vice, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was more dangerous, did compendium 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.  My boys,
There was our error.
Gui.  This is, sure, Fidele.  [you?
Imo.  Why did you throw your wedded lady from
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 dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo.  Your blessing, sir.  [Kneeling.
Bel.  Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
You had a motive for't. [not;
Cym.  To Guiderius and Arviragus.
Imo.  My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo.  I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym.  O! she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is safe, we know not how, nor where.
Pis.  My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cleton,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me [swore,
With his sword drawn; form'd at the mouth, and
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

*"These stagger" 1. e., this madness.—"To tamper," 1. e., to compound; to mix.

It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a digested 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
Which he inform'd from me, away he post
With some other purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him,
I farther know not.
Gui.  Let me end the story.
I slew him there.
Cym.  Marry, the gods *foreordain*!
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 unceivil 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 though 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 condemn'd, 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 is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as myself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Cloten
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[To the Guard.
They were not born for bondage.
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 spoke 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.
Gui.  And our good his.
Bel.  Have at it, then, by leave.
Thou hast'd, 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.  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. 

Pll. 

How! my issue? 

Cym. 

Dost. 

So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, 

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 

Gave them into them, are my as Arvius, 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 'twas felt, the more it shap'd 

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir, 

Here are your sons again; and I must lose 

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.— 

The benediction of these covering heavens 

Fall on their heads like dew; for they are worthy 

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. 

Belt. 

Thee weep'st, and speak'st. 

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, 

Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guiderius: 

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 not two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers! 

Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter, 

But I an, truest speaker: you call'd me brother, 

When I was but your sister; I you brothers, 

When you were so indeed. 

Cym. 

Did you o'er meet? 

Arr. 

Ay, my good lord. 

Gvt. 

And at first meeting lov'd; 

Continued so, until we thought he died. 

Cor. 

By the queen's dear she swallow'd. 

Cym. 

What shall I bear all through? This 'twas

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which [ment 

Distinction should be rich d 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 fle'd you from the court, and whither? These, 

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 inter'gatories. See, 

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 severely at all. Let's quench this ground, 

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.— 

Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever. 

[To Belarius. 

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. 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 grac'd 

The thankings of a king; 

Post. 

I am, sir, 

The soldier that did company these three 

In poor beseeing: 'twas a foment for 

The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he, 

Speak, Lucimio: 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 owe; 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 freecess of a son-in-law: 

Pardon the word to all. 

Are. 

You help us, sir, 

As you did mean indeed to be our brother; 

Joy'd are we, that you are. 

[Rom. 

Post. 

Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of 

Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought, 

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, 

Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews 

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. 

Philarmonus! 

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 

embraced 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-nntus, doth import so much,
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cymbeline.

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, are 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 wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;

* "Clipp'd about," i. e., embraced.

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-cold 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 o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes 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 Lud'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.

[Exeunt.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
Helicasus, Escanes, two Lords of Tyre.
Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
Cleon, Governor of Tharsus.
Lyssimachus, Governor of Mitylene.
Cerimon, a Lord of Ephesus.
Thaliard, a Lord of Antioch.
Philemon, Servant to Cerimon.
Lysimachus, Governor of Mitylene.
Leonine, a Lord of Ephesus.
Philemon, Servant to Cerimon.
Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
Cleon, Governor of Tharsus.
Lychorida, Nurse to Marina.
Thaliard, a Lord of Antioch.
Thaisa, Daughter to Simonides.
Marina, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
Leonine, Servant to Dionyza.
Lychorida, Nurse to Marina.

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-eves, and holy ales,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purpose is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,

* Chorus, in the character of Gower, an old English poet,
who has related the story of this play in his Confessio
Amantis.—"Old," i.e., of old.—"Also," i.e., Whitson;

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
Brought 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,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of *face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
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.

4 "A feere," i.e., a mate or companion.—"Full of
face," i.e., exceedingly beautiful.—Account for
accounted.
The beauty of this sorrowful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures play-fellow:
While others stood without,
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
The danger of the task you undertake.
[receiving’d
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embraced 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 embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign’d)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The semete-house of planets 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,
Grace and her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every sphere given renown to all:
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever mas’d, and testy 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 you celestial tree;
Or die in the adventure, be my help,
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,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch’d;
For death-like dangerous hosts have offered it hard:
Her face, like heaven, cuteth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heart 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 mighty, slain in Cupid’s wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For I going on death’s not, whom none resist.

Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those stanch objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I trust:
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 woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the end from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[To the Daughter of Antiochus.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.
Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;
Which read and not expounded, ’tis deceived,
As they that love thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all, say’d yet, may’st thou prove pros.
Of all, say’d yet, I wish thee happiness. [perous!
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, in which labor,
I found that kindness in a father;
He’s father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his 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,
Wept I and sacred, as I appurled you
But I must tell you, now, my thoughts revolv;
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,
[en;
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hear;
But being play’d upon before your time,
Hill only danceth as harsh a chime.
Good south, I care not for you.

Ant. 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.

Per. Great prince, few love to hear the sins they love to act;
’Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He’s more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others’ eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
[throw’d
Cop’d hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
By man’s oppression; and the poor worm death die for’t.
Kings are earth’s gods; in vice their law’s their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say love doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head! he
has found the meaning;
[of Tyre,
But I will glaze with him. [To him.] Young prince
Though before thee, or in the presence of our state edict,
Your exposition misappraint;

That is, no perfect or honest man.—Cop’d, i.e., contain’d—Glorio, i.e., flatter; minute.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

We might proceed to cancel of your b days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a true
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 honor, and your wouth.

[Exeunt Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with due incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father)
And she an enter of her mother's flesh,
By the detaining of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who thought you feel
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light:
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
To what end's as near to lust, as fire to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame;
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you safe,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which
To have his head. [we mean
He must not live to trumpet forth my infancy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honor must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
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. Upon my lord.
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit Messenger.

Ant.
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an 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 get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your highness.

[Exit.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu.—Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succor to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this change
Of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so 's 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.

[them,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems for 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 it 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 honor,
If he suspect I may dishonor him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop it can by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll overspread the land,
And with the utmost 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 no'e'r thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am 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's that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellow's blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, 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, 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 lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exit Lords. Helicanus,
Thou hast more days: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
They have their nourishment? [whence

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.

* "Mis-dread," i. e., dread of evil. — "Outcast," i. e., appearance; show.— "That blast," i. e., the blast of flattery.

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.  

ACT I.


Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill 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

—inducement of his oath to be one. —Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Becanes, 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 commissiion, left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. What! How the king gone? Hel. If farther yet you will be satisfied, why, as it were unbecoming of your loves, he would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judged And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, [so] To show his sorrow he correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death. Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king's seal 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 how the land 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, Commanded to our master, not to us: Yet, ero you shall depart, this we desire, As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Cleon, Dionyzas, and Attendants.

Cleon. My Dionyzas, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own? Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it; For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher. O my distressed lord! even such our griefs; Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes, But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cleon. O Dionyzas, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wanteth it, Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

["Convise," i.e., overcome.—"Shine," i.e., splendor; latter.—That is, "intrusts himself to the danger of the sea; that is, commended to our master," i.e., "as it is to our master."
Scene IV.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep, [louder;
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
That if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. [ment.

Cle. This Tharsus, 'er which I have the govern-
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted, and adorn'd,
Like petty sail'ther's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were storr'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O! 'tis too true. [change.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who too nouse'd up their babies
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To cut those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O! let those cities, that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Lord. Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect. [shore,

Cle. We have descried, upon our neighboring
A pretty sail of ships make litherward.
Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours.

Some neighboring 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 men,
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 favorers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him that's a turn'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 doth.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.

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.
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 storr'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger storr'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arose, I pray you, arise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unkindness 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. [while,

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.

Act II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I 'wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove an awful 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 statute to make him glorious:
But tidings 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: Peri-
Cles shows the Letter to Cleon; then gives the
Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt
Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Heliaclean, hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone.

* "If he on peace consist," i. e., if he stands on peace.

"You happily," i. e., which you perhaps. "Was stuff'd," i.
. e., which was stuff'd. "I 'wis," i. e., I think. "A better prince," i.
. e., you have seen a better prince. "Awful," i.
. e., entitled to reverence. "In conversation," i.
. e., in conduct, behavior.

"Benison," i. e., benediction; blessing.

"Thinks all is writ he spoken can," i. e., thinks all be
(Pericles) can speak is as true as holy writ.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

From others' labors; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfill his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that hap in Tyre:
How Thaïsard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing so, put forth to sea,
When men been, there's seldom ease.
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tossed.
All perished of man, of self,
Ne ought escape but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gover; this longs the text.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Seaside.

Enter PERICLES, etc.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye 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,
Wash'd me from shores to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but causing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pitch!
2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.
3 Fish. What, Pitch-breech, I say!
4 Fish. What say you, master?
5 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now. Come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a warrant.
3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men,
that were cast away before us even now.

1 Fish. Ahas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them,
when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I
saw the porpus, how he bounded and tumbled
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on
them! they are 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
mercers 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 monthful. 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 belly.
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 labor, 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.

[Cost—

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your
2 Fish. What a drunken knife was the sea, to
cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-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 practice'd.
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 forget to know,
But what I am wont 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 quotha? Now, gods forbid it! I
have a gown here; come, put it on; keep the 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 or puddings
and ship Jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.
2 Fish. Hack 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 whippin'.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. Of not all, my friend, not all; for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better
office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up
the net.

[Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

1 Fish. Hack 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 thisshore?

[Ship Jacks," i. e. pancakes.
Scene II.—The Same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavillon near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Shimondes, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

Per. We are ready, and our daughter, in honor 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.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express my commendations, great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis 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. 'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain the labor of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform. Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. 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, Luct tua vita nihil.

Sim. He loves you well that holds this life of you. Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. 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 dulzura que per forza.

Sim. And what the third?

Thai. The fourth of Antioch; and his device, a wreath of chivalry: the word, Me pomeo provexit oper.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down: the word, Quo vet put, me extinguent. [and will.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes over.

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, Sis 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? is Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present A wither'd branch, that's only green at top: The motto, In hac spono vivo.

Sim. A pretty moral!

From the deserted state wherein he is, He hopes by you 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. Heav'ned may be a strong provision, for he comes To an honor'd triumph strangely furnish'd.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armor rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

Return them: I, e., return them not; e., i.e., the motto. Thai. More by sweetness than by force. Commendation. Whip-handle.
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.]

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of State.
A Banquet prepared.

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.

Tha. But you, [To Per.] my knight and guest;
To whom this wretch of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. This were 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.
I have run an artist; art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labor'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 honor'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honor we love,
For who does honor hate the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

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.

2 Per. You are right courteous knights.

Tha. Sit, sir; sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Tha. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, 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.

Tha. 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, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;
Where he is 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,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sir. What! are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's store'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Tha. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O! attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them; and princes, not doing so,
Are like to guests, which make a sound, but kill'd
A wonder'd at. Therefore,
To make his entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Tha. Alas, my father! it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Tha. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Tha. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. And thank him, then.

Tha. Wishing it so much blood unto your life,
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Tha. And, farther, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre (my name, Pericles,
My education here, in arts and arms)
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas, lost of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Tha. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.

Even in your armors, as you are 'address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I have not excuse, with say in this:
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' hearts,
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. Of that's as much, as you would be desired
[The Knights and Ladies dance.

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and lights,
Sir,
These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours,
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. [Exeunt.]

* The meaning is, 'That makes us seem the inward man by
the outward habit.'—"These cates resist me," i. e.,
these delicacies go against my stomach.—"Vail," i. e.,
lower.—Where for withers.

"His entrance," i. e., his reverence.—"Address'd," i. e.,
accounted; prepared for combat.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanus and Escaes.

Hel. No, Escaes; 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 scoured, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to looting; for so they stank,
That all those eyes *ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. Ay, 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.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See! not a man, in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.
2 Lord. It shall now longer grieve without reproof.
3 Lord. And curb'd be he that will not second it.
1 Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Helican, a word.
Hel. With me! and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.
1 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 leave 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, loved Helican!—
Hel. Try honor's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take 1 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 endeavor.

Hel. Then, you love us, we you, and we'll keep hands:
When peers thus knits a kingdom ever stands.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a Letter: the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
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. My lord, do not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
[her
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hith she vow'd,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.
3 Knight. Though loth 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 resolution,
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 Simonides!
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 command,
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?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.
[To him.] O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never nim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honor her.
[art
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not,
Never did thought of mine levy 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 threat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie. [courage.
Sim. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never rely'd on a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep, yashked hath the rout; No din but sweetens the house about, Made louder by the outer-fed breast Of this most pompous marriage feast. The eat with yew's eye of burning coal, Now coffers close the mouse's hole; And cricket sing at the oven's mouth, Are the blitter for their doth. Hymen hath brought the bride to bed, Where, by the loss of maidenhead, A babie is moulded.—Be attent, And time that is so briefely spent, With your fine fancies quaintly e echo; What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter: Pericles shews 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.

Gow. By many a d'ern and painful perch Of Pericles the careful search, By the four opposing e coigne, Which the world together joins,
SCENE II.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Per. How! how, Lychorida! 
Lyg. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm. 
Per. 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 godly gifts, 
And snatch them straight away? We, here below, 
Recall not what we give, and therein may 
Use honor with you. 
Lyg. Patience, good sir, 
Even for this charge. 
Per. Now, mild may be thy life; 
For a more lusty birth had never babe: 
Quiet and gentle thy \(^4\) conditions; 
For thou’rt the radichest welcome to this world, 
That e’er was prince’s child. 
Happy what follows! 
Thou hast as beholding a nativity, 
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 \(^6\) 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 \(^\text{1}\) 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. 
2 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. 
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight. 
Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen! 
Lyg. 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 coffin’d, in the ooze; 
Where, for a monument upon thy bones, 
And on-cowering many lamps, the belching whale, 
And humming water most o’erwhelm 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 saty’s coffer: lay the babe 
Upon the pillow. Hee thee, whiles I say. 
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 

[Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, 
caul’d and bitumen ready. 
[This? 
Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is 
2 Sail. We are near Tharsus. 
Per. \(^6\) Thither, gentle mariner, 
[It? 
Alter thy course for Tyre. When cannot thou reach 
2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease. 
Per. I! make for Tharsus. 
[This? 
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

"Conditions," i.e., qualities; dispositions.—\(^4\) "Chilling," i.e., noisy.—That is, "Thy loss by the death of thy mother, 
is more than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance."—\(^6\) "The flaw," i.e., the storm; the blast.—\(^\text{1}\) "Thither," i.e., towards Tharsus.—\(^\text{2}\) "For Tyre," i.e., instead of Tyre.

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I’ll leave it. 
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner; 
I’ll bring the body presently. 

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon’s House. 

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who 
have been Shipwrecked. 

Cer. Philemon, ho! 

Enter Philemon. 

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. 
[Execut Philemon, Servant, and the rest. 

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 blank 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. That is the cause we trouble you so early; 
’Tis not our "husbandry." 
Cer. 
1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, 
having 
Rich thee 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 compelld. 

Cer. I hold it ever, 

Virtue and \(^\text{4}\) cunning were endowments greater 
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs 
May the two latter darken and expeduc; 
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 best infusions 
That dwell in \(^\text{1}\) vegetables, in metals, stones; 
And can speak of the disturbances that nature 
Works, and of her cures; which both give me 
A more content, in course of true delight, 
Than to be thirsty after totering honor, 
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, 
To please the foam and death. 
[forth 
2 Gent. Your honor has through Ephesus pour’d 
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves 
Your creaturs, 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.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT III.

1 Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbors! Lend 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 Asculapius guide us!

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon’s House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honor’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! [Mortally, Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you Yet glance full wond’ringly on us. Dian. O, your sweet queen! That the strict fates had pleas’d you had brought her To have bless’d mine eyes! [Latter, Per. We cannot but obey The powers above us. Could I rage and roar As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end Must be as ’tis. My gentle babe Maruia (whom, For she was born at sea, I have nam’d so) here I charge your charity wilder, 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 negligence Should therein make up the 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.

Per. I believe you; Your honor and your goodness teach me to, Without your vows, Still she be married, madam, By bright Diana, whom we honor all. Unassisted shall this hair of mine remain, Though I show will do’t. So I take my leave. Good madam, make me blessed in your care In bringing up my child. Dion. I have one myself, Who shall not be more dear to my respect, Than yours, my lord. Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. Cle. We’ll bring your grace even to the edge o’ the shore; Then give you up to the mask’d Neptune, and The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dear’st madam.—O! no tears, Lychorida, no tears; Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon’s House.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffers, which are

*“Mundane,” i.e., worldly.

b”Negleciton,” i.e., neglect. — *The common body,* i.e., the common people.—*Show will in’t,* i.e., appear wild by such conduct.—*The mask’d Neptune,* i.e., the insidious waves, that wear a treacherous smile.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre, Welcome'd and settled to his own desire: His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus, Unto Diana there a votress. 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 slack! That monster envy, oft the wrack Of earned 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 Would ever with Marina be: B't when she wear'd the 4th silke With fingers, long, small, white as milk; Oft with sharp needle wound The cambic, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the late She sung, and made the night-bird mate, That still records with same; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dion; still

This Philoten contends in skill

With Phabolus 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, And nearest murderers prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to steal, Lychorina, our nurse, is dead:

And cursed Dionyza hath

The 6th pregnant instrument of wrath

Prest for this blow. The unborn event

---

I do commend to your content: Only with the

Post on the line 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 Sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do: 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing 'tis 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 favor 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, to help 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 blazed, 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 hurt your blood:

---

14 "Nicely," i. e., tenderly; finely — "Tellus," i. e., the earth.— "Your favor," i. e., your countenance.— "With more than foreign heart," i. e., with the same warmth of affection as if he were my countryman.— Reserve is used for preserve.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT IV.

What! I must have care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—

[Exit Diozyza.

Is the wind westerly that blows?

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 scanen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands hauling ropes;
And, clasp'd to the mast, edur'd 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-tackle wash'd off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistle, and
The master calls, and troubles 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 truth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake 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 favor'd, and your looks forebode
You have a genteel heart. I saw you lately,
Where 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 despacht.

[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.

[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.

SCENE II.—Near the Same.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These rogueing 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.

a "A canvas-climber," i. e., a sailor. —Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in the Spanish arms. The making of his ancestor a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.


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: 'tis 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.

Pand. 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 sudden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Bawd. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms. But I'll 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 hatch'd. 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. But 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?

1 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's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her piece, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one dut 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.

[Exeunt Pander and Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the color 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, 'twere not as I command you.

"Wages not with the danger," i. e., is not equal to the danger.—*"Hatched," i. e., had open.—"Gone thorough for this piece," i. e., bid a high price for her.—*"Raw," i. e., unskilful.
SCENE IV.—PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERICLES.

Boud. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boud.]

Mar. Ahack, that Leonine was so slick, 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 lit into my hands, where you are like to live. Mar. The more my fault. To 'scape 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 complexities. 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. Morry, 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 will 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.—Boudt's returned.

Re-enter Boudt.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market? Boudt. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice. Bawd. And I p'cythie, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boudt. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have heartenked 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.

Boudt. Tonight, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that crowers i' the hamns? Bawd. Who? monsieur Verole? Boudt. Ay: he offered to eat 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 bither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boudt. Well, if we had of every nation a travel- ler, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come bither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must soon 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 more profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boudt. O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for

your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boudt. 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. Boudt. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boudt. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boudt, 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.

Boudt. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the heads of *eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I' ll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come, your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. 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.

Cleon. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Dionyza. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon no' er look'd upon.

Cleon. I think,

You'll turn a child again.

Dionyza. 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.

Cleon. If thou hast drank to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dionyza. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

Cleon. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it, Unless you play the plous innocent, And for an honest attribute, cry out, "She died by foul play!"

Dionyza. O! go to. Well, well; Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Cleon. Be one of those, that think
The pretty weens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble stein you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Dionyza. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honorable courses.

Cleon. Do 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 cast their gazes on Marin's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a "malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It piere'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT IV.

You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle.
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We swept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
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 superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:
But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Mariana at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;
Soil seeds 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, [you,
To learn of me, who stand 't the gaps to teach
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thynging the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advance'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
This king to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought,
So with his steereage shall your thoughts grow on)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like notes 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 Dionyzia at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the Tomb of Mariana; 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'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to see he bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, sit
And the epitaph is for Mariana writ
By wicked Dionyzia.

"The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,
Whose mother in her spring of year
She was of Tyre, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death had made this slaughter.
Mariana was she call'd: and at her birth,
Thesis, being proud, swallowed some part of the earth.

* "Making," i. e., travelling. — "His mortal vessel," i. e., his body. — "Now, please you, sit," i. e., now be pleased to know. — "Thesis," i. e., the sea.

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetes' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never's stain)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
No visor does become black villany,
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. [Exit.

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 preached there, did you ever dream of such a thing?
2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-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.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.
Bawd. Fe, lie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her revish'd, or be rid of her. Where she should do for clients her esteem, 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 disturbe all our cavaliers, and make us all swearers 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 Lysi- machus, disguised.
Boult. We should have both lord and clown, if the peevish baggade would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysi- machus.

Lys. How now! is How a dozen of virginitie? Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honor! Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health. Lys. You may say; 'tis the better for you that your ressorters stand upon sound legs. Now how, 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 wouldn't say.
Boult. Your honor knows what 'tis 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 been—
Lys. What, pr'ythee?
Boult. O, sir! I can be modest.

* "Stront, i. e., cease. — "Lowen," i. e., how fellow; eoundrel. — "How," i. e., how much?"
That's 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 honor, give me leave: a
word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an
honorable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily
note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country,

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to
him indeed; but how honorable 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 graciously, 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 honor and her together.

Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawl, Pander, and Boul.

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
'gameret 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 honorable parts, and are the governor of this
place.

Lys. Why, hast thy 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 honor, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it. [Aside.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be
Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath crested me in this sty, where, since I came,
Disgraces have been sold dearer than physic;
—That the gods
Would set me free from this unallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
Thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, —[thee:
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
Persuere 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 savor 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, di lie like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear
From me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOUL.

Boul. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avant, thou damned door-keeper! Your
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would [house,
Sink, and overwhelm you. Away!

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peaish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gilded
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
ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.

Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Marry, and where, 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.

Mar. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would he'll 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.

Boul. An if she were a thorner piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. By g-joyn upon it 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 on that 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 at bend
Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coy astral
That hither comes inquiring for his "Tib;"

b "Cleer," l. e., pure; innocent.—c "Under the cope," l. e., under the cope or canopy of heaven.—A canopy is a
low, mean fellow.—Tib was a common name for a straggler.
To the cioloric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd 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?

Mer. 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, Procure him that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from base; 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?

Mer. 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.

Mer. 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 brother* depicts, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances,
As goddess-like, to her admired lays.

[Poets Deep clerks she c dumbs, and with her needle com-
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her *inkle, silk, twin with the roseberry:
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, disabled and lost;
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 studt
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 fervor hies.
In your supposing once more put your* sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, move if it might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and bark.

[Exit.

—'W would own a name too dear," i. e., would think his tribe dishonored by such a profession. a b "Deep clerks." i. e., learned men. d* Dumb. i. e., silent. —Inkle is a kind of linen tape.—That is, "Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination." —Of "If might," i. e., if our stage would permit.

SCENE I. —On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene, A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain behind it; Pericles within it, reclining on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Ves-
sel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyrs. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve 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 o'ertakes to come aboard. What is your will?

Het. That he has his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyrs. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Het. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
Greet him fairly.

[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; the
Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyrs. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. He, revered sir! the gods preserve you!

Het. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well. Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Het. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Het. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; a
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to 6prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper?

Het. 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?

Het. You may,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Het. 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!

Het. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lys. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I doubt Would win some words of him. [wager,

Lys. "Tis well bothought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deaf^d ears,
Which now are midway stop'd?
She will play so as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maid's is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord.

a To prorogue, i. e., to prolong, lengthen. a b "Mortal," i. e., fatal; deadly. —"His deaf'rd parts," i. e., his ears.
Hel. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit, That bears recovery's name.
But, since your kindness we may 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 staledness.

Per. O, sir! a courtesy, Which, if we should deny, the most just God For every graff would send a caterpillar, And so *indict our province.—Yet once more Let me entreat to know at large the cause Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sir, sir, I will recount it to you.— But see, I am prevented.

Enter Lord, Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. Of! here is The body 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 assur'd she Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish [came no better choice, and think me rarely wel.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty Expect even here, where is a kindly patient: If that thy prosperous and artificial feat Can draw him but to answer thee in ough, 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, loud 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 didward 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 glows 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 parent— You would not do me violence. [age.

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. [ing.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep— 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 jewe-like,

* Inflex for affect.—b "Awkward," i. e. adverse. .58

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, [live?
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieve'd you these endowments, which You make more rich to *owe.

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies, diadain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st Most as a justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back, (Which was when I perceive'd thee) that thou cam'st From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hast'd been to'sd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gozing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extrémité out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O! I am mock'd,
And thou by some incens'd gooses hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy
Motion!—Well! speak on, Where were you born,
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O! stop there a little.

This is the rarest dream that o'er dull'd sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be. [bred?
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

* To owe," i. e., to possess.—d "No fairy motion," i. e.,
no puppet dressed up to deceive me.
And never interrupt you. [give o'er.  


Per. I will believe you by the syllable.  

Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  

How came you in these parts? where were you bred?  

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,  

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  

Did seek to murder me; and having wound  

A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  

Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,  

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?  

It may be,  

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  

I am the daughter to king Pericles,  

If good king Pericles be.  

Per. Ha, 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 mad 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, honor'd sir;  

Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  

Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  

O'beard the shores of my mortality.  

And drown me with their sweetness! O! come hither,  

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget:  

Thou hast that west born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  

And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!  

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods aloud:  

As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!—  

What was thy mother's name? I 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 dross'd 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 justly in knowledge,  

She is thy very princess.—Who is this?  

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  

Who, hearing of thy 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 Mariana, 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 Mariana.  

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 nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  

Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [He sleeps.  

Lys. A pillow for his head.  

[The Curtain before the Pavillion 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 Lysimachus, Helicanus, Mariana, and Lady.  

SCENE II.—The Same.  

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him in a vision.  

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: lies thee  

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  

[thither.  

There, when my maiden priests are met together,  

Before the people all,  

Reveal 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.  

Await, and tell thy dream.  

[DIANA disappears  

Per. Celestial Dia, goddess argentine,  

I will obey thee.—Helicanus!  

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Mariana.  

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 'blossom sail': if we'll tell thee why,—  

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  

And give you gold for such provision  

As our intents will need!  

[shore,  

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come  

I have another suit.  

Per.  

You shall prevail,  

Were it to woo my daughter; for, it seems,  

You have been noble towards her.  

Lys.  

Sir, lend your arm.  

Per. Come, my Mariana. [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 bocen, give me,  

For such kindness must relieve me,  

That you aptly will suppose  

What pageantry, what feast, what shows,  

What mistrelsy, and pretty din,  

The regent made in Mitylen,  

To greet the king. So he thriv'd,  

That he is promis'd to be viv'd  

To fair Mariana; but in no wise  

Tell he had done his sacrifice,  

As Diane bade: whereeto being bound,  

The interim, pray you, all confound.  

In feather'd biretsee 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 lither come so soon,  

Is by your fancy's thankful doom.  

[Exit.  

* And give them repetition to the life," i. e., give a life-like narrative of thy adventures.—" Goddes argentine," i. e., regent of the other moon.—" Blow'd," i. e., swollen.  

" Blesen," i. e., swolen.  

" Blesse," i. e., soon.—" He," i. e., Pericles.—" Confound!" i. e., consume.
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; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dion! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre; Who, frigited from my country, did wed At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa. At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess! Wears yet thy silver *livery. She at Thaisus Was nurse'd with Clean, 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. You, you are,—O royal Pericles!—[She faints. Per. What means the woman? she dies: help, 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' err'y'd. Early in blustering 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 car; 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 tempest, A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa! Thaisa. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and Per. Immortal Dion! [drown'd.

Thaisa. Now I know you better.—— Whence we with tears parted Pentapolis, The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring. Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness Makes my past miseries sports: 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.

Marina. My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Keels to Thaisa. Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa; Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,

* "Thy silver livery," i. e., her white robe of innocence. — Sense is here used for sensual passion.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

INTRODUCTION.

We 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.

The popularity of it is indisputable: having been originally printed by Richard Field, in 1593, 4to, that edition seems to have been soon exhausted, and it was republished by the same printer in 1594, 4to, before 25th June, because on that day, according to the Stationers' Register, he assigned over his interest in it to John Harrison, for whom Field printed an octavo impression in 1596. Harrison published his second edition in 1599, which was the fourth time. "Venus and Adonis" had been printed in seven years. It had been entered at Stationers' Hall by W. Leask, in 1596. After this date it went through the press many times, and copies in 1602, 1616, 1620, &c. are known: in 1627 it was printed by John Wreithown, at Edinburgh.

Our text of "Venus and Adonis" is that of the earliest quarto, 1593, which, for the time, is very correctly printed.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY Wriothesly,
EARL OF SOUTHWICK, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,
I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpollished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly prais'd, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some grav'r labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after a ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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; (O, how quick is love!) The steel 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 doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And ‘tis 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 blushful 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 humdest, blames her "miss;"
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
’Tis tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring what he can;
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.

Forc’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 dew’d with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So bold with her arms Adonis draws:
Pure shime 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 loves and frets,
Twist crimson shame, and anger ash-pale;

Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Shaking her wings, devouring all at bay.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she bears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have mind’d, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this endless 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,
For till her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his eyes 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, flirt-hearted boy!
’T is but a kiss I beg — why art thou coy?
I have been woor’d as I entertain thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sincer’ neck in battle ne’er did bow.

Who conquer where he comes, in every jear;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg’d for that which thou wass’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;
Scoring his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rid’d, I overwast’d,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain:
Stronger he staid 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 the 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 seest 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 asham’d to kiss? I then, wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day go green 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-favor’d, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur’d, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O’er-worn, despaired, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were 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 bowre burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.
Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with long dishaviour’d hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bower whereon I lie;
These remorseless flowers like stubby trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky.
From mouth till mouth, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldest think it heavy unto thee?
Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seizo love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.

Narcissus so himself 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;

"Her miss;" i. e., her amiss; "her fault;" tires, i. e., twain; "To content," i. e., to be content; "Rank," i. e., full; "Dive-dapper," i. e., dapper; a bird that dives.

"Every jar," i. e., every quarted content.—Blue eyes were, in Shakespeare’s time, called grey.—Footing for foot print.—"Forceless," i. e., feeble.
HERBS FOR THEIR SMELL, AND SAPPHIC PLANTS TO BEAR;
THINGS GROWING TO THEMSELVES ARE GROWTH's ABUSE;
SEEDS SPRING FROM SEEDS, AND BEAUTY BREEDETH
THOU WAST BEGOTTEN, TO GET IT IS THY DUTY. [BEAUTY;
UPON THE EARTH'S INCREASE WHY SHOULDST THOU FEED,
UNLESS THE EARTH IN THY INCREASE BE FEUD?
BY LAW OF NATURE THOU ART BOUND TO BREST,
AND THINE MAY LIVE, WHEN THOU THYSELF ART DEAD;
AND SO IN SPIRIT 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 FASSEO THEM,
AND *TITAN, LIVED IN THE MID-DAY BEAT.
WITH BURNING EYE DID HOLLY OVERLOOK THEM;
WISHING ADONIS HAD HIS TEAM TO GUIDE,
SO HE WERE LIKE HIM, AND BY VENUS' SIDE.
AND NOW ADONIS, WITH A LOZY SPIRIT,
AND WITH A HEAVY, DARK, DISLIKING EYE,
HIS BLOWING BROWS O'ER-HELMING HIS FAIR SIGHT,
LIKE MISTY VAPORS, WHEN THEY BLOT THE SKY,
SCORING HIS CHEEKS, CRIES, FUR NO MORE OF LOVE:
The sun doth burn my face; I must be brave,
AH ME! [QUEEN VENUS'] YOUNG, AND SO UNKNOW'? WHAT ARE THOSE EXCAVES [OF] THOU TO BE GONE?
I SIGH CELESTIAL BREATH, Whose GENTLE WIND
SHALL COOL THE HEAT OF THIS DESCENDING SUN:
I'LL MAKE A SHADOW FOR THEE OF MY HAIR; IF THEY BURN TOO, I'LL QUENCH THEM WITH MY TEARS.
The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm, AND LO! I LIVE BETWEEN THAT SUN AND THEE:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm, THINE EYE DARTS FOR THE FIRE THAT BURNETH ME;
AND WE WERE NOT IMMORTAL, LIFE WERE DONE,
BETWEEN THIS HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY SUN.
ART THOU OBSCURATE, FLINTY, HARD AS STEEL?
NYAY MORE THAN FLINT, FOR STONE AT RAIN RELENTETH;
ART THOU A WOMAN'S SON, AND CANST NOT FEEL,
WHAT IS TO LOVE? HOW WOULD LOVING TORMENT THEE?
O! HAD THY MOTHER BORE SO HARD A MIND,
SHE HAD NOT Brought THERE, BUT DIED UNKIND.
WHAT AM I, THAT I SHOULDST CONTENT ME THIS?
OR WHAT GREAT DANGER DWELLS UPON MY SUIJ?
WHAT WERE THY LIPS THE WORSE FOR ANOTHER 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, COOL AND SENSELESS STONE,
WELL-PAINTED IDOL, IMAGE DULL AND DEAD,
STATUE, CONTEMPTING BUT THE EYE ALONE,
THING 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, IMPATIENCE CHOKES HER PLEADING TONGUE,
AND SWELLING PASSION DOETH PROVOKE A PAUSE;
RED CHEEKS AND FIERY EYES BLAZE FOR HER WRONG;
BEING JUDGE IN LOVE, SHE CANNOT RIGHT HER CAUSE;
AND NOW SHE WEEPETH, AND NOW SHE FAIN WOULD SPEAK,
AND NOW HER SOBS DO HER INTENDMENTS BREAK.
SOMETIMES SHE SHAKE SHE HEAD, AND THEN HIS HAND,
NOW GAZETH SHE ON HIM, NOW ON THE GROUND;
SOMETIMES HER ARMS INFORM HIM LIKE A BAND;
SHE WOULD, HE WOULD NOT IN HER ARMS BE BOUND;
AND WHEN FROM THENE SHE STRAGGLE TO BE GONE,
SHE LOCKS HER ILLY FINGER ONCE IN ONE.
FONDLING, SHE SAITH, SINCE I HAVE HEMM'D THEE HERE,
WITHIN THE CIRCUIT OF THIS IVORY VALE,
I'LL BE A PARK, AND THOU SHALT BE MY DEER;

**"TITAN," I. e., the sun.—*SPIRIT FOR SPIRIT."—"INTENDMENTS," I. e., intentions.

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 plain,
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 lie,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, the round enchanting pits,
Open'd the moon to swallow Venus' liking,
Being mad before, how doth she now for wine?
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!

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 FAVOR, SOME REMORSE!
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse!

But lo! from forth a copse that neighers by,
A breeding jenett, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth carry,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to his straiten goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his worn girth 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 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was now controlled ever.

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, vapors doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glitters like fire,
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Aonon 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 recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his "Stand, I say?"
What cares he now for curbs, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trampling 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 wonderful at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, 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, break buttock, tender hide:
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
Sometimes 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 'er he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, a who wave like feather'd wings.
He looks upon his love, and neigs unto her;
She answered 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 scorn's the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.
Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He sails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and blies the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.
His teacher master goeth about to take him,
What doth the unlock'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 hiso them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.
All sworn 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 bair'd the adiance of the tongue.
An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, sweetheth 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;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.
On 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
Flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.
Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaved up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-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;
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.
Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a juil of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wild and unwilling,
Show'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 as I, 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.
Give me my hand, snith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O! give me my, 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 cold;
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,
Solevily 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 glutton 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 I learn to love; the lesson is plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.
I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it:
Unless it be a bairr, and then I chose it:
'Tis 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 hairs, 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,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.
You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
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 you had not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
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 perfum'd, that breathed love by smelling.

But O! what banquet wert 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 sore unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing disturb the feast?
Once more the ruby-color'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 the mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
Guards and foul fluids to herdmen 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 berries 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 fell down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.

A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blesséd 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 wisely prevent.

Fair fall 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 army
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieth:
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 thence they borrow'd all their shine.
We're never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had red 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.

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?

* "Stillitory," i.e., stembie; laboratory.

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lovely joy.

O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:
Thy eye's shrew'd 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 piteous 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 b 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 any I make, still to be sealing!
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, yet good dealing;
Which purchase if you make, for fear of alps
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 thousand 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 ungrowen 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 coal-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 porting tender'd is:

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'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 pleass'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together gned, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filled;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paving what ransom the insolver willath;
Whose vulture 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 foruge;
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 honor's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being turn'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's turn'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,

b Growing plants were formerly supposed to possess the power of purifying the atmosphere. — c "Wrack," i.e., ruin; wreak.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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,
Chieflie in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woods best, when most his choice is forward.
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 prickles, 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 thence inclosed 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 wit 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,
His arm on her belly falls, she on his back.
Not 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 Tantalus's is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.
Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in his mishap,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in her hands missing,
Makes her seek 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 deserve'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.
Thou hadst 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 jocul ain point a churchlie swine to gore,
Whose musk never-she'd be whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher's, bent to kill.
On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of brawit pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres whith'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes what'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tussles 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 humdred;
Being irrele on the lion he will venture:
The thorny Brambles and embowering bushes,
As fearful of him, part through whom he rushes.

* * * * *

Also! he sought esteemes 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 mend
O! let him keep his lustsome cabin still;
Beauty hath ought 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, wherein thou dest lie,
My burning 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 caitiff that eates up love's tender spring,
This carry-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, I 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 buck 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 the 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-bred horse keep with thy hounds,
And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshit his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many mists and mists through which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.
Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the baying hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving comies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yelling.
And sometime 'sorteth with a herd of deer.
Danger deviash shifts; wit waits on fear:
For there his smell, with others being mingled,
The hot scent-suffling hounds are driven to doubt,

* * * * *

"Eyne," i. e. eyes,—*Within his danger," i. e. in his power.—*"Bate-breeding," i. e. contention-breeding.—
*To overshit," i. e. to end; to finish.—*"Cranks," i. e. winds; turis.—*A waster is a gap in a hedge.—*"Serox," i. e. consorteth.
Venus and Adonis.

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 hearken if his face pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms be 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-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each mumurstay:
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 hast'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 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night, quoth she, desiro sees last of all.

But if this fall, O! thou imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, as floating trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips.
Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason;
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forg'd Nature be condemn'd of treason.

For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high Heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.
And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure * defecture;
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 narrow-eating sickness, whose attendant
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 fight brings beauty under:
Both favor, savor, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wash'd, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless clamor,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving sires,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren death of daughter and of sons,
Be modified: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil to lead the world his light.
What is thy body but a swelling 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 shain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs who desolate hands themselves do say,
Or butcher sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankeing rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold's that put to use more gold begets.

 Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into thy 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 soul 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 marmaid's songs,
Yet from 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 bedchamber to be barr'd 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 * reproue?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That tends 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 grant stain'd, 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 smiteth not, lust like a gluton dies;
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more 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 space;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd,
Look, how a bright star shooeth 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 seem 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 smaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath diopp'd a precious jewel in the flood,

* "The cold fault," l. e., the lost scent, — "Defeature," l. e., change of feature. — "Wood," l. e., mad; furious.
* Since — " Reproue," l. e., refuse; disprove. — " Trea." l. e., outraw.

### Annotation

- **"The cold fault,"** l. e., the lost scent.
- **"Defeature,"** l. e., change of feature.
- **"Wood,"** l. e., mad; furious.
- **"Since,"** " Reproue," l. e., refuse; disprove.
- **"Trea."** l. e., outraw.
Or 'tost and 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 bents her heart, whereat it gowns,
That all the neighbor-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! woe!
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.
She marking them, begins a waiting note,
And sings extempore 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 withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tong'd tapsters answering every call,
Sothing the humor of fantastic wits?
She says, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so;
And would say after, if she said no.
Lo! here the gentle lark, weeny of rest,
From his most cabinets mounts up on high,
And makes 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 subites 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 such'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.
This said, she hasteth to a mystic grove,
Musing the morning is so much forworn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens, for his hounds, and for his born:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she *conosteth* 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 laugh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dogs do ache,
Hosting to feed her fam'd kid in some brake.
By this she hears the hounds are at a lay,
Whereat she starts, like one that sees an adder
Wrench'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
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.
For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt bough, rough bair, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs explain aloud;
Finding their enemy to be so close,
Their revenge courted, she 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 mungs each feeling part:

* * * * *

*Conosteth," I. e., follows.---* *Cope him," I. e., encoun-
ter him; engage with him.---* *Who for which.*

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.
Thus stands she in a trembling exaxisy,
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 shews spread
Which madly hurry her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.
A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untrades again:
Her more than laste 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 caiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound.
Colin venom'd scours the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.
When he hath cens'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the *welkin* voiles out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clipping 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,
Whence with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.
Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath, [mean
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 shouldst strike at it.
Could it be thou hast no eyes to see,
But hopelessly at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feebly 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 pluckst 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, though provok'd such weep-What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [ing
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
These eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor.
Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She *vail'd* her eye-lids, *who*, like sitches, stopped
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;

* * * * *

"Mated," I. e., thwarted.---"The welkin," I. e., the sky;
the vault of heaven.---"Vail d," I. e., closed; let fall.---"Who for whom."
VENUS AND ADONIS. 927

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 secretly sighs light to dry;

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs 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 labors so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.

But none is best; then, join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman *how low;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters it she is Adonis' voice.

Whereas 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 stultish ground,
That is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weat and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flutter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unwaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis leaves, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought;
Now she adds honors to his hateful name;
She'll clothe 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 rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be 4 wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'T is he, foul creature, that light and kill thee wrong;
I did but rail, he's wiser 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 extemate;
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 Jove! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wait 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, fond love! thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves:
Tribles, unwitlessed with eye or ear,
That awkward heart with false belabouring grievances.

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 travels on so light;
And in her haste unfatiguedly spies
The foul heart's conquest on her fair delight:

Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrieks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'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, throw 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 froze his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus note:
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantically she dates;
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 steadfastly,
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 twin, each several limb is double:
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons 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.

Ahas, poor world, what treasure lost 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 colors 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 hiss 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.

*Who for which.—Holla. *Crepes*, i.e., calls names.

4 Wreck'd, i.e., thrown away, i.e., suspected, i.e., suspected.

*She pardons* i.e., she is affected with passion.

*His fair*, i.e., his fairness.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he knew not  
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-snouted boar,
Wipes downward eye; still looks forth 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.

'T is true, 't is true: thus was Adonis slain.
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And snuffling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the task in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd 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 fellath 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 woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffin-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 4 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 unsavory 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;
And be and be blasted in a breathing-while;

* "Fear him," i. e., affright, terrify him.—An archa in a hedgehog.—"Nuzzling," i. e., working with the nose.—
4 His for its.

The bottom poison, and the top o'er-grow'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile:
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 starry ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck 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 valor, 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 vapor from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay 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 't is 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 't is 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.

Thou weary of the world, away she bies,
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 converse to Paphos, where their queen
Means to Immure herself and not be seen.

4 The measures was a stately dance, peculiarly suited to elderly persons.—"Since.
INTRODUCTION.

"Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And grace on her yet-untained bed."—Page 303.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

["Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1594." 4to. 47 leaves.


"Lucrece. At London, Printed by N. O. for John Harrison. 1607." 8vo. 32 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 1594. It had been previously entered, under a more explanatory title, in the Stationers' Registers:

"9 May 1594.

Mr. Harrison, sen.] A booke intituled the Ravishment of Lucrece."

Like "Venus and Adonis," it was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, but in a more confident and assurance spirit. This second production was, probably, not quite so popular as the first, and it was not again printed until 1598, for the same bookseller, who put 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 1606 and 1609, but they have not since come to light; and our belief is, that "Lucrece" was only printed four 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 1624, which also professes to have been "newly revised." This last is accompanied by marginal notes, prosyically explanatory of the incidents poetically narrated.

The edition of "Lucrece" we have taken as our text is the first, which, 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; so the sheets were going through the press, some material errors were, however, observed in them, and they are therefore in several places corrected. Modern editors have performed their task without due care, but of their want of attention we shall only here ad-
duce two specimens. In one of the speeches in which Lucrece endeavors to dissuade Tarquin from his purpose, she tells him,

"Thus lookst at reproaches against long-living lord."

Which every modern editor misprints,

"Thus lookst at reproaches against long-lived lord."

Our second proof is from a later portion of the poem, just after Collatine has returned home, and meets his dishonored wife: the true text, speaking of Collatine and Lucrece, is,

"He 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.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY Wriothesly, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; who, of this pamphlet, without examining it, but a superflu-
ous moiety. The warrant I have of your honorable dis-
position, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it as-
sured 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; mean time, 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 Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tinellus, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Ro-
man 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 Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not met
To raise the clear unmatched hue of white,
Who in triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
Where mortals stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That kings might be exposed 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 splendor of the sun:
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honor 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, 'tis 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 thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king,
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sing [vaunt
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
That golden lap which their superiors want.

But some unwise thought did instigate
His heart to time-less spied, if not those:
His honor, 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! wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blists, 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 strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame;
When virtue braggd, 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 face was assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This hardbly in Lucrece's face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white:
Of either's color was the other queen,
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 interchance each other's seat.

This silent war of lies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure banks 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 her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard predilig that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore, that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with some miasme,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthy saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspeteth 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 color'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plait's of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Some censure may to much woman reprov'd his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That clown'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stronger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining seeracies
Writ in the glassy margins of such books:

"Parling," i.e., parlyeing; discouraging.—"Margines," i.e., margins.

* "Bateless," i.e., unmistakable.—"Did not let," i.e., did not forbear.—* "Apologies," i.e., arguments.—"Suggested," i.e., instigated.—"Hap," i.e., fortune.
The Rape of Lucrece. 931

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.
He *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 wounds of victory:
Her joy with heav'y-laden hand she doth express,
And wordless so greats heavens for his success.
For 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 wellkin 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 
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake,
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 abstain.
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the need proposed,
Though death be adjourn, there's no death sup-
posed.
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 honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this sin there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one, is gone;
As life for honor in full battles' rage;
Honor 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 have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.
Such hazard now must dating Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtain his lost,
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 stole 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 owls' death-dropping cries
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wak'd, 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 feareth harm;
But honest fear, bound with lust's foul charm,
DOTH too oft betake it to retire.
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.
His faction on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be kedge-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
As from this cold flint I enforce this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.
Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his hostile enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armor 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, unshallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your unmeaning trash 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
O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!
O foul diadem to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valor still a true respect should have;
Then, my *digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.
Yes, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some looseth some dhal 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 fleeting joy,
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail 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 blue to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.
O! what excuse can my invention make,
When thou slant change 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 Collatine kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,

* "Digression," i.e., *deviation from the path of virtue.
+ In books of *digression, a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were an-
ciently distinguished, who "discourteously used a widow,
maid, or wife, against her will."
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or *quidat* of such stricte;
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:
Thus was his denial, and replying.
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 disputacion
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment dath confound and kill
All pure effects, and dath so for proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatins lies.
O, how her fear did make her color 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,
Force'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereout she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I, then, for color or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
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 figh, and will not be dismay'd.
Then, childish fear, avoant! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age;
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;
Sild pause and deep regard beseech 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 chok'd by unresist'd lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servants 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 self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so faire 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 their leader's jocund shew,
Staff up his hat, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more lavish tribute than they b owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each on by him enforce'd retir'd *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;

Nightly wondering *weasels* shriek, to shew him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and cresurnes 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 scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:
And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia'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 insul'd; return again in haste;
Though seest our mistresses' 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 deny 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 let's attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the *primo*;
And on the *sipers* birds more cause to sing.

Till pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
And sands,
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 no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself imploity 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
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower
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 lack'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is cleared with absolution;
Against love's fire none's 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 serpents steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.
Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.

* Quidat for requitad.—One for one.
* His for its.— Wressels for scarsons.— " Doth let," *i,e.,* doth retard.— " Lets," *i.e.,* hindrances.— " The prime," *i.e.,* the spring.— " Snered," *i.e.,* frosted-up.
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,
Who, like a foul usurper, was the silver moon.
Look, as the fair and snowy pointed sun,
Rushing forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes beguine
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth 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 repos'd still;
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thought Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.
Her fly 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 blises,
Between whose hills her head intomtomb is;
Who, like a virtuous portion hurt, she lies,
To be admitt'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.
Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green covert's; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly swet, 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 breast:
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 worlda unconquered;
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they know,
And him by oath they truly honor'd.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went.
From this fair throne to heave the owner out,
What could he see, but mightily 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 fanneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by guizing quelled;
Slink'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 struggling slaves for pilage fighting,
Obdurate vassals still exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarm strik's,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eyes commend 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 breasts, in heart of all her hand,
Whose ranks of blue veines, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.
They,mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governness and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and confound'd.
Imagine her as one in dead of 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 confound'd in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting statues, in her thoughts:
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 within.
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 whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what color he commits this ill.
Thus he replies: The color in thy face
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush with her own eloquence,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale;
Under that color am I come to scale
Thy never conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.
Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide;
Thy beauty bath enn'rd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will, that man's 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 afflicting course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
By holy human law, and common truth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow’d bed he make retire,
And stooop to honor, not to foul desire.
Quoth she, reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast 2 pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shot be ended:
He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable 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 ensue me;
Thou look’st not like deceit, do not deceive me:
My sigils, like whirlwinds, labor 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,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
Oh! what 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 honor, 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 sealed in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar’st 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 performe must bear,
When they in their like offences prove:
If for the name of this, thy will, they dare;
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 lust 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 dishonor in thy name?
Thou back’dst reproach against long-living laud,
And mak’dst 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 smoother.
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrap’d in with infirmities,
That from their own misdeeds 3 snatch their eyes!

2 Pretended for intended.— 3 Askance, I. e., turn away obliquely.
To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash deliver;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His ever-present will prison false and void.

And wipe the din mist from thy doting *eye,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.
Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this blet.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury feet:
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign with their fresh fols' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king,
And I! there falls into thy boundless flood.
Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
And not the puddle 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 they thy fooler grave:
They lecher'd in their shame, they lecher'd 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 tear thee;
That done, despeartely I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascall groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful 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, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice control'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:
For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooing his hot face in the chastest tears
That lecher'd in thy eye with sorrowful glee:
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 riled 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 whereof by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin farse 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
Dream desire must vomit his recit,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation

Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.
And then, with lank and lean discolor'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knot 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 prevails; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this *faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly closed;
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 mustering troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.
She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down a 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 prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; [stealth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despite of cure remain;
Leaving his soul 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 thiefish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearded lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She despareth with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, swelling with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and clothes his vanish'd, hoast'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertor,
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, comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame;
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell;
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbor for *defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tong'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, voracious, and foggy night!
Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,

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* "Eyne," i. e., eyes—" Let," i. e., hindrance; obstacle.
  " Front," i. e., headlong; precipitious.

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* "Faultful," i. e., blameful.—* "Defame," i. e., defamation; infamous.
Muster thy mists 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 damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhale unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the air unfeared,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapors march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his mother's light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-parners 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 infancy;  
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 woes.

O night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which bears the underneath thy black all-availing 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 sepulch'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:
You, the illustrious, that know not again,
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my louthsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The oderator to deck his oratory
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers 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 undervel'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint 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 'not afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows.

If, Collatine, thine honor 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 honor's wreck;
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonor to disdain him:
Besides, oftreachness he did complain him,
And 'tis my duty, virtue.—O, my soul for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!
Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts 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 coffers up his gold,
Is plagud 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.

Those weeps we wish for turn to loathed sores,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours;
We, the adder's haper, where we can say 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 seal'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 shabby 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 thaw'd;
Thou smoother'st honesty, thou murder'st truth:
Thou foul abettor! 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 boasting 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 will thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strife to end,
Or free the life of purity, so few and rare?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the rained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
But they never meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
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Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages;
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 side:
They buy thy help; but sin ne'er gives a fee:
He gratis comes, and thou art well \(^*\)applying,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.
My Colchite would else have done 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, \(^*\) copestone of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisy care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nester all, and murderer 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?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enriched me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion broad,
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 wiser till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:
To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter these contents,
To mock 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 bolder 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 beguili'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseable crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops;
Why work'st thou mischiefs in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor \(^*\)retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends: \([\text{back, O! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come I could prevent this storm, and slay thy wrack.}]
Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity
To make him curse this cursed criminal night:
Let ghastly shadows his bold eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

\(^*\) "Appoy'd," i. e., satisfied.—\(^*\) "Copesmate," i. e., companion; friend.—\(^*\) To fine," i. e., to end.—\(^*\) Retiring for returning.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid greans;
Let there bechanace him pitiful mishances,
To make him mean, but pity not his moons:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let not women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.
Let him have time to tear his cursed 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 loued slave;
Let him have time a beggar's cats to crave,
And time to see one that by alns doth live,
Disdain to him dischanced 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 make low 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 unrecalling 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! \([\text{spill}; Such wretched hands snelt wretched blood should}]
For who should have such an office have,
As shudderous death's-man to so base a slave?
The lacer is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begetts him hate;
For greatest scandalous waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd, But little stars may idle them when they list.
The crown may bathe his coal-black wings in mine,
And unperceiv'd fly with the swift 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:
Glamours are unnoted whereas' they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.
Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools, Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators! Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be ye mediators:
For me, \(^*\) I force 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 infancy,
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 foul, defiled blood.
Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree
Honor thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honor lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my shame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And want affect to scratch her wicked foe,
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,
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Which, thronging through her lips, so vanished 
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes, 
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes. 

In vain, quoth she, I live; and seek in vain 
Some happy mean to end a hapless life: 
I fear'd by Tarquin's fashion 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 riled 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 stol'n away, 
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay! 
Well, well, dear Calliope, thou shalt not know 
The stained taste of violated truth; 
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 
To flatter thee with an insinuing oath; 
This bastard grief 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 hugh with his companions at thy state; 
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought 
Basely with gold, but stolen from thy gate. 
For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 
And with my trespass never will dispense, 
Till life to death acquit my fore'd offence. 
I will not poison thee with my aattaint, 
Nor fold my fault in commonly d'excuses; 
My sable ground of sin I will not point, 
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-ton'd warble of her nightly sorrow, 
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended 
To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow 
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow: 
But cloudly Lucrce sham's herself to see, 
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be. 

Revealing day through every crenny 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 envails she with every thing she sees. 
True grief is fond and testy as a child, 
Who wayward once, his mood with matcht 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 labor drowns for want of skill. 

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care, 
Holds disputition with each thing she views, 
And to herself all sorrow doth compare; 
No object but her passion's strength renewes, 
And as one shifts, another straight ensues: 
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words; 
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords. 

The little birds that tune their morning's joy, 
Make her mouns mad with their sweet melody; 
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy; 
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 
Grief most is pleas'd with grief's annoy: 
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd, 
When with like semblance it is sympathis'd. 
'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore; 
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food; 
To see the salve doth make the wound acut more; 
Great grief grievances most at that would do it good: 
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood, 
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows: 
Grief daliied 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 arests; 
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests. 
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears; 
Distress likes aumps, when time is kept with tears. 

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment, 
Make thy sad grave in my dishelv'd hair. 
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment, 
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 
And with deep grousing the dispassion'd hour: 
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still, 
While thou on Tercus desanct'st, better akill, 
And whiles against a thorin thou bear'st thy part, 
To keep thy sharp woes wakening, wretched I, 
To imitate thee well, against my heart 
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye, 
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, sevied from the way, 
That knows not parting 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 gentle minds. 

As the poor frighted 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 rendily; 
So with herself is she in mutiny, 
To live or die which of the twain were better, 
When life is shun'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 swallow'd in confusion. 
That mother tries a merciless conclusion, [one, 
Who having two sweet babies, when death takes 
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 Calliope? 
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine, 
His love will wither, and his sap decay; 
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

*® In ken," i. e., in sight, — "Who for which." — "Stops," or rests, are terms in music. — "Dumps," i. e., melancholy music. — "A skue," i.e., wet; moist. — "Better skill," i.e., with better skill. — "Their kinds," i. e., their nature. — "Conclusion," i.e., experiment.
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Her house is sack'd; her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batted by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly girt with during infinity:
Then, let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will, till my Colutine
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 misrepresent,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonored.
'Tis honor to deprive dishonor'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 honor 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 never canst excel me;
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me;
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abjuration of my will I make:
—My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my name confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Then, Colutine, shak' overuse this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's soul dead my life's fair end shall free it.

Faint 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 brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With unmatch'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
With whose example thou never canst excel me;

For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrecia's cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads 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-clepsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-run'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower exquisites like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with smilling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, 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 cisterns filling:
One justly weeps, 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, ill impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then, call me not the authors of the ill.
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.
Their smoothness, like a goodly champagne plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep:
In men, as in a rough-grow'n grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sheep.
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.
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O! let it not be 'child
Poor women's faults, that they are so full'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame.
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrce view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrce speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
running?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep grom) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was up, replied the maid;
The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day.

And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.
But, lady, if your maid be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace! quoth Lucrce: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less:
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,
Yet save that labor, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by, to hear.
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
Conceit and grief an enger combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door.

Thro' her inventions, which shall go before.

* * * "To deprive," i.e., to abridge.—The express of a will was designed as a check upon the executors.—"Sorts," i.e., suits.—"Who for which."
At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife who grieveth thee,
Health to thy person: next, vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."
Here folds she up the tenor of her woes,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.
Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [fashion
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To sum 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 of woe doth bear:
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow elds, 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 attains, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to lie as fast
As ingling fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
Extremity still urges such extremes. [deems;]
The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yen or no,
And forth with bashful innocence cloth lie:
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, sily grooms! 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 hy'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 last,
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 'tis stale to sigh, so weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied you, so hath tired moon.
That she her paints a little while both 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 the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Jove 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 reck'd to show the painter's strie;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burst out in tedious nights.
There might you see the laboring pioneer
Begrind't 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 hus:
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 interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling pasces:
Which heartless penants did so well resemble.
That one would swear they saw them quake and tremble.
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's eyes blaut rage and rigor roll'd;
But the cold 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 beguil'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 purli'd up to the sky.
About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice
And jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice:
Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
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 neighbor's ear;
Here one, being thro'g'd, bears back, all 'boll'n and 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;
Concert 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

"Conceited," i. e., ingenious; — "Boll'n," i. e., swollen,
"So kind," i. e., so natural.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois's reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and thus
Retire again, till meeting so great a force
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois's banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrce come,
To find a face where all distress is staid.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba behold,
_Throned_ on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomy'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,
Of what she was no semblance did remain;
Here blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunck pipes had
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrce spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beladen's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer but her cries,
And bitter words to be ban his cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those
And thereon Lucrce swear'd he did it wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.
Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I' th' tune 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 thieves enemies.

Show me the trumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heft of lust, fond Paris, did incure
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?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
And guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For thereon Lucrce swear'd she did it well,
To plague a private sin in general
Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus dies:
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unavow'd wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
Had doing 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,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little grief rings out the doleful knell.
So Lucrce, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and color'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she's their looks doth borrow.

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 pitious looks to Pyrrhan 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 lab'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show;
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes waiting still,
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks 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 porjery should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-face'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 cedulous old Priam after slow;
Whose words like wild-fire burst the shining glory
Of rich-build'd Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little swans shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell whereon their dwell'd 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 b'd did not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed and gaz'ing 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!"
“It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
[took]
And turn'd 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 dead fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed;
[too beguil'd]
With outward honesty, but yet deform'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 borrow'd tears that Simon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bloods:
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 city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For Simon in his fire dute quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all carr'd, such passion her assail,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
But I beguil'd, I. e. mask'd.
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 ebb 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.
She finds no longer 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 surprise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It caseth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolor 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 stores;
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw;
Her lively color 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 uncount ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair color spent?
Why art thou thus stil'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dearest, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief that we may give redress.
Three times with signs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length, address'd to answer his desire,
She slowly prepares to let them share;
Her honor is taken prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.
And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my lament would be drawn out too long;
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.
Then, be this 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-favor'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 leathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infancy.
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 pursu'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 once so vile be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yeldings, 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 damm'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 tide
Out-came the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'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 intimate frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining skaketh.
My woes too sensibly 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 hearers, both she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies harms.
At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promisethow,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to bear the hateful foe bewayd';
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?
The Rape of Lucrece.

May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declin'd honor to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
And why not I from this compelled 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 whereon deep vexation bears
Of hard misfortune, can't in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she; no shame, 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 assays,
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 unshathed:
That blow did *halt it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed [fly
Her winged spire, and through her wounds death
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonished with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his loyal crew;
Till Lucrece's father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:
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-sick'd island 'vauntly 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 *rigel goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as plying Lucrece's woes,
Corrupted some water watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so purify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspiring, 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 bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.
O! from thy cheekes 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 flattering 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 keyd Lucrece's bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pained spot in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till many a 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 doth thron
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
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 sorrows' 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 spill'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 clamors fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece's life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter and my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying 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-lived wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatine's eyes.
Thou wronged 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 soul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To speak herself that should have slain her foe.

Courteous 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 blood with invigorating
That they will suffer these abominations,

* "Ball," i.e., release.— "Sprite," i.e., spirit.— * Who for which.— "Vasty," i.e., devastated; hid waste.— "Rigel," i.e., circle.— * Deprived," i.e., abridged.— "Unliv'd," i.e., deprived of life.— * Pre-decense," i.e., die before.— "Successe," i.e., cease.

k "Ow'd," i.e., owned.
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 stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece's 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.

— "Allow," i. e., approve; sanction. — Through. —
— "Plausibly," i.e., by acclamation; applaudingly.
SONNETS.

INTRODUCTION.


"A Lovers Complaint. By William Shakspere," occup-pies eleven pages of this plate. The late Mr. Caldecot presented a copy of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to the Bodleian Library, with the following imprint, "An Edition By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate." It is no doubt the same edition as that "to be solde by William Aspley."

"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 ar-rive 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 was wanting, by the manner in which his "Sonnets" were put forth to the world.

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:—

"29 May 1609.
"The, Thorpe, printer, doth hereby call'd Shakespeare's Sonnets" "A question has arisen, and has been much disputed of late years, who was the individual to whom Thorpe dedicated these sonnets, and whether he inserted a printed and pecu- liar form, he addresses as "Mr. W. H." That form is preci- cely as follows, on a separate leaf immediately succeeding the title-page:

TO THE ONLE REGISTER OF THESE INSYNG. SONYETS. MR. W. H. ALL HIPPINESSE. AND, THAT, EUNYMITITE. PROMISED.

BY.

OUR EVERLASTING. POET.

WISHEIT.

THE. WELL-WISHING.

ADDRESSED.

ADVERITMENT.

SETTIT.

FORTH.

T. T.

Former conjectured wildly that "Mr. W. H." 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. Hart, or Heaven; "A man was love, all love in his controlling," which is thus printed in 4to, 1609: "A man is love. all love in his controlling." Although the word "hunts" is repeatedly spell'd 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 1611, in Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVII., and CXLII., where the author plays upon his own name. Dr. Drake imagined that W. H. were the initials of Henry Wroth, Earl of South- ampton, invented ("Shakespeare and his Times," vol. ii. p. 621; and of late years Bandon, with great ingenuity, has con- tended that W. H. meant William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. We own that we cannot accord in any theory that has yet been advanced upon the point. We have no sug- gestions of our own to offer; but it seems to us the very height of improbability that a bookseller in the year 1609, when peculiar respect was paid to ability and station, would venture to address an Earl and a Knight of the Garter merely as "Mr. W. H." To the desperate speculation of Chalmers, that not a few of the Sonnets were addressed to Queen Elizabeth, it is hardly necessary even to advert.

It is evident that these sonnets were written at very different periods of Shakespeare's life, and under very different circumstances—some in youth, some in more advanced age; some when he was happy, and some when he was depanding and afflicted at his own condition in life, and place in society. In many there are to be found most re-markable signs of the intensest passion, and of ignorance in the immortality of his verses, and in this respect the author's opinion was constant and uniform. We never scrupled to express it, and perhaps there is a writer of ancient or of modern times who, for the quantity of such writings left be-
SONNETS.

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, contracted to thy self before,
And taking as the续腰 that time doth wear,
Thy youth for evermore shall be in prime,
And madest thou thine own inheritors
Thy love shall crown thyself with beauty
Now is the time that face should form another;
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother
Where is she so fair, whose un-shrink'd womb
Dieth 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 thou 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.

Unthriftly loneliness, 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, beauteous 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 know, when nature calleth thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives till the executor to 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-reasting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-shadow'd and barreness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were beheld;
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
4 Leece, 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-killed.
That use is not forbidden usury,
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 refug'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 heir.

VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lift's 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-moss pitch with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth 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 sweet 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 unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst hear.
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 shall wail 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 unhappier in the world dost spend,

4 "Leece," i. e., lose.—b "Happies," i. e., make happy.—
5 "Music to hear," i. e., thou, whom it is music to hear.—
6 "Makeless," i. e., make less.—d "An underright," i. e., a prodigal.
Shuts but his place, for still the world enjoys it; 
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end, 
And, kept uns'd, the user so destroys it. 
No love toward others in that bosom sits, 
That on himself such murderous slame commits. 

X.
For shame! deny that thou be'st love to any, 
Who for thyself art so un provident. 
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 myself 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 old'g 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 thine, from that thine thou departest: 
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest, 
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth conversest. 
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; 
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay: 
If all were minded so, the times should cease, 
And threescore year would make the world away. 
Let those whom nature hath not made for store, 
Hurl, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish: 
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave the more; 
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty 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 old sun raving in his height; 
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 shoves, 
Borne on the bier with white and briskly beard; 
Then, of thy beauty do I question none, 
That thou among the wastes of time must grow, 
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake, 
And die as fast as they do see others grow; 
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence, 
[ hence. 
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee. 

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. 
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, 
Whose husbandry in honor might uphold, 
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day, 
And barren rage of death's eternal cold? 

*For his it--"When thou from youth conversest," i.e., when thou art changed from youth to age.--"Erest," i.e., once; formerly.

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 dearth's, or seasons' quality; 
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes 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 time 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, 
In their youthful sprightliness at once increase, 
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 doth in thy 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 now. 

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 unmet, 
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers, 
Much liker than your painted counterfeit: 
So should the lines of life that life repair, 
Which this, time's pencil, or my pupil pen, 
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair, 
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men. 
To give away yourself, keep 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 as 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 never 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,
SONNETS.

And summer's lease hath all too short a date,
Sometimes 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, untimm'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 gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck up the tenderCORRECTION: Pluck up the keenest teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood:
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou bles'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her smiling sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! curst word, which thy lips sent forth to do
Now draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him 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.

XX.

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 slaving change, as is false women's fashion:
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereso'er 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 prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

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,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge * reasonable hems:
Of I, to live in love, but truly write,
And then, believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art one of date;
But even in these thine arrows 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 charg'd
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.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside 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'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's night.
O! let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
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.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath * steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art;
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now, see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunn'ing want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites 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, * famousd for fight,
As for a thousand victories once fold'd,
Is from the book of hourly raged 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.

XXVI.

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 can 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."

"Stirr'd by a painted beauty" is from "The Peake of露 cour" and is used in the same sense: probably from the German gastel, i. e., depicted; represented. "Famous" i. e., renowned.

"Steel'd" is from "The Peake of露 cour" and is used in the same sense: probably from the German gastel, i. e., depicted; represented. "Famous" i. e., renowned.
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;  
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Wearily 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 then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Instead 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 ghostly 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.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent slake 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 better I the swart-complexion'd night.  
When sparkling stars twinkle 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,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most I own contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Happily I think on thee, and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising)  
Sings hymns at heaven's gate:  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I seem 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 make my heart to wail:  
Then, can I drown an hour, I count it so;  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And mourn the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then, can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemooned morn,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and b obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
That things revol'd, that hidden in the bosom!  
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.

XXXI.

If thou surviue my well-contended day,  
When that churl 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 here, where my bold rhyme,  
Exceeded by 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."

XXXII.

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 alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Staining unseen to west with this disgrace.  
Even so my sun one early morrow did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;  
But out, alas! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud bath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Sun's of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIII.

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 solace 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 lose the loss;  
Thy offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Alas! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXIV.

No more be grie'd at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And lastest canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare;

[a] "Obsequious," i.e., servile.  [b] Lover was formerly used for friend.—[c] "Rack," i.e., twisting vapor.—[d] "May stain," i.e., may be stained, clouded.
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those bolts 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,
Lost my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a desecrat father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made tame by fortune's dearest spite,
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,
Entituled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engraven to this store:
So then I am not base, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suff'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!

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 tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

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'st 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.

Take all my loves, my love; ye, take them all:
What hast thou then more than thou hast before?
No love, my love, till thou may'st true love call:
All mine was thine before thou hast 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 willful taste of what thyself refus'st.
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 spites, yet we must not be foes.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well betis,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Deceit thou art, therefore to be assaid;
And when a woman woo's, what man's son
Will sootly leave her till she have prevail'd.
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 fore'd to break a two-fold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

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 toucheth 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 me but alone.

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 do stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
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For, then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits for 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 all! 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 leisure with my moon;
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 compositions are recurred
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 at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquist 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 closest never pierc'd with crystal eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To c'cide this title is impannon'd
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 mine heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVIII.
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 sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted bouquet 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.

XLIX.
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
There 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.

L.
Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee grown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I exconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave pour thou host the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

LI.
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 measure'd from thy friend:'
The beast that bears us, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me.
As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
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 onward, and my joy behind.

LII.
Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return of posting is no need.
O! what excuse will my poor heart 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 ne'er (so 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.
SONNETS.

Blessed are you, whose worthinesse gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack’d, to hope.

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 check all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian *tires are painted now:
Speak of the spring, and *folson of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LV.
O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairest we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The *canker-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 unw’ld, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves, Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LVI.
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, besmeard with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils 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.

LVII.
Sweet love, renown thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay’d,
To-morrow sharpen’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 blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer’s welcome thence more wish’d, more rare.

LVIII.
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,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose:
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LIX.
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 sufferance, ride each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your slayer 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.

LX.
If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil’d,
Which, laboring for invention, bear unmiss
The second burden of a former child?
O! 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.

LXI.
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,
Owls to maturity, wherewith being crown’d,
Crooked eclipses ’gainst his glory fling,
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 scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXII.
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 hour waste me,
The scope and tenor 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,
---

*a Tires for attire;—b Folsom," i.e. plenty.—*The canker-bloom is the dog-rose.
SONNETS.

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.

LXI.
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,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays;
Nor fear of hell so great, that since the world
Shall pass, and none of all that killed is;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thine (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand and old and wither'd;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring,
For such a time do I now fortify
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.

LXIV.
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud countenance of human age,
Then do I see the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with lost and lost 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.

LXV.
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'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.

LXVI.
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 honor shamefully misplace'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping wrong disabling,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
'Tis with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

LXVII.
Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And 'tis itself with his own self, and true,
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no excellency now left
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.
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 sepulchres, 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, but self, 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.

LXIX.
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 further than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churl) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The soul is this—that thou dost common grow.

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 word 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,
SONNETS.

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.

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 mean,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

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;
Theniggard truth would willingly impart.
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for 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 shun'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

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 fades 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 the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

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 wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

* Then for them.

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 strife
As'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the fitching 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,
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day;
Or glutting on all, or all away.

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.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
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 moulded 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.

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 on 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,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces grace be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

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.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worther pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he steals that word
From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can affend
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.

LXXI.
O! how I faint when I of you do 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 willfully 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 bant,
He of tall building, and of oddly pride:
Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay.

LXXII.
Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory doth 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 entombed 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.

LXXIII.
I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And, therefore, may'st without attain't 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 new
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devil'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert 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.

LXXIV.
Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose converse improved is thy skill,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penny in 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 write,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXV.
My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compis'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unteller's clerk, still cry "Amen!"
To every lyman that the spirit afflicts.
In polish'd form of well-refined pen,
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'tis so, 'tis true;"
And to the most of prais'd 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 praise of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXVI.
Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my rife thoughts in my brain's inhurse,
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 composers by night,
Giving him aid, my verse astonish'd:
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 thy countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter: that eneoffled mine.

LXXVII.
Fairwell; thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee relieving;
My bonds in thee 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.
[ing, Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistracing;
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.

LXXVIII.
When thou shalt be dispens'd 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:

* "Inhurse," i. e., inscribed in a funeral monument.
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, that I vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake 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 so I am gone.

Then, let me love when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spit 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 woo;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.

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.

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 humor 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 lawks 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.

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 depends upon that love in 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 humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die:

But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

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 hating 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 is thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
What'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Theys looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

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 a 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 outherewes his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourcens by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

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;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O! what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's will 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.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd more and less:
Thou mak'st fault's 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 wouldst 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.

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 December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
SONNETS.

The teeming autumn, 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, 't is 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 leap'd with him:
Yet nor the lans of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me like my summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCV.

The forward violet thus did I chide:— [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned 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 off both,
And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful cancel eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might? I
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 silly spent:
Sing to the ear that doth thy lay extend,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, *resty 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 eye, and crooked knife.

CL.

O truant Muse! what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dest thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not happily say,
"Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd."
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou he dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for 't lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

** Resty,** i. e., restive.

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
seeing,
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is b'merchantiz'd, whose rich b'esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays:
As Philemon in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of ripier 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 sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all love, 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.
Were it not sinful, then, striving 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.

CV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests 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.
Ahh! yet doth beauty, with a publish'd 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 unabred.
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 sent in one.

CVII.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

b Merchandiz'd," i. e., exhibited for traffic.—" Exceeding," i. e., value.
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 props and polishes 
Of this our time, all you prefiguring; 
And for they look'd but with dividing eyes, 
They had not skill enough your worth to sing: 
For we, which new behold these present days, 
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVIL. 
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 confus'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 balmy 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 shalt find thy monument, 
When tyrants' breasts, and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIL. 
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 new 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 dead.

CIX. 
O! 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 ranged, 
Like him that travels, I return again, 
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd; 
So that myself being water for my stain 
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd 
All failities that besiege all kinds of blood, 
That it could so preposterosly 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; [dear, 
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most 
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 'bleanches 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 newer 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.

CXL. 
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 dyer's hand. 
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd, 
Whilest, like a willing patient, I will drink 
Potions of b'eyesl gait that 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 this impression fill 
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow; 
For what care I who calls me well or ill, 
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow? 
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive 
To know my shames and praises from your tongue; 
None else to me, nor I to none alive, 
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong. 
In so profound an abyss I throw all care 
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense 
To critic and to flatterer stopped are, 
Mack 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: 
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part, 
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch; 
For if it see the rul'd or gentlest sight, 
The most sweet favor, or deformed creature, 
The mountain or the sea, the day or night, 
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature: 
Incappable of more, reptale with you, 
My most true mind thus maketh mine e untrue.

CXIV. 
Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you, 
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery? 
Or whether shall I, my eye salve my sight, 
And that your love taught it this alchymy, 
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! 't is the first: 't is flattery in my seeing, 
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up: 
Mine eye well knew what with his gaze is greeing, 
And to his palate doth prepare the cup: 
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin 
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

* "Blenches," i. e., fits.

b "Eyeal," i. e., vinegar. — c "Untrue" is used here as a substantive. — d "His gust," i. e., his taste.
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Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you deader;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
Divert strong minds t' the course of altering things;
Aha! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, double of the rest?

Love is a babe: then, might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempest, and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's 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.

Accuse me thus: that I have scented all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight:
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And call just proof surpris'd accidents
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your vawken'd hate,
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With yeager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies waken,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meekness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate,
That ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicinе 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.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
Distill'd from Limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!

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 made better;
And ruin'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.

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 trespass now becomes a foe;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

'Tis 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 adulterate eyes
Give subjection to my sportive blood?
Or on my fruits why are fatter 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.

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 sublate;
Till each to mans' oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd;
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I talkis thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust these tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

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 bestow 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 sceptre and thee;
If my dear love were but the child of state,  

It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  

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 pump, nor falls  

Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  

Whereeto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  

It fears not policy, that heretic,  

Which works on leases of short number'd hours,  

But all alone stands hugely politic,  

That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  

To this I witness call the fools of time,  

Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

Were't not so, my love, to this I were bound,  

With my extern the outward honoring,  

Or laid great bases for eternity,  

Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor  

Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;  

For compound sweet fore-going simple savor,  

Pitiful thievish, in their gazing spent?  

No; let me be e'en obsequious in thy heart,  

And take thou my oblivion, poor but free,  

Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  

But mutual reader, only me for thee.  

Hence, thou subur'd informer! a true soul,  

When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

O thou, my lovely boy! who in thy power  

Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sable, hour;  

Who hast by waning 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.

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,  

Fairing 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 suit'd; 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.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,  

Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest  

The wise concord that mine ear confounds,  

Do I envy those 'Jacks, 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 lips.  

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  

Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  

Is lust in action; and till action, lust  

Is perjur'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:  

A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  

Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

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.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  

As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  

For well thou know'st, to my dear doting heart  

Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  

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 bear,  

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.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitting 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 checks 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;  

They will I swear, beauty herself is black,  

And all they bawl that thy complexion lack.
CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart togroan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsworn;
A tuner of thine threefold thus to be crossed,
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But, then, my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigor 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 mortgag'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 learnt not, 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 overplus;
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 vanquish 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 wilt, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fullfil.
Wilt will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it fall with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reck'n'd 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.

They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forg'd hooks,
Whereof 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
Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
[place?]
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plaque are they now transferred.

CXXXVII.

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,
Unlearned in the world's false subtileties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides then this simple truth suprest.
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:
What need'st thou, at thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can hide?
Let me excuse thee; oh! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not that, 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;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I 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 might speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad sham bevers by bad ears believe;
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Wide.

Bear thine eye straight, though thy proud heart go

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to date.

"A several plot," i.e., a piece of ground which has been "common," or unin leased, but has been separated and made private property.—This sonnet, with variations, was first printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1598. It is inserted hereafter as it stands in instant works, that a reader may have an opportunity of comparing the two copies.
SONNETS.

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor swell, 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 unwav'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plaguing thought, for I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Suspect

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 off as mine,
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes war as mine importune thee:
Root pity in the heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to be pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLII.

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 pursuance 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 pricing her poor infant's discontent:
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, clasp thee after behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the madam'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.

CXLII.

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, color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er 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 longishment 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
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away:
"I hate" from hate away she threw.
And sav'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 death,
Paining thy outward walls so cruelly?—
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost 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 dress;
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 murther the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' unctuous sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions 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 fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching, with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning love! with tears thou keep'st 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 do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lovest me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present mean?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect?
Communed by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:
Those that can see thon lov'st, and I am blind.

CXL.

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?
Whence 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 should'st not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLII.

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, doth 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.

CLIII.

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 hearing,
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!

CLIV.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian'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 distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

for "Warrantise," i. e., authority; security.

"Amiss," i. e., fault.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintive story from a *sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I hasted to the sod-tum'd tale;
Beg long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings untriaimed,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.
Upon her head a twined braid of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun.
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth began,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sard's age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her *eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering 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 clammers of all size, both high and low.
Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes, diverted, 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 distractedly commix'd.
Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless band of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descend'd her *shear'd bat,
Hanging her pale and pinned cheek beside;
Some in her threden fillet still did ride,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly branded in loose negligence.
A thousand favors from a *maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like swary, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries "some," but where excess bags all.
Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she permis'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pent in blood,
With *sielded silk fent and affectedly
Enswath'd, and send'd to curious secrecy.
These often bath'd she in her *fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gaz'd to "me.
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and dammed 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 swittest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.
So slides he down upon his galled but,
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;
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly defiled.
His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurl'd;
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 down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-spring'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,
And nice affections waving stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.
His qualities were heaenous as his form,
For maiden-tongue'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His readiness so, with his author'd youth,
Did lively falseness in a pride of truth.
Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his master from his rider takes:"
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, [makes!"
What round, what bounds, what course, what stop 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 habitate gave life and grace

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* "Sistering," i. e., neighboring.--* "Atwin," i. e., in twain; assunder.--* "Eyne," i. e., eyes.--* "Laundering," i. e., wetting; washing.--* "Sheard," i. e., straw hat.--
* "A maund," i. e., a basket.--* "Sielded," i. e., untwisted.--* "Fluxive," i. e., flowing.
* "Ruffle," i. e., commotion.--"Bat," i. e., club.--"Sawn" for sown.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To apprehensions and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Come for additions, yet their purpose trim:
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing 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 laughers 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 fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And bearing in more pleasure to behold them,
Than the true gony landlom which doth love 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 stake, and gave him all my flower.
Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor, being desir'd, yield'd;
Finding myself in honor so forbid,
With distant distance I mine honor shielded.
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bledging, which remain'd the foil
Of this false 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 peril in her way?
Connel 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 breath.
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 beguil ing;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Some how deceit was gilding in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to deli'ning;
Thought characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I hold my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege 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 'acture they may be,
Where neither party is not true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame to 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,
Or any of my pleasures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Keep hearts in liveliness, but mine in peace:
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.
Look here, what tributes wounded fauncies 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 inercin'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 'impled';
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)
With the annexations of fair gems enrich'd;
And deep-brain'd sometins, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.
The diamond; why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereeto his 'inviz'd properties did tend,
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-born sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With weft well bason'd, smil'd, or made some mean.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and sublim'd 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 obligations 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 similoes to your own command,
Hallow'd with bliss that bursning long 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 nearest favours 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 labor 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 gyves
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scats of battle scathd by the flight,
And makes her absence vainest, 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,

A "Action," i. e., action.
"Torn," i. e., sorrow.
"Implac'd," i. e., implacable.
"His inviz'd," i. e., his unseen.
"Havings," i. e., possessions.
A "The blossoms," i. e., the flower of the young nobility.
And now she would the engag’d cloister fly;  
Religious love put out religion’s eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur’d,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procure’d.  

How mightly 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 me 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 I assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most potential 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 state 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 aches 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 ’gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.”  

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were level’d on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow’d space.  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glaz’d with crystal, gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hou incloses.  

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 cool effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extinguish 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 dash’d;  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears:  
Appear to him, as ho to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison’d me, and mine did him restore.  

In him a plenty of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning palesness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either’s pantags, as it best deceives  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows:  

That not a heart which in his level came,  
Could scape the hall of his all-hurting aim,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,  
And veil’d in them, did win whom he would main:  
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 fixed he cover’d;  
That th’ unexperienc’d gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover’d.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover’d?  
Ah me! I fell; 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 cheek so gloried!  
O, that for’d thunder from his heart did fly!  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed!  
O, all that borrow’d motion, seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray’d,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

—“Daff’d,” i. e., put off.  
—“To cautels,” i. e., to cunning.  
—“Luxury,” i. e., licentiousness.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

STANZA IV.

INTRODUCTION.

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 omitted 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 not inserted at all in Boswell's edition, although Malone reprinted 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 such pieces as there is reason to believe did not come from the pen of our great dramatist.

1. When my love swears that she is made of truth I do believe her, though I know she lies, That she may think me some tutor'd youth Unskilful in the world's false forgetters. Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, Although I know my years be past the best, I smiling credit her false speaking tongue, Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest. But wherefore says my love that she is young? And wherefore say 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 another'd be.  

2. To win me soon to hell, my female evil Tempteth 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 found, 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 sad angel fire my good one out.  

3. Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument, Persuade my heart to this false perjury? Vows for thee broke deserve no punishment. A woman I forswore; but I will prove Thou being a godess, 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 vapor is: Thou then fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,

* This sonnet is substantially the same as Sonnet cxxxviii.  
* This sonnet is also the same as Sonnet cxxlix., but with some slight variations.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Exhale this vapor now: in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foot is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytheraea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chaste.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refrain'd to take her figure profly,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then, fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove:
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire:
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytheraea, all in love forborne,
A longing torrance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adonis did to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wisty as this queen on him:
He, spaying her, bound'd in, whereas he stood:
O Jove! 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 failer to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreadful my love, the love 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 from'd the love, and yet she did 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 lov'st 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 lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Thaues' lute (the queen of music) makes;
And in I deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feln,
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 hand 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-wounded with a bare,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, (quoth she,) here was the sore
She showed hers; he 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 shaded,
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum 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 in 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 (quoth she)Adonis in her arms;
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms:

4 This poem was published in 1598, in Richard Barnfield's "Concerning Lady Vereens." There is little doubt that it is his property.—"Wheama," i.e., at the time when.—
"This sonnet, with considerable variations, is the third in a collection of seventy-two sonnets, published in 1598, under the title of "Fides," with the name of B. Griffin, as the author. A manuscript of the true, now before us, has the initials W. S. at the end.—"Chipp'd," i.e., encircled.
Even thus, (quoth she) he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he slips,
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!

The Passionate Pilgrim.

XII.
Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of *pleasance*,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer born,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter faire.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and cold,
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! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.
Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss 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 supped with sorrow.
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, 'till 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 lary was tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismall-dreaming night:
The night to pack I, I post upon thy 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 mor-

Are 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*:
Yet not for me, shine sun to succor flowers!
Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now
row:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-mor-

XVI.
It was a lordling'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 treaty 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 bullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.
On a day (nock the day!) Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the violet 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 lathe 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.
My flocks feed not,
My eyes breed not,

4 "A moon," I. e., a month.—This is the first piece in the division of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1595, called, "Sonnets to sundry Notes of Music."—This poem, in a more complete state, may be seen in "Love's Labor's Lost." The poem is also printed in "England's Helicon," a miscellany of poetry, first published in 1600, where "W. Shakespeare" is appended to it. In "England's Helicon," 1600, this poem immediately follows "On a day (nock the day?)" but it is there entitled, "The unknown Shepherd's Complaint," and is subscribed Ignote. Hence, we may suppose that the compiler of that collection knew that it was not by Shakespeare, although it had been attributed to him in "The Passionate Pilgrim," of the year preceding.

*"Pleasance," I. e., gayety.—"Sold for soldom.—""Nill," I. e., I will not.*
My rams speed not,
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 bawl, 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 proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them luck,
The cock that treads them shall not know:
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's faith doth stand for nought?

Think, women still to strive with men
To sin, and never for to shun:

There is no heaven; be holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
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 wilt 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 craggie mountain yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
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 cup of flowers, and a kittle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral chapls 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.

---

"This poem here incomplete, and what is called "Love's Answer," still more imperfect, belong to Christopher Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh; the first is assigned by name to Marlowe, in "England's Helicon," 1600, and the last appears in the same collection, under the name of Ignoto, which was a signature sometimes adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh."
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 morn,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leant her breast upstill a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull's ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Terre, Terre! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scare I could from my refrains,
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Mada me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mou'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.

Whilst as sickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd:
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
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 were a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice:
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then, farewell his great renown:
Thy 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.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound elate wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbingler,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the lover's end,
To this troop come thou not near.
From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the oscopy so strict.
Let the priest in surplice white,
That definitive music can
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.
So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distinct, division none:
Number there in love was slain.
Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the Phoenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.
Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd,
Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together:
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;
That it cry'd, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.
Whereupon it made this threne,
To the Phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

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'Threnos.

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Augur of the lover's end,
To this troop come thou not near.
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Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.
Whereupon it made this threne,
To the Phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

'Threnos.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclin'd in cinders lie.
Death is now the Phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.
Leaving no posterity:
T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastely.
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.
To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds a prayer.

WM. SHAKE-SPEARE.
NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MEASURE.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

57. 1. f, in f. e. "thee.

58. 2. f. e. add "and Conjuror.

59. 3. f. e. add "in Phoenix, and.


58. 5. at Syracusian," in f. e. "at any time.


60. 7. "were," in f. e. "was.

61. 8. "were," in f. e. "was.

62. 9. "behold," in f. e. "is a mistake.

63. 10. "behold," in f. e. "behold."
NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS.

975

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

121.-1. "it is," in f. e. "is it a fantastical Spaniard?"

123.-2. "Shepherd's," in f. e. "a shepherd's"


125.-1. "this," in f. e. "this way.

126.-1. "this," in f. e. "this way.


139.-2. "dreadful," in f. e. "a dreadful,"

139.-1. "clear," in f. e. "clear."}

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.


130.-1. "in f. e. "in f. e."

133.-1. "a world," in f. e. "a world,"

134.-1. "to be," in f. e. "be to,"

135.-2. "to the," in f. e. "to the,"

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.


166.-1. "fear," in f. e. "fear,"


THIRTEENTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.


250.-2. "Attendants," in f. e., "other att-""
251.-1. "Music playing," in f. e., "Mus-"
252.-2. "Good seat worth," not in f. e.
252.-4. "be," not in f. e.
252.-5. "be," not in f. e.
252.-6. "be," not in f. e.
252.-7. "be," not in f. e.
252.-8. "be," not in f. e.
252.-10. "be," not in f. e.
252.-11. "be," not in f. e.
252.-12. "be," not in f. e.
252.-13. "be," not in f. e.
252.-15. "be," not in f. e.
252.-16. "be," not in f. e.
252.-17. "be," not in f. e.
252.-18. "be," not in f. e.
252.-19. "be," not in f. e.
252.-20. "be," not in f. e.
252.-22. "be," not in f. e.
252.-23. "be," not in f. e.
252.-24. "be," not in f. e.
252.-25. "be," not in f. e.
252.-27. "be," not in f. e.
252.-28. "be," not in f. e.
252.-29. "be," not in f. e.
252.-30. "be," not in f. e.
252.-31. "be," not in f. e.
252.-32. "be," not in f. e.
252.-33. "be," not in f. e.
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252.-37. "be," not in f. e.
252.-38. "be," not in f. e.
252.-39. "be," not in f. e.
252.-40. "be," not in f. e.
252.-41. "be," not in f. e.
252.-42. "be," not in f. e.
252.-43. "be," not in f. e.
252.-44. "be," not in f. e.
252.-45. "be," not in f. e.
252.-46. "be," not in f. e.
252.-47. "be," not in f. e.
252.-48. "be," not in f. e.
252.-49. "be," not in f. e.
252.-50. "be," not in f. e.

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252.-48. "be," not in f. e.
252.-49. "be," not in f. e.
252.-50. "be," not in f. e.
TROJAN AND CILLA.

702.—2. "I'll now," in f.e. "one night."
4. "in f.e. "next day.
5. "then," in f.e. "next day.
6. "in f.e. "next day.
7. "in f.e. "next day.
8. "in f.e. "next day.
10. "in f.e. "next day.
11. "in f.e. "next day.
12. "in f.e. "next day.
13. "in f.e. "next day.
15. "in f.e. "next day.
16. "in f.e. "next day.
17. "in f.e. "next day.
18. "in f.e. "next day.
19. "in f.e. "next day.
20. "in f.e. "next day.
22. "in f.e. "next day.
23. "in f.e. "next day.
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Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process. Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
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